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Inglis. 88
1.

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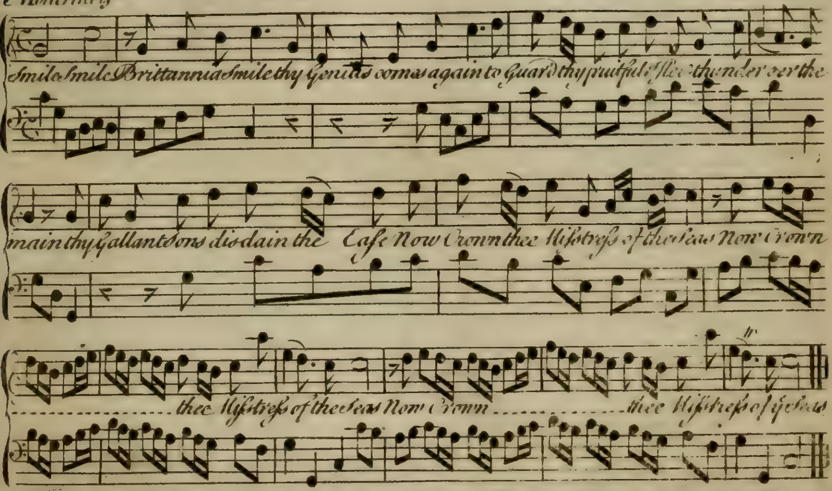
Smile Britannia A Favourite Song

Moderately

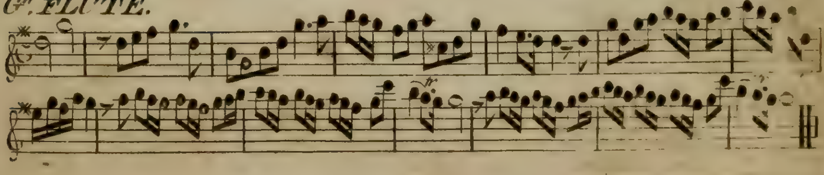


While dauntless they advance,
And bid the cannons roar,
They'll scourge the pride of France
And shake the Imperial Throne,
Deriding Trumpets o'er the Waves,
With Courage never known to Slaves
With Courage &c.

The Deck all stain'd with Blood
The Bullets wing'd with Fate,
The rude and restless Flood,
Cannot the Rage abate,
In Hawke and in Boscawen wake,
The Souls of Russel & of Blake
The Souls &c.

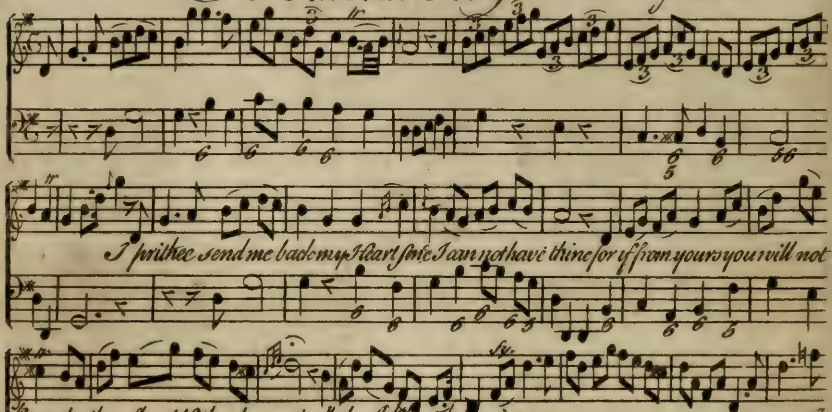
Brittons pursue the Blow,
Like Sons of Freedom fight,
Convince the haughty Foe
That you'll maintain your Right,
Defiance bid to France and Spain,
Assert your Empire o'er the Main
Assert &c.

Gr. FLUTE.



A Favorite Song

Now Set by Mr. Miller

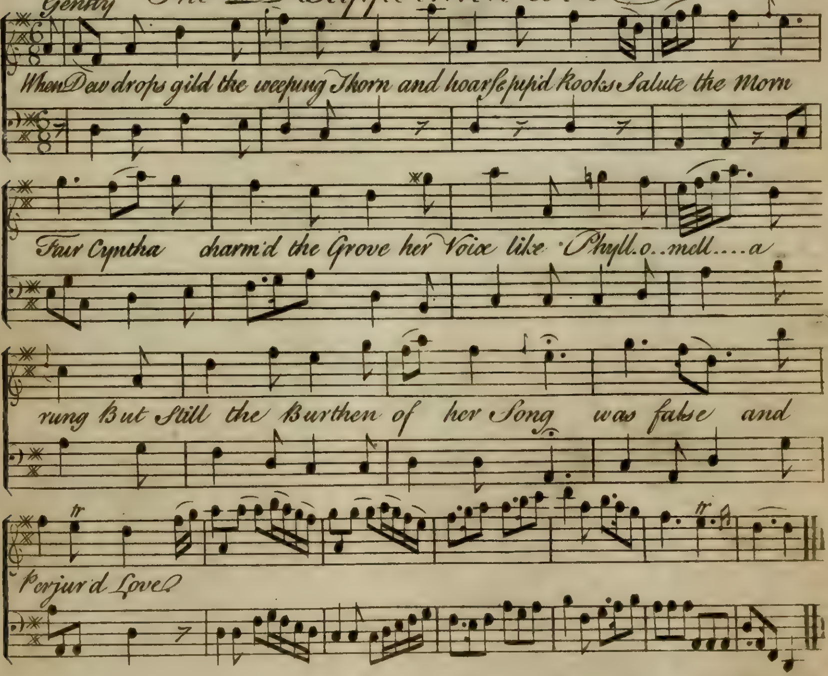


Why Shoud two Hearts in one Breast lye
And yet not lodge together
Oh Love where is thy sympathy
If thus our Breasts thou Sever
But Love is such a mystery
I cannot find it out
For when I think I'm best resolv'd
I then am in most doubt

Then farewell care and farewell woe
I will no longer Pine
For I'll believe I have her Heart
As much as she has mine

NB The last Verse to be repeated
To the Second part of the Tune

The Disappointed Lover



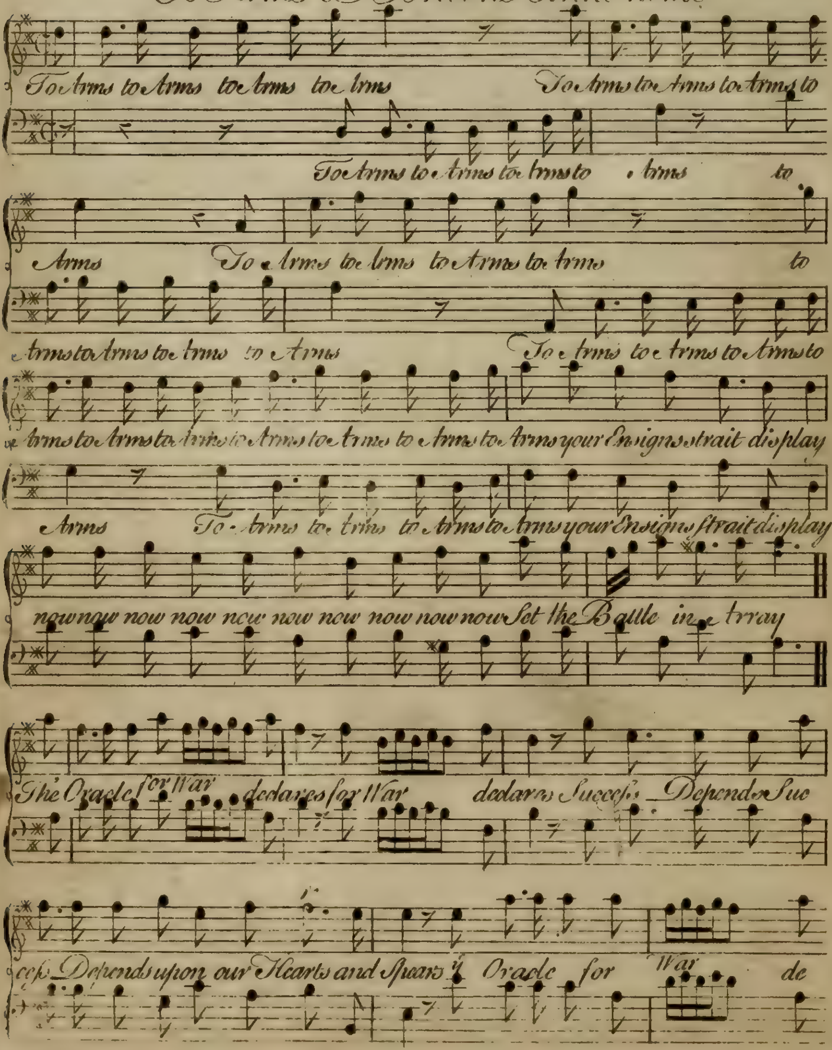
Young Collin who had Stray'd that way
When Larks the Heralds of the Day
Their Dewey Nests forsake
Impatient lurk'd behind a Bush
To hear and View the beautious Blush
That painted Cinthia's Cheek

Against the sweet inchanting Strain
No longer able to Contain
He thus himself address'd
My Flocks cry'd he shall all be thine
My Dog my Crook be you but mine
And bless a Shepherds Brest

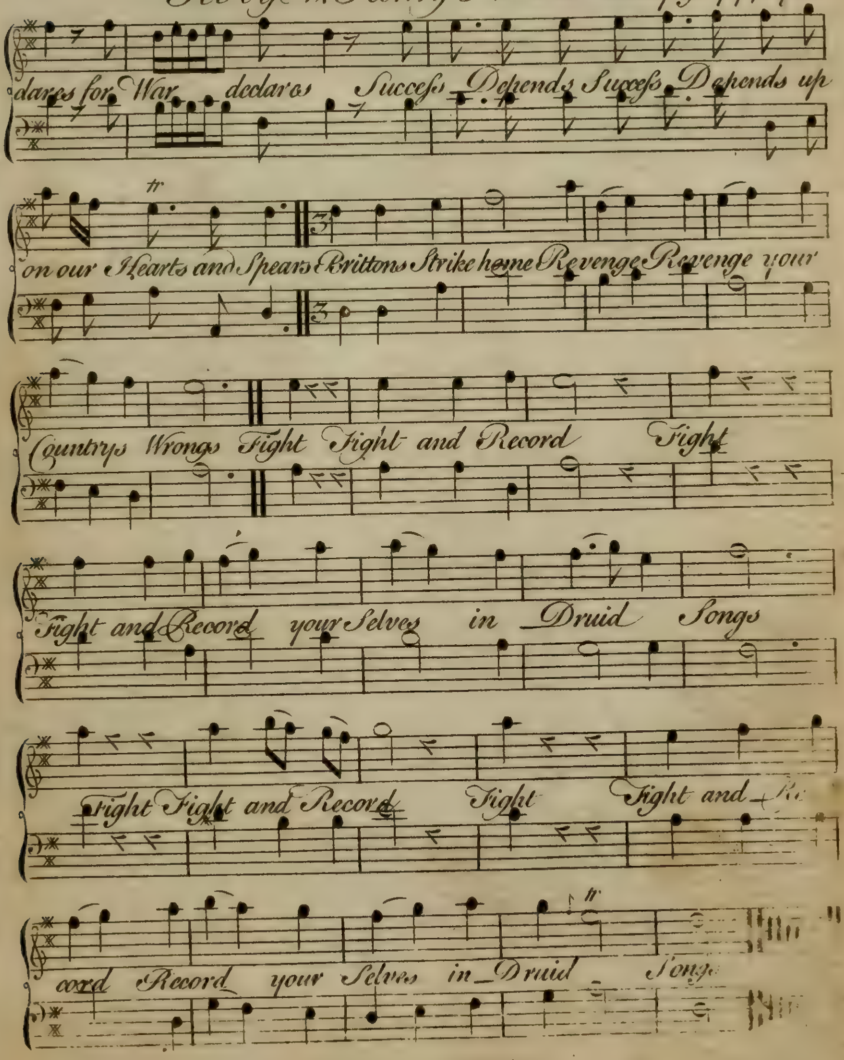
In Vain cry'd she fond Youth you sue
To Church with me you first must go
Of which the Swain approv'd
Then to the Grove again he led
The ripen'd panting melting Maid
Where both dissolv'd in Love

When bliss was past young Collin Cry'd
Had you at first thus far comply'd
I neer had Seen the More
Be hush'd cry'd she I knew that well
For Hodge that lives at yonder Mill
Once Serv'd me So before

To Arms & Britons strike home

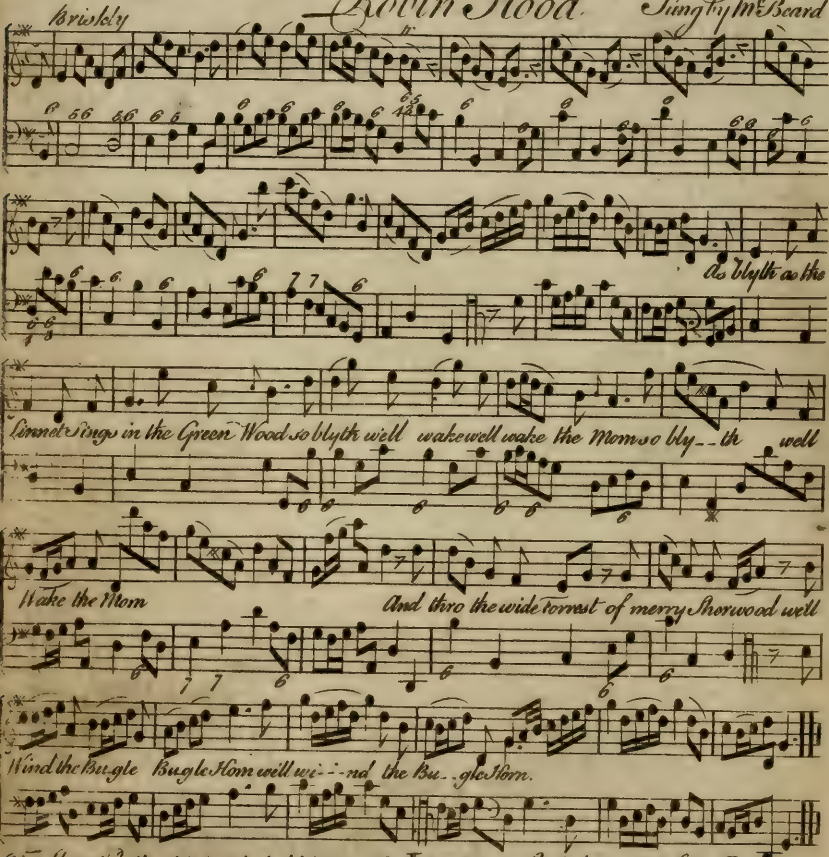


Set by Mr. Henry Purcell in Compass of ye Ger. flute



Robin Hood

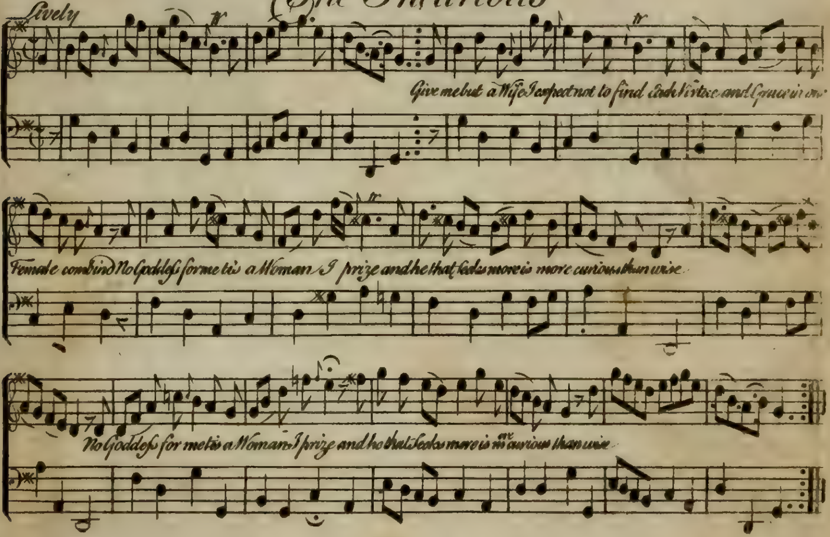
Sung by Mr Beard



The Sherriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood
Bold Robin disdains to fly
Let him come when he will in merry Sherwood
well vanquish Boys or die
Our Hearts they are stout & our Bows they are good
and well their Master know
They're out in the Forrest of merry Sherwood
and ne'er will spare a Foe

Our Arrows shall drink of ye fallow Deers blood
We'll hunt them all over the Plain
And thro' the wide forrest of merry Sherwood
No shaft shall fly in vain
Brave Scarlet & John who ne'r were Subdu'd
Gave each his Hand so bold
We'll range thro the forrest of merry Sherwood
What say my Hearts of Gold

The Incurious



Be she young she's not Stubborn but easy to mould
Or she claims my respect like a Mother if old
Thus either can please me since Woman I prize. And he that &c

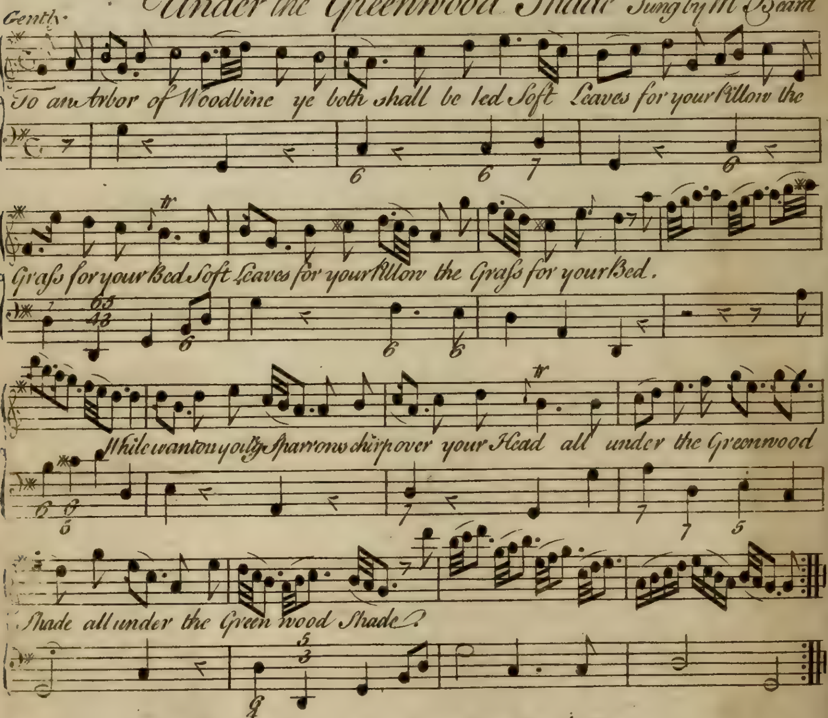
Like Venus she ogles if wanton her Eye
If blind she the roving of mine cannot spy
Thus either is lovely for Woman I prize. And he that &c

If rich be my Bride she brings tokens of Love
If poor the further from Pride's my remove
Thus either contents me for Woman I prize. And he that &c

I ne'er shall want converse if Tongue she Possess
And if mute Still the rarity pleases me less
I'm suited to either for Woman I prize And he that &c

Then cease Ye profain on the Sex to discant
If you've wit to discern no Perfection they want
Each Fair can make happy if Woman we prize
And he that seeks more is more Curious than Wise

Under the Greenwood Shade Sung by Mr. Beard

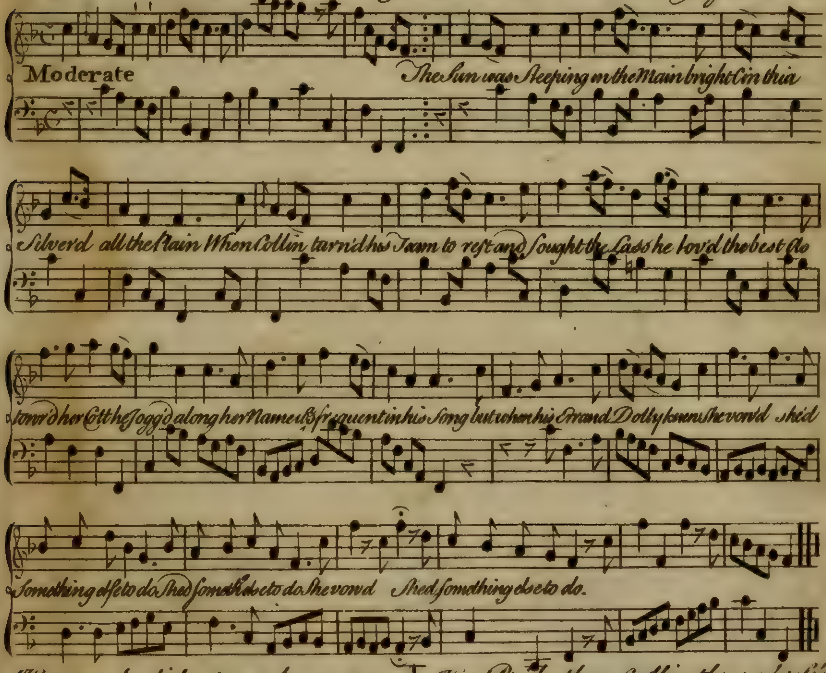


When the Moon with Pale Lustre Just thro the Grove
And Nightingales answer the chaste Turtle Dove
The Maid without blushing shall clasp her true Love
All under the Greenwood Shade

Our Pleasure quite harmless begin with the Day
We ever are buxom we ever are Gay
No Virgins dissemble no Shepher'd betray
All under the Greenwood Shade

Tho Frowns for a while arm the Face of the Fair
Yet soon our young Lover forgets all his Care
For Phillis cryes do not oh do not dispair
All under the Greenwood Shade

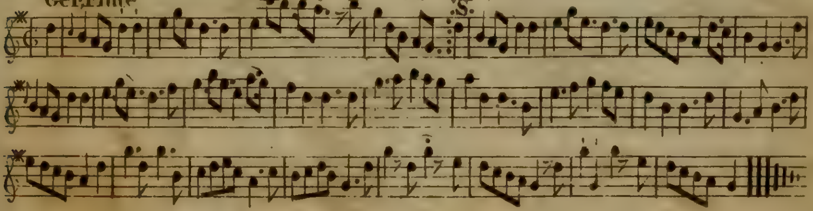
Something else to do
Sung by Mr. Beard



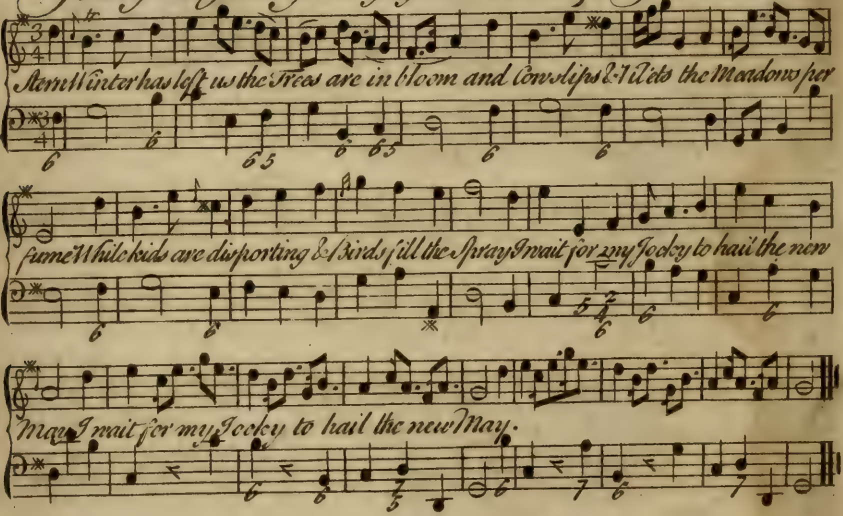
He swore he did esteem her more
Than any Maid hed seen before
In tender Sighs protesting He
Woud constant as the Turtle be
Talk'd much of Death shoud she refuse
And us'd such Arts as Lovers use
Tis fine says Doll If tis but true
But now I've something else to do

Her Pride then Collin thus adress'd
Forgive me Doll I did but Jest
To her thats kind I'll constant prove
But trust me I'll neer dye for Love
Tho first she did his courtship scorn
Now doll began to Court in turn
Dear Collin I was jesting too
Step in I've nothing else to do

Ger. Flute



Jocky & Jenny Sung by Mr Lowe & Miss Falkner



Jocky
Among the young lillies my Jenny I've stray'd
Pinks Dazzies & Woodbine I bring to my Maid
Here's tyme sweetly smelling & Lavender gay
A Posy to form for my Queen of the May

Jenny
Ah Jocky I fear you intend to beguile
When seated with Molly last Night on a stile
You swore that you'd love her for ever & aye
Forgetting poor Jenny your Queen of the May

Jocky
Young Willy is handsome in shepherds green drest
He gave you those Ribbands that hang at ye Breast
Besides three sweet kisses upon the new Hay
Was that done like Jenny my Queen of ye May

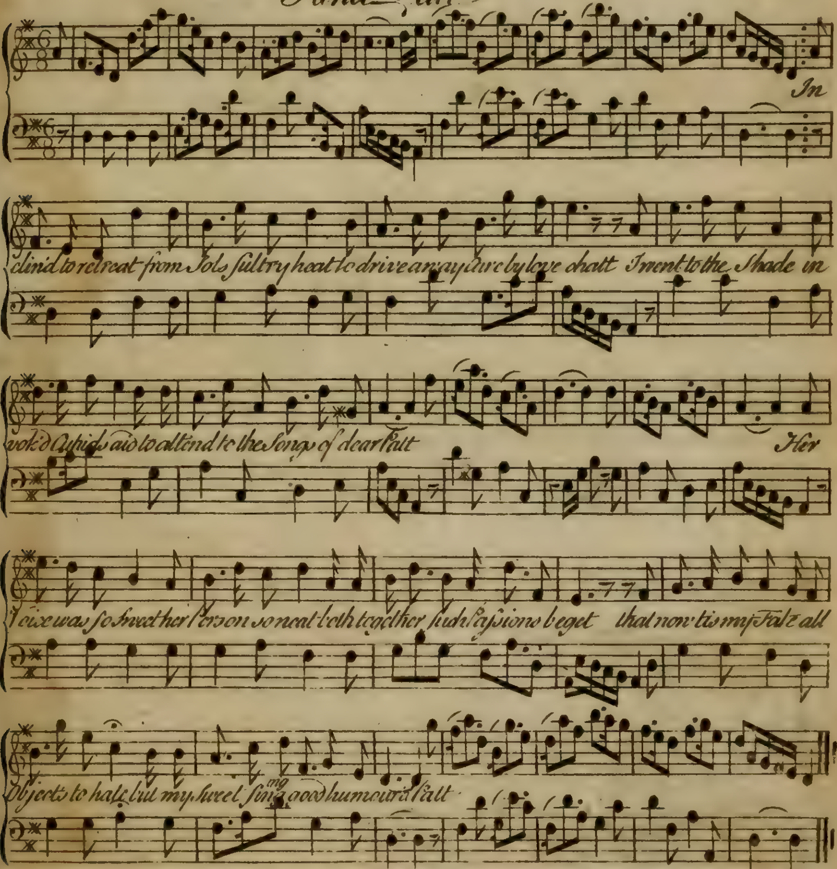
Jenny
This Garland of Roses no longer I prize
Since Jocky false hearted his Passion denies
Ye Flowers so blooming this Instant decay
For Jenny's no longer the Queen of the May

Jocky
Believe me dear Maiden your Lover you wrong
Your name is for ever the theme of my Song
From the dews of pale Eve to ye dawning of Day
I sing but of Jenny my Queen of the May

Jenny
Again balmy comfort with transport I view
My fears are all vanish'd since Jocky is true
Then to our blythe shepherds ye news I'll convey
That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of ye May

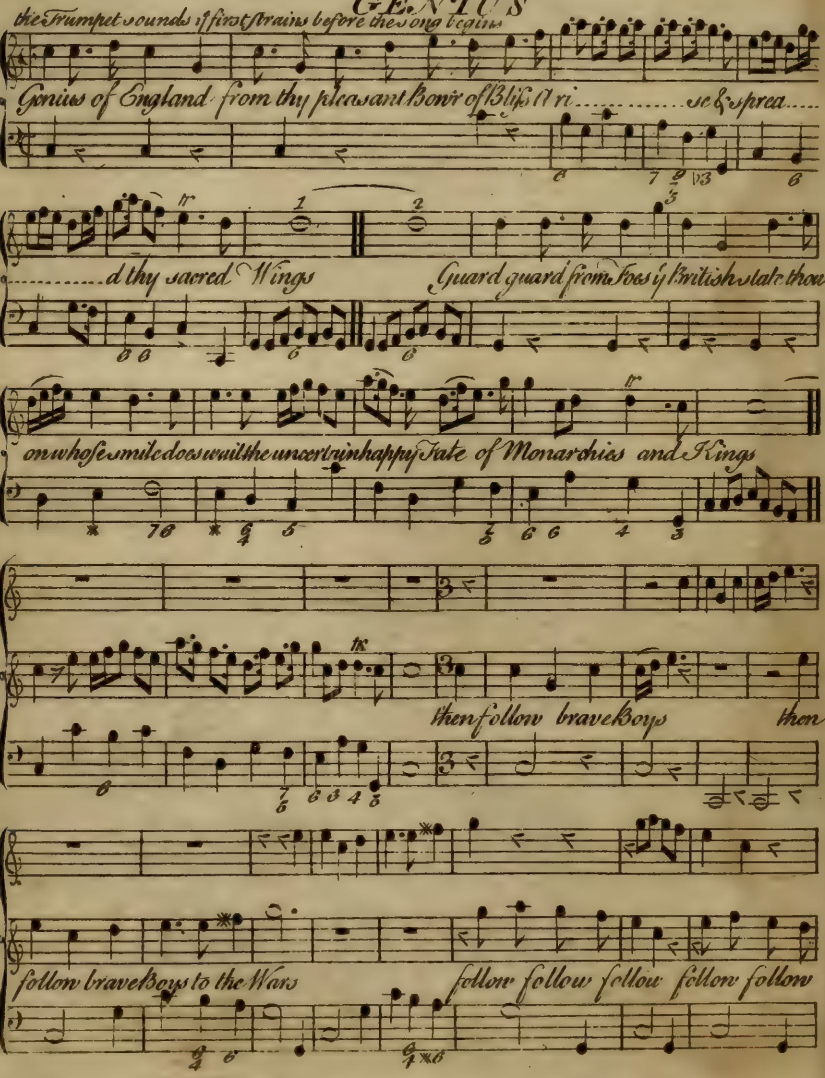
Jocky
Of ev'ry degree ye young Lovers draw near
Avoid all suspicion what e'er may appear
Believe not your Eyes if your peace they'd betray
Then come my dear Jenny and hail the new May

Kind Patt

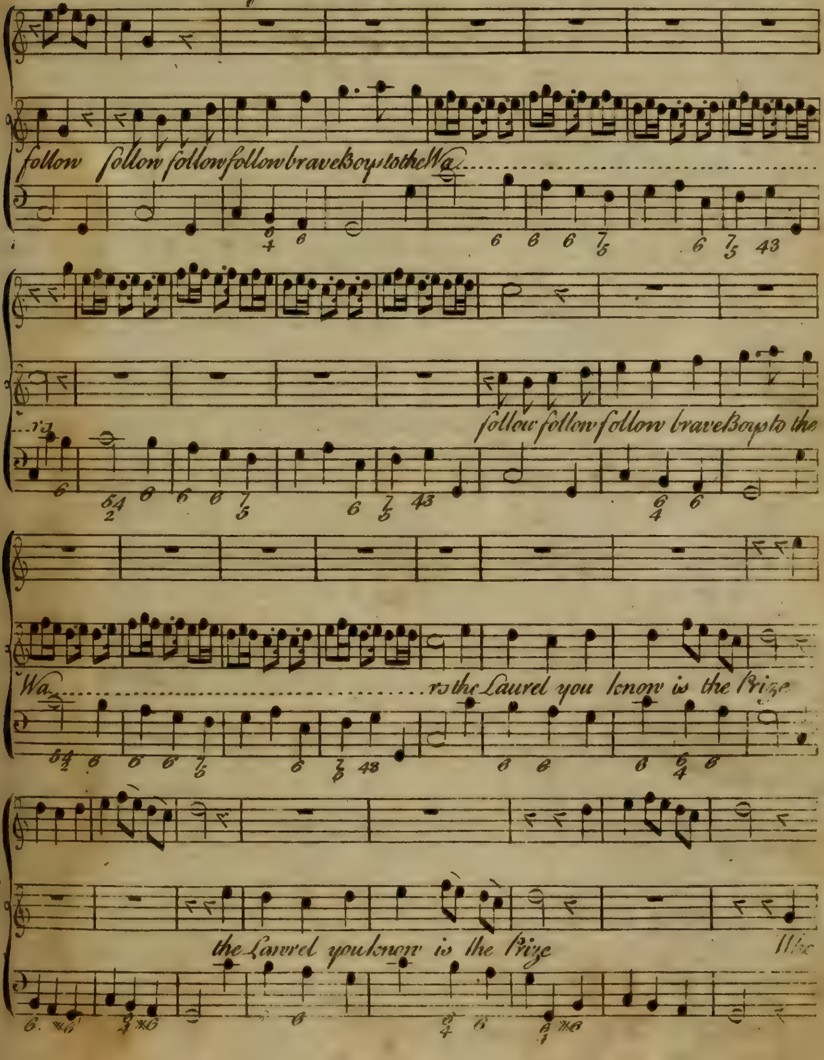


Why do I complain, or suffer such pain,
When she knows what I pain would be att;
My Charmer is kind, to Love well inclin'd,
And was ever call'd kind little Patt:
Then all the Day long, with Chatt & with Song,
Enjoy the dear Girl and all that;
At Night wish to steal to her Bed & reveal
What more I would have of sweet Patt.

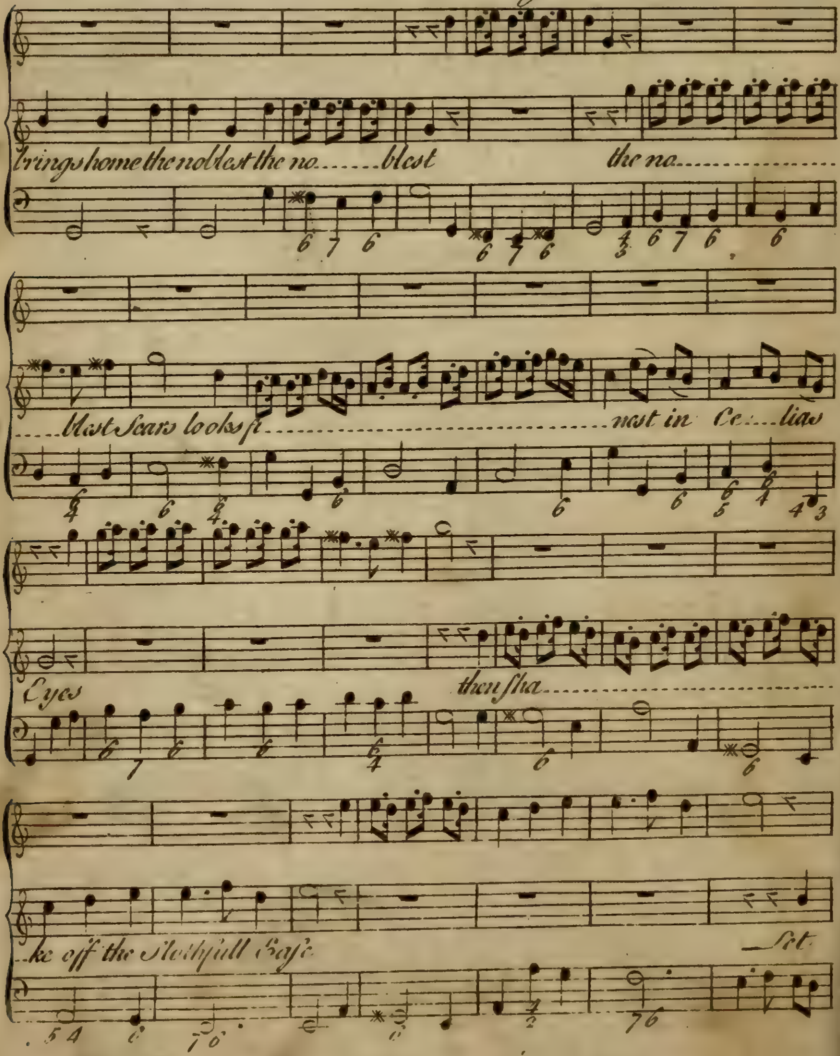
GENIUS


the Trumpet sounds ye first strains before the song begins
Genius of England from thy pleasant Bowr of Bliss A ri..... se & sprea.....
.....d thy sacred Wings
Guard guard from Foes ye British state thou
on whose smile does wait the uncertain happy Fate of Monarchies and Kings
then follow brave Boys then
follow brave Boys to the Wars
follow follow follow follow follow

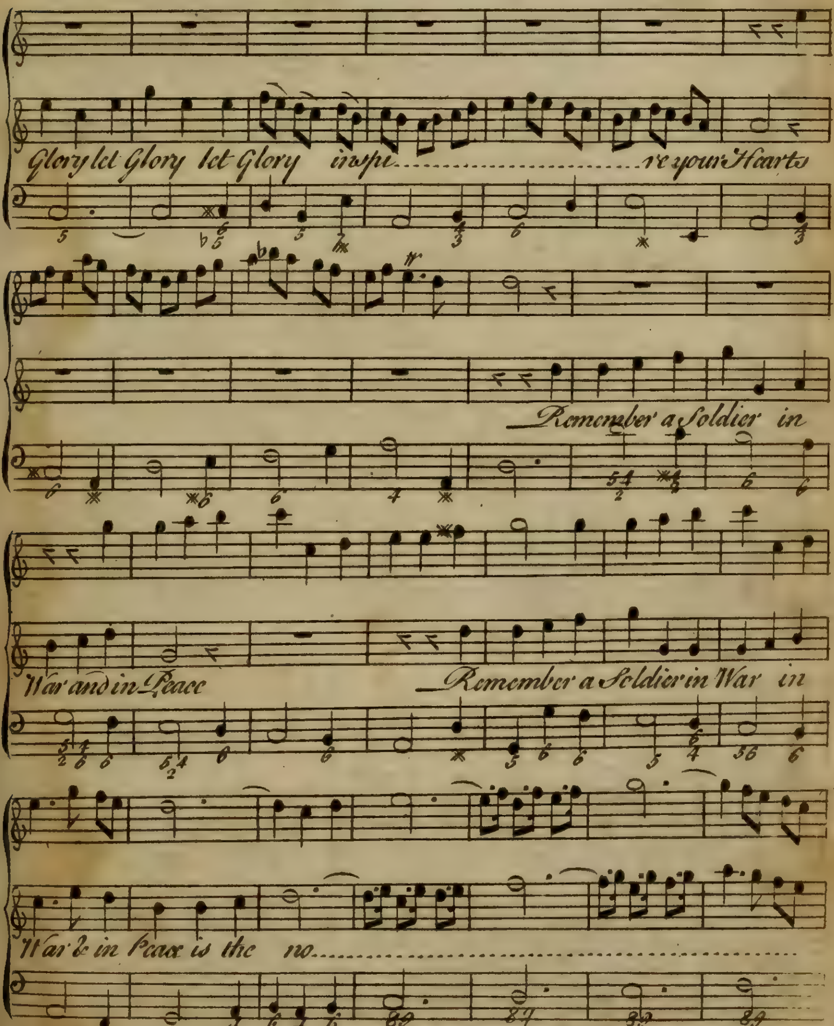
of ENGLAND


follow follow follow follow brave Boys to the Wa
follow follow follow brave Boys to the
Wa..............................rs the Laurel you know is the Prize
the Laurel you know is the Prize

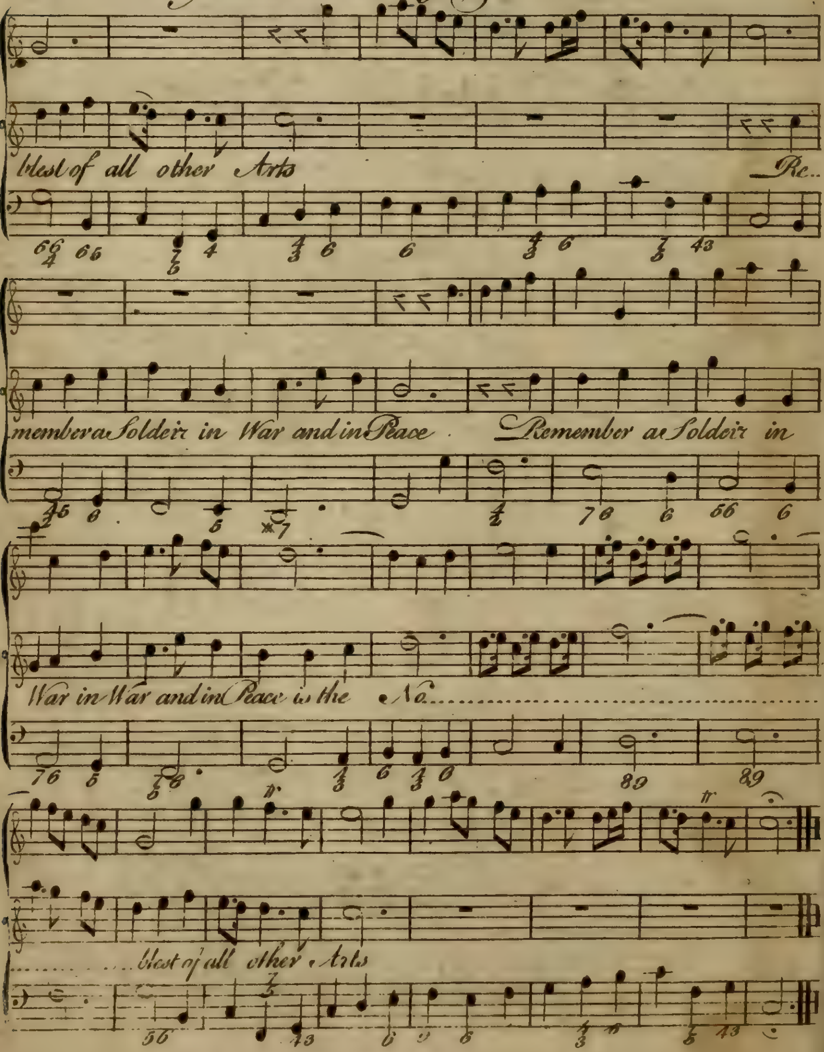
A Favourite Song



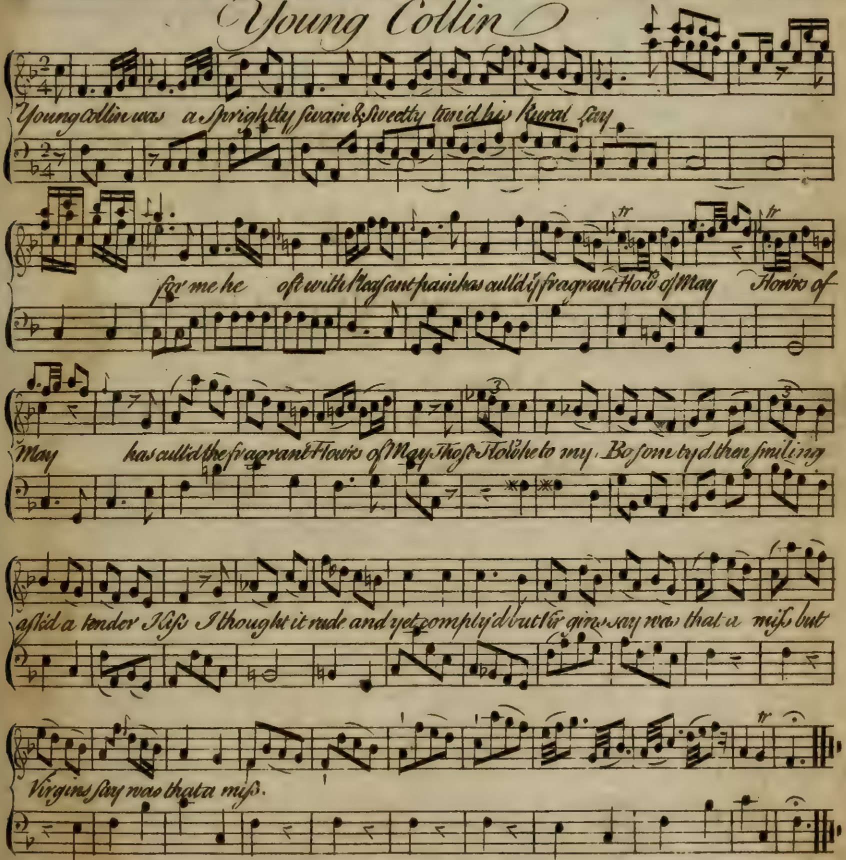
Set to Musick



by Mr Henry Purcell



Young Collin

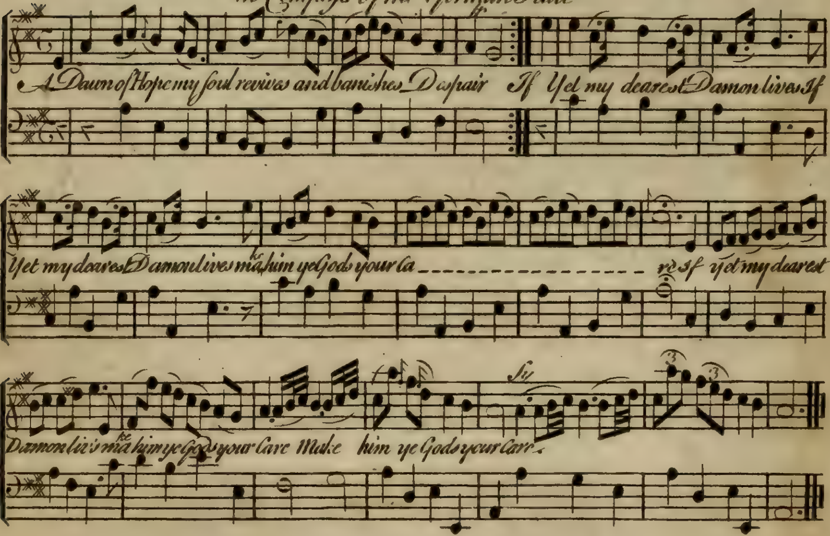


The warbling Birds in ev'ry Grove,
He said the Voice of Nature meant.
That all their Songs were tun'd to Love,
And Love was all their kind intent:
The Lark with his melodious strain
Strove but to give his Lover Bliss:
Then ask'd me to relieve his pain:
He kiss'd, I blush'd was that amiss.

But one fair Morn we chanc'd to stray
Where Flora all her fragrance spread.
He deck'd my Bosom sweet and gay.
With the Flow'rets of the Mead:
He press'd my Hand ask'd if I Lov'd.
I blush'd and faintly answer'd Yes
I own my yielding Heart was mov'd
Nor blame me if I did amiss.

The Dawn of Hope

in Compass of the German Flute



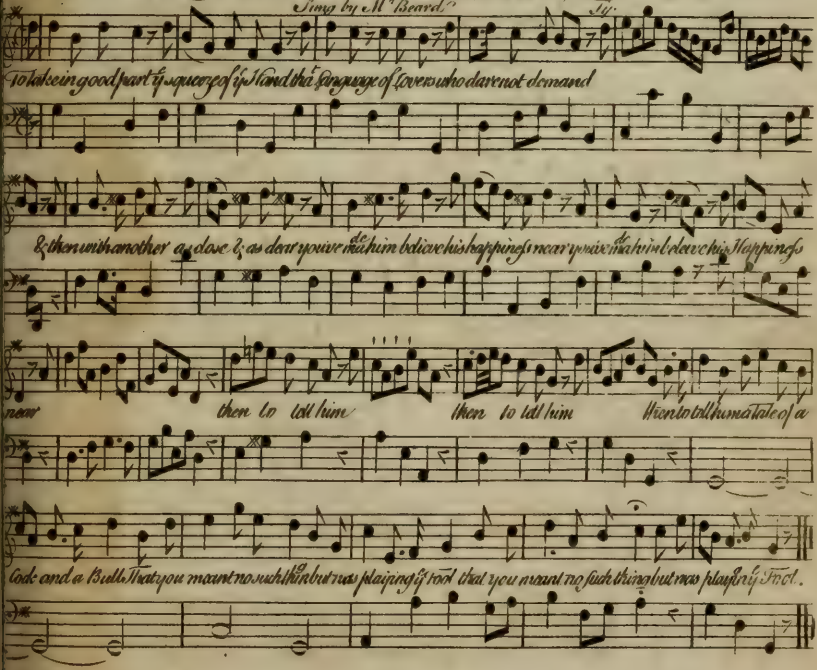
Dispell those gloomy Shades of Night,
My tender Grief remove:
O send some chearing Ray of Light,
And Guide me to my Love.

Thus in a secret friendly Shade,
The pensive Celia mourn'd,
While courteous Eccho lent her Aid,
And Sigh for Sigh return'd.

When sudden Damon's well known Face,
Each rising Fear disarms:
He eager springs to her Embrace,
She sinks into his Arms.

A Cock & a Bull

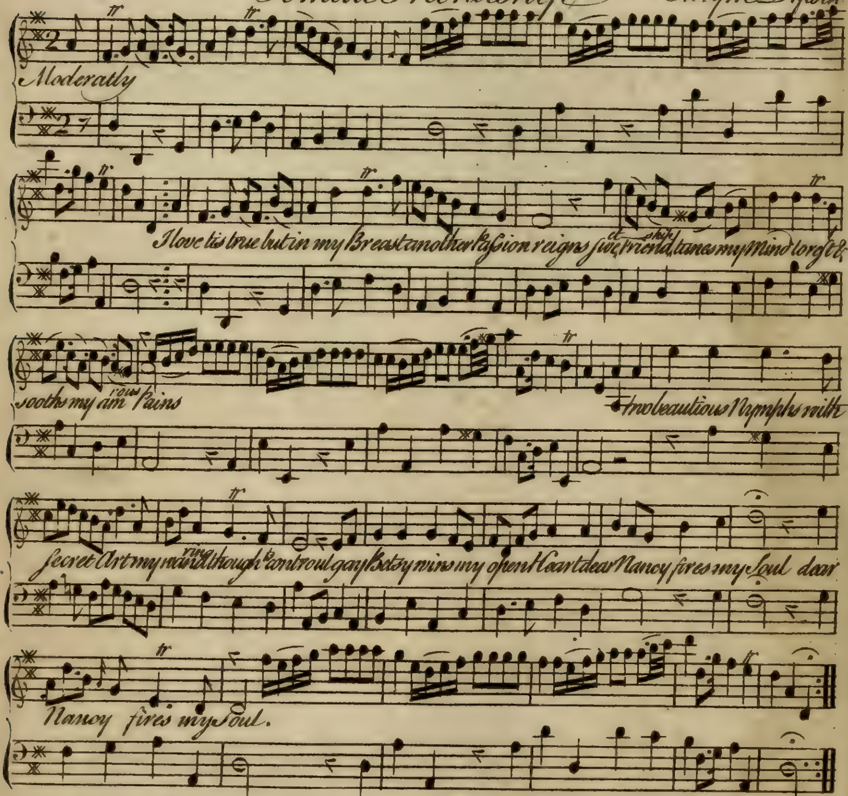
Sung by Mr. Beard.



The tread on the Toe to admit & be Free,
And Strait to reply with the Toe Repartee,
To express with your Eyes your inward Desires,
And thus with full hopes to kindle his Fires.
When he wants to disclose what he dare not Reveal, Then to tell him &c.
When he looks very Silly and means a great deal,
When he thinks (if e'er thinking should enter his Brain)
You'l now grant his wish the Ease of his Pain. Then to tell him &c.
To let him inraptur'd proceed on to Bliss,
To suffer the Snatch or the Theft of a Kiss,
When Coyness retreating unwillingly flies,
When Sighs answers murmurs & Eyes talk to Eyes. Then to tell him &c.

Female Friendship

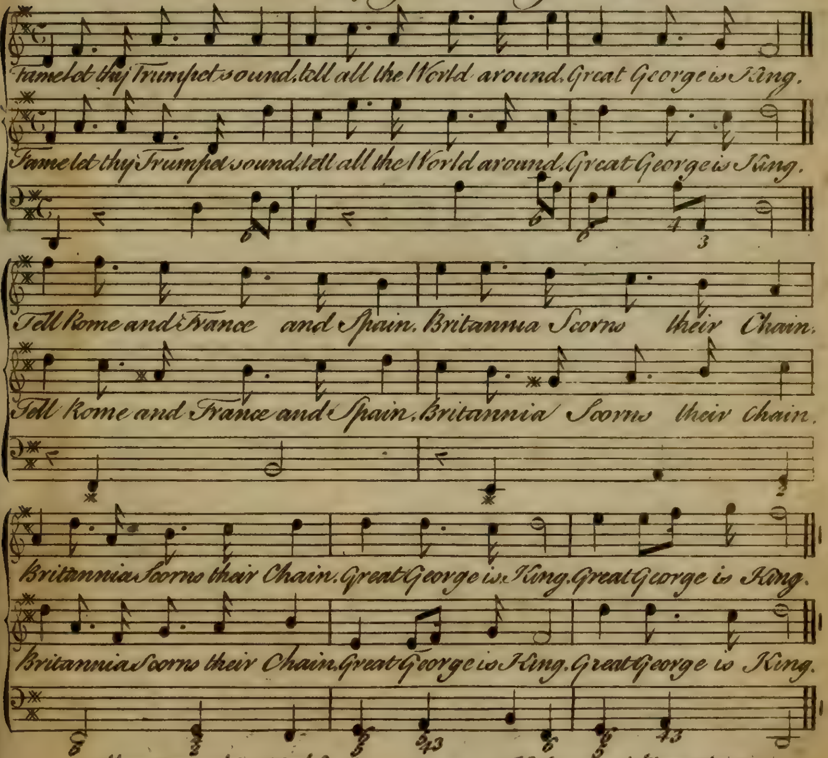
Set by Mr. Defesch



When on her Face my sight I feast,
And breathe the speaking Sigh,
If chance the cloud of fate o'ercast,
My Heaven that's in her Eye.
To Betsy I my doubts relate,
She meaning to define.
Be wise she Cries, with Patience wait,
And Nancy will be thine.

Can Love make patience then its choice.
I hear some Captive say,
Oh Yes when urg'd by Beauty's Voice,
The Bosom must obey.
Ye Lovers, hence this maxim take,
And on its truth depend,
The amrous Heart can never break,
That boasts a Female Friend.

A Loyal Song for two Voices

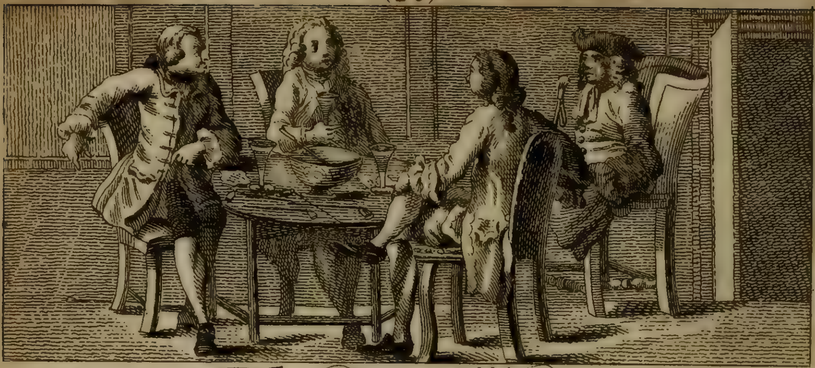


May Heaven his Life defend,
And make his Race extend,
Wide as his Fame:
Thy Choicest Blessings shed,
On his Anointed Head,
And teach his Foes to dread,
Great Georges Name.

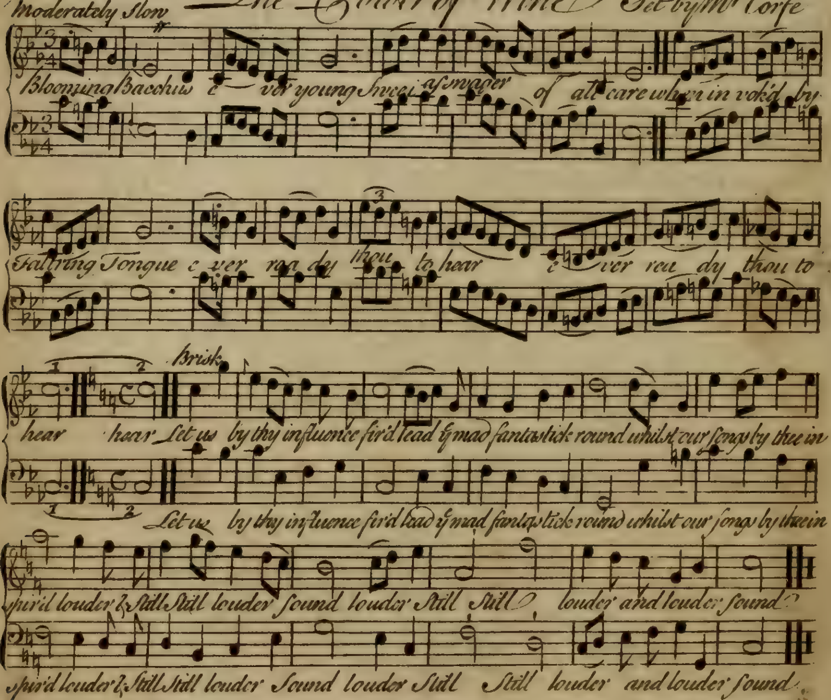
II

He Peace and Plenty brings,
While Rome's deluded Kings,
Waste and distroy:
Then let his People sing,
Long live our gracious King,
From whom such Blessings spring,
Freedom & Joy:

Chorus
God save our Noble King,
Long live our gracious King,
God Save the King:
Hark how the Valleys ring,
Long live our gracious King,
From whom such Blessings spring,
God save the King.



The Power of Wine — Set by Mr Corse

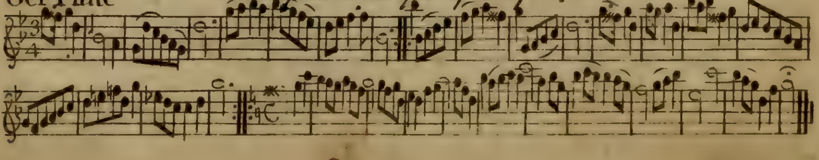


Thou dost make the Coward brave;
Thou dost frozen Dotage warm.
Thou dost Freedom give the Slave;
And thy Sons protect from Harm.
Let us &c.

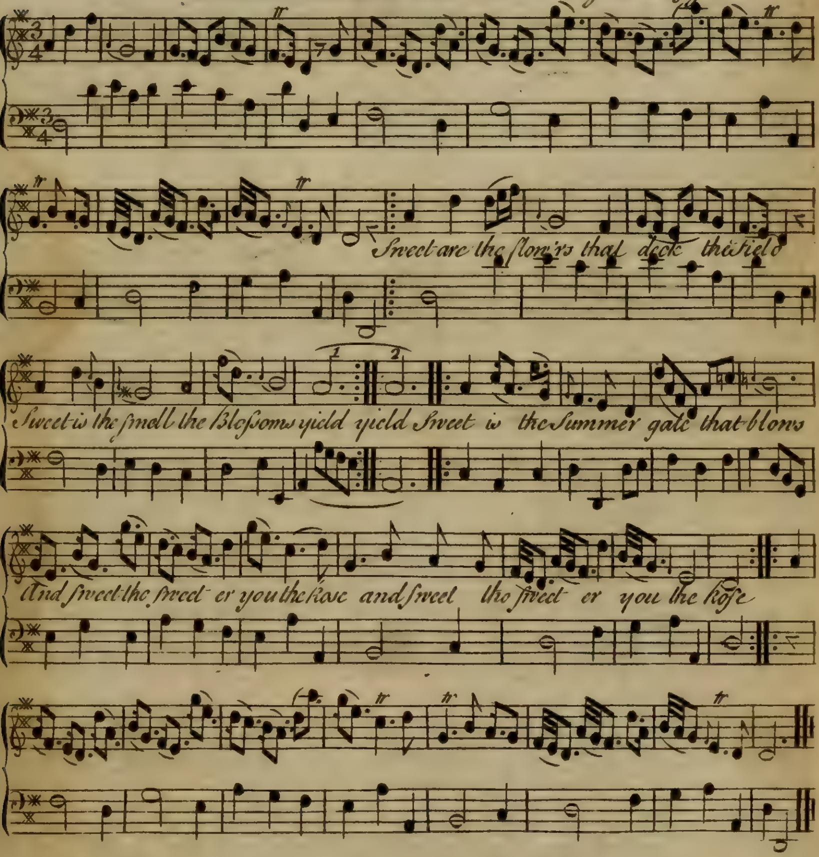
Thou dost in the Fair one's Breast,
Soft desires kind wishes raise;
When the Amorous Swain is blest,
Thine the Conquest thine the Praise.
Let us &c.

To our Vows propitious prove,
We by thy assistance may,
Triumph o'er the God of Love,
Triumph o'er the God of Day. Let us &c.

Ger Flute

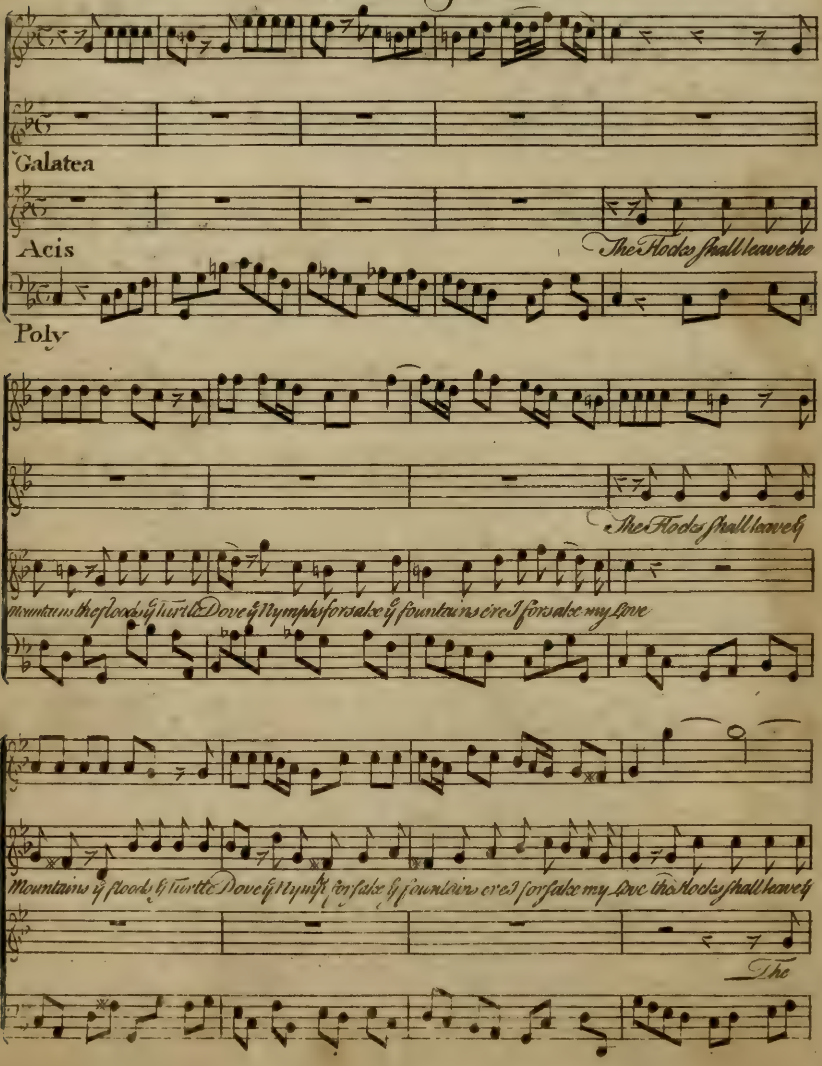


Sweet are the Flow'rs Set by Mr Burgess

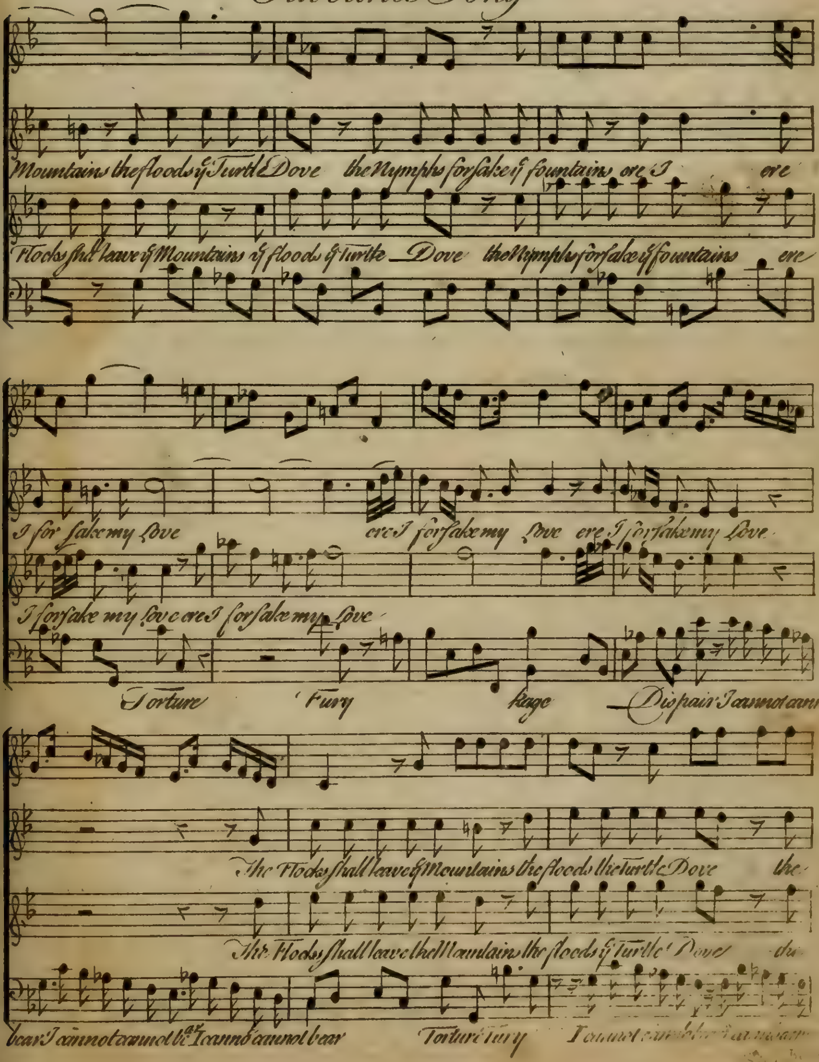


Survey the Gardens, Fields, and Bow'rs,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs,
Then tell me where the Woodbine grows,
That vies in sweetness with the Rose?

A three Part


Galatea
Acis
Poly
The Flocks shall leave the
The Flocks shall leave ye
Mountains the floods ye Turtle Dove ye Nymphs forsake ye fountains ere I forsake my Love
Mountains ye floods ye Turtle Dove ye Nymphs forsake ye fountains ere I forsake my Love the Flocks shall leave ye
The

Favourite Song



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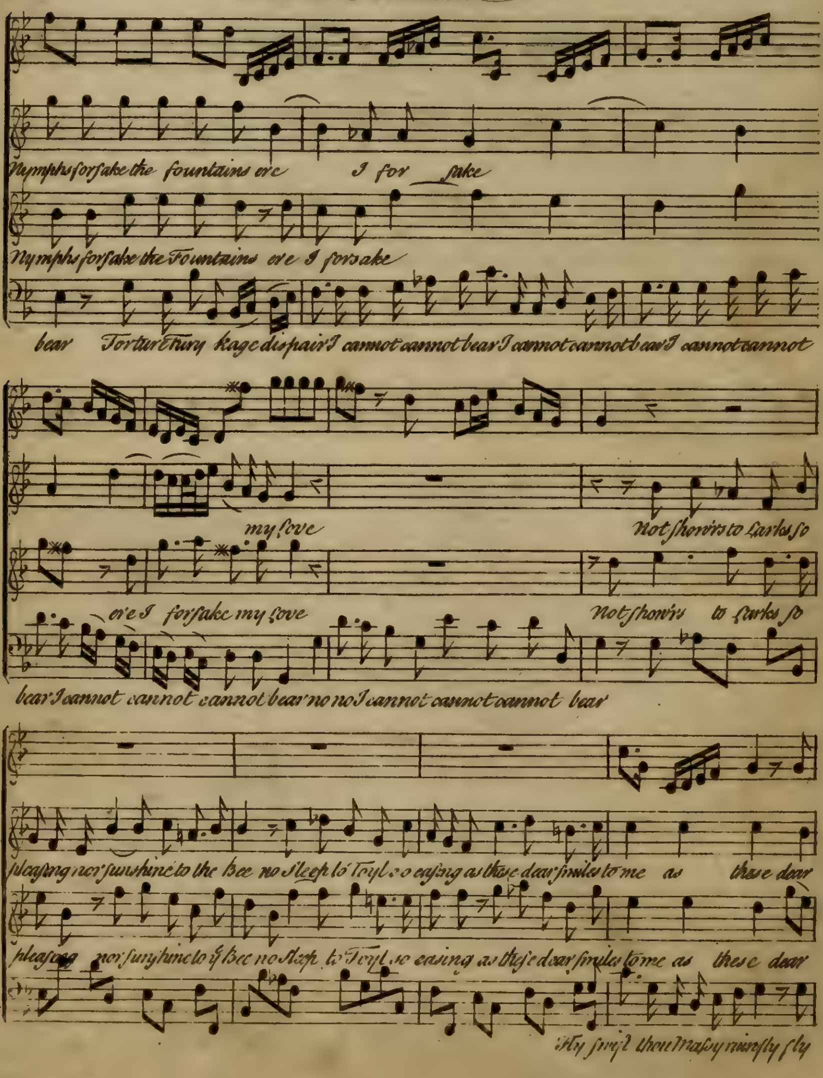
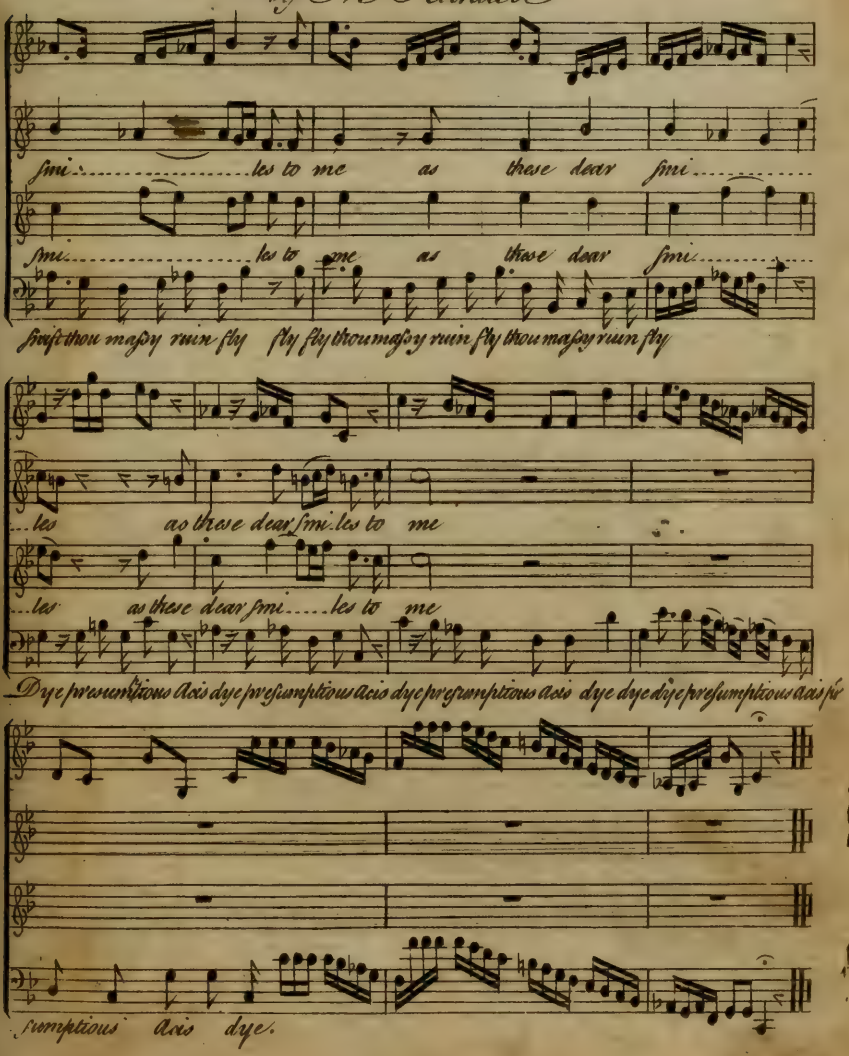
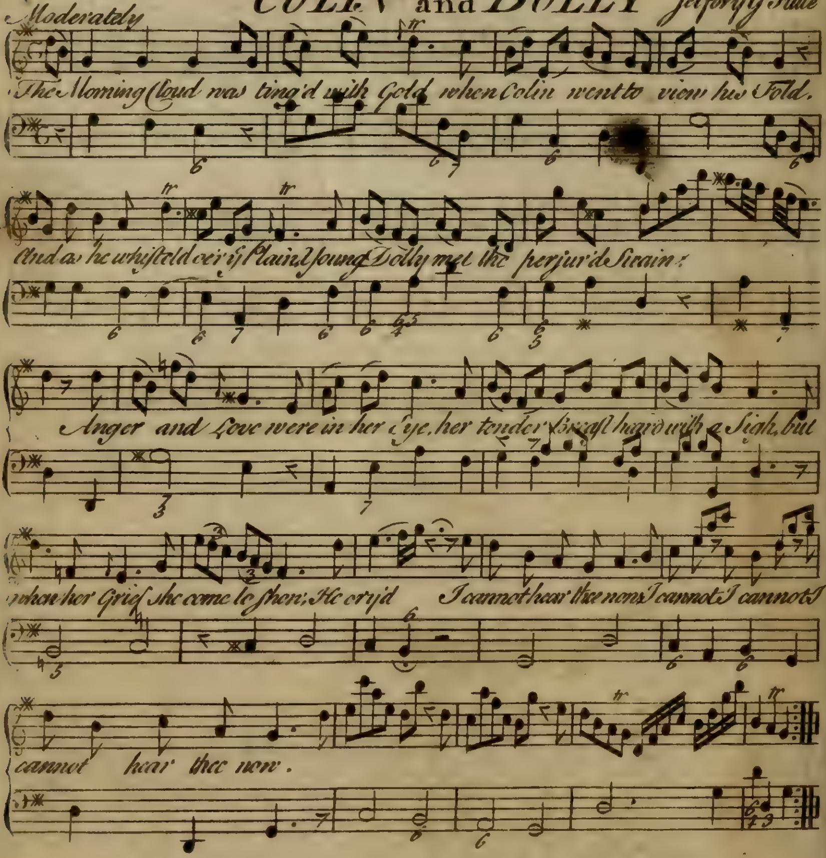


by Mr Handell



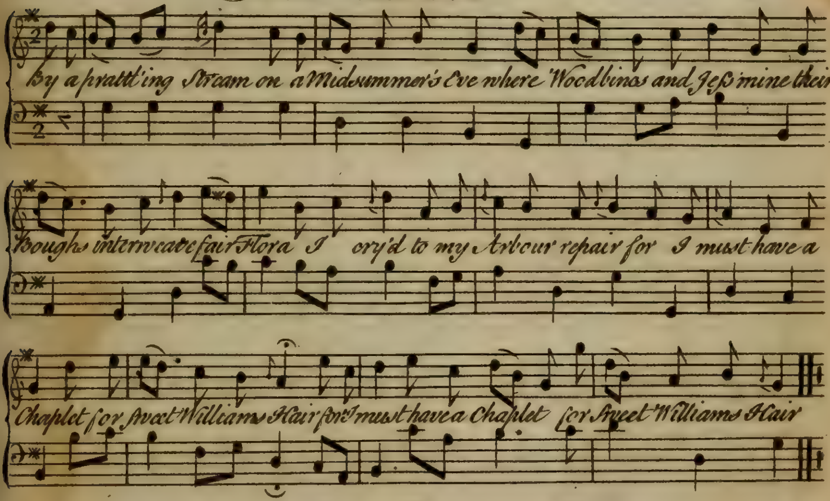
COLLIN and DOLLY *Set for ye G Flute*



In moving Words she told a Tale,
That might o'er any Heart prevail.
Ask'd why he had forsook her Cot,
And was poor Dolly quite forgot.
(So Tears trembling in her Eye)
She said, she'd sit her down & dye;
Do so, says Collin, and I vow,
My Dear I cannot hear thee now.
I cannot &c.

Resentment kindling o'er her Cheeks,
Says she, another Love I'll seek,
Damon will prize these slighted charms,
And kindly take them to his Arms:
The Swain whom Honour cou'd not move
By Jealousy was wak'd to Love,
Says he, forgive see yonder Mow,
Step there I'll stay to hear thee now.
I'll stay &c.

Sweet William



She brought me the Vilet that growes on the Hill
The Vale dwelling Lilly and gilded Junquil
But such languid Odours how could I approve
Just warm from the Lips of the Lad that I Love

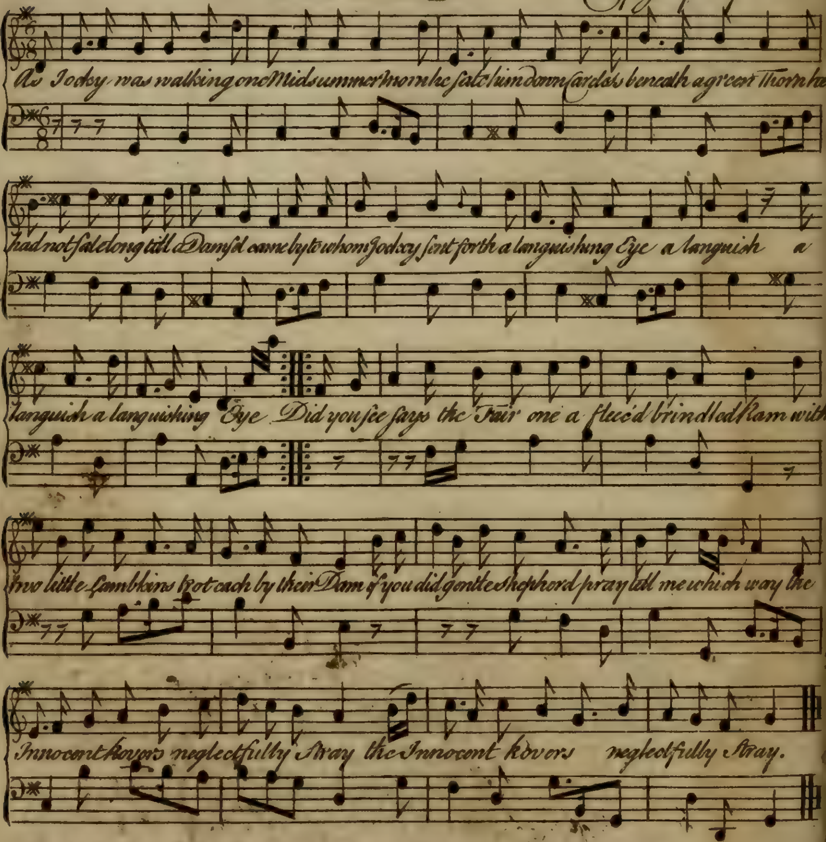
She brought me his Faith and his Truth to display
The undying Myrtle and ever green Bay
But why these to me who've his Constancy known
And Billy has Lawrels enough of his own

The next was a Gift that I could not contemn
For she brought me two Roses that grew on a stem
Of the dear Nuptial Tye they stood Emblems confest
So I kiss'd them and press'd them quite close to my Breast

She brought me a Sun Flow'r This Fair one's your due
For it once was a Maiden and Love sick like you
O Give it me quick to my Shepherd I'll run
As true to his Flame as this Flower to her Sun

The Sex

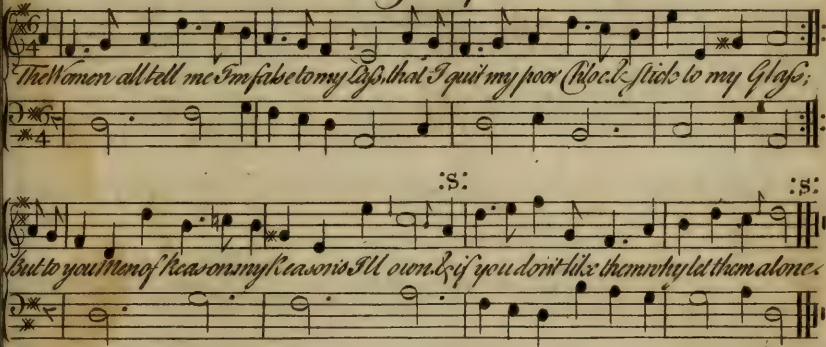
in Compass of the Ger Flute



He told her he saw them pass hastily by.
And make to the Copse tho in faith twas a Lye.
The Damsel she curtsied & thank'd with a Blush
But Jockey stole after and lurked in a Bush;
She search'd ye Copse o'er tho no Sheep coud she find
And heartily curs'd ye young swain in her Mind
She found she was tricked but alas silly Maid.
She knew not the snare was so Artfully laid.

The Shepherd appeard & says he pritty Maid.
Thy Ewes & thy Lambkins have happily stray'd
Then sprung to her closely & ravish'd a Kiss.
But ye Maiden seem'd coy & cry'd fye twas amiss:
How e'er as her friends little Liberty gave.
She left her old Gaffar to trust a young Knave
And now tho her Sheep are all safe in the Pen.
She visits the Copse o'er again & again.

The Jolly Toper



Altho I have left her, the Truth I'll Declare,
I believe she was good & am sure she was fair;
But goodness & Charms in a Bumper I see,
That makes it as good & as charming as She.

My Chloe had dimples & smiles I must own,
But tho she could smile, yet in truth she could frown
But tell me ye Lovers of Liquor devine,
Did you eer see a frown in a Bumper of Wine.

Her Lillies and Roses were Just in thier Prime
Yet lillies and Roses are conquer'd by time.
But in Wine from its Age such a benefit flows
That we like it ye better the older it grows.

They tell me my Love would in time hae been Cloy'd
And that Beautys insipid when once tis enjoy'd,
But in Wine I both Time and enjoyment defye,
For the longer I drink the more thirsty am I.

Let Murders, and Battles, and History prove
The mischiefs that wait upon Rivals in Love;
But in drinking thank heav'n no Rival contends;
For ye more we love Liquor ye more we are Friends.

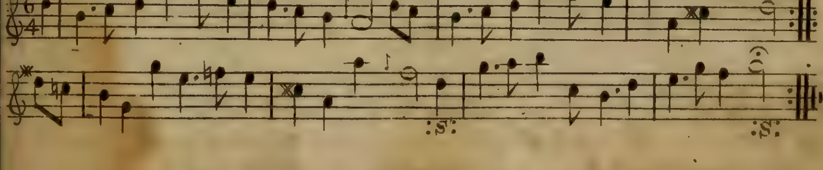
She tonight have poison'd ye Joy of my Life,
With Nurses and Babies and squaling & strife;
But my Wine neither Nurses or Babies can bring,
And a big bellied Bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our Days when with love we engage,
It brings on diseases and hastens old Age;
But Wine from grim Death can its Votaries save,
And keep out tother Leg when theres one in ye Grave

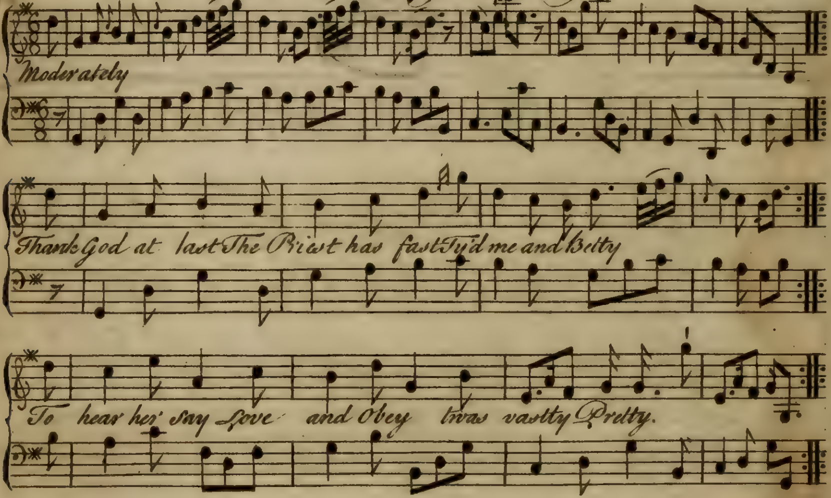
Perhaps like her Sex ever false to their Word,
She had left me to get an Estate, or a Lord;
But my Bumper regarding no Titles nor Pelf;
Will stand by me while I can't stand by my self.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain,
She's rid of her Lover and I of my Pain;
For in Wine mighty Wine many comforts I spy,
Should you doubt what I say take a Bumper & try.

Ger Flute



The Marriage Pretty



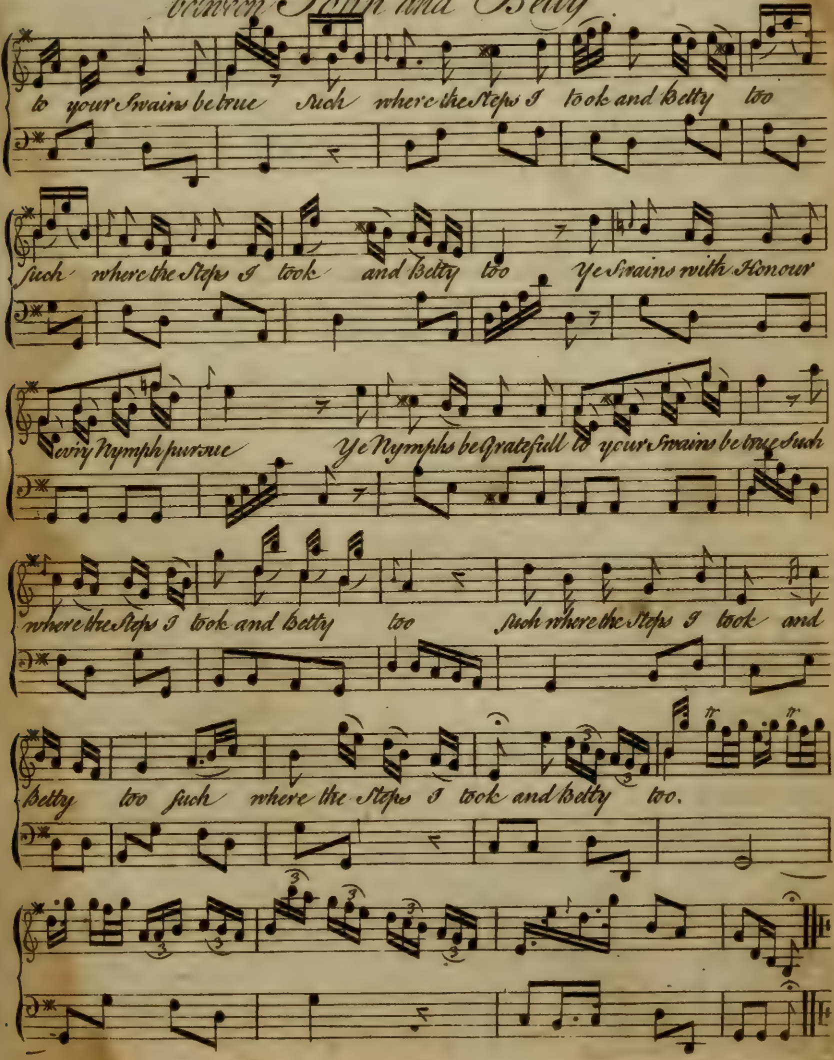
The Marrying done,
We ev'ry one
Saluted Betty:
She look'd So Neat,
And kiss'd So Sweet,
Twas vastly Pretty.

Birds (as we went
Along thro Kent)
Joy'd me and Betty:
Thee Charms of that
And I know what
Twas vastly Pretty.

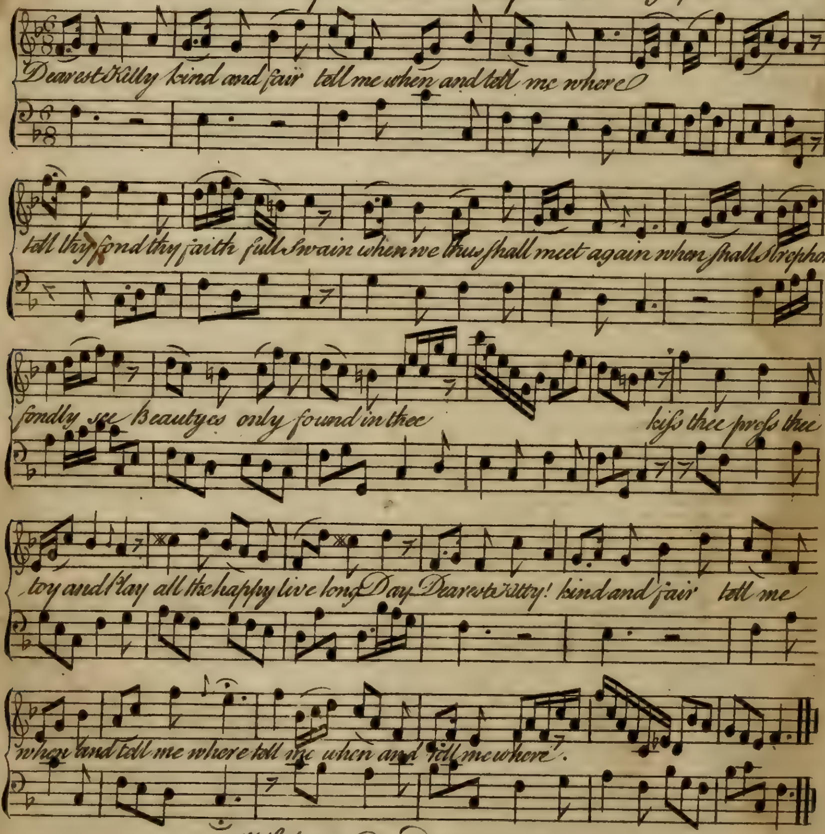
The Jokes of Wed
And going to Bed,
From all where Witty
But I know best,
And do protest
Twas vastly Pretty.

Now Night & Day,
My time away,
Glides sweet with Betty:
In her I find,
What Heav'n design'd,
She's good and Pretty.

between John and Betty

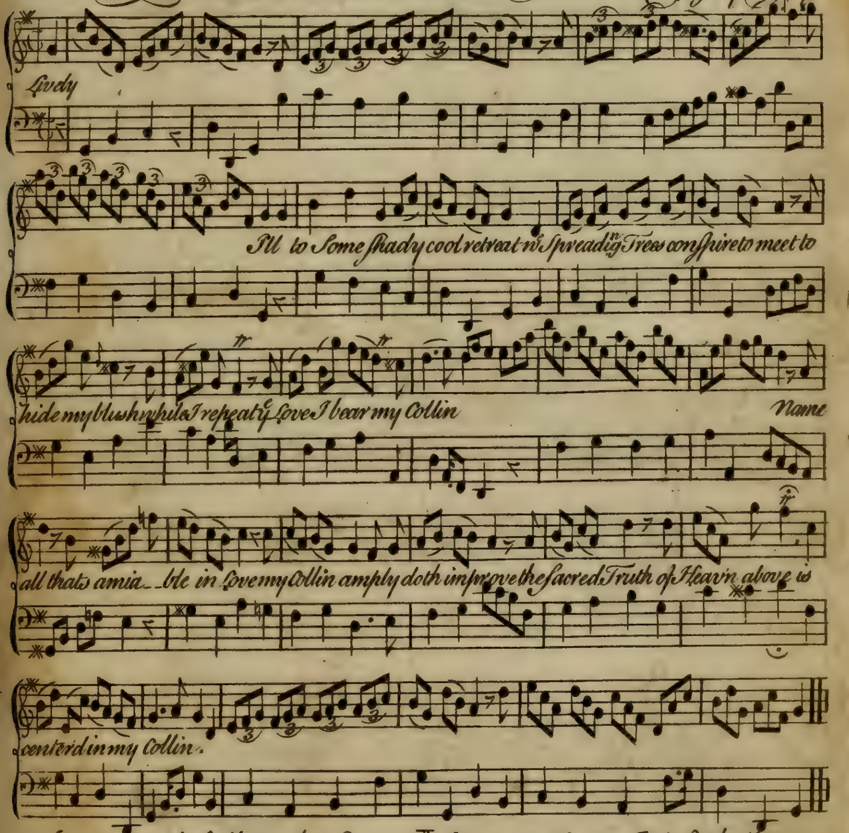


Strephon's Request Sung by Mr. Lowe



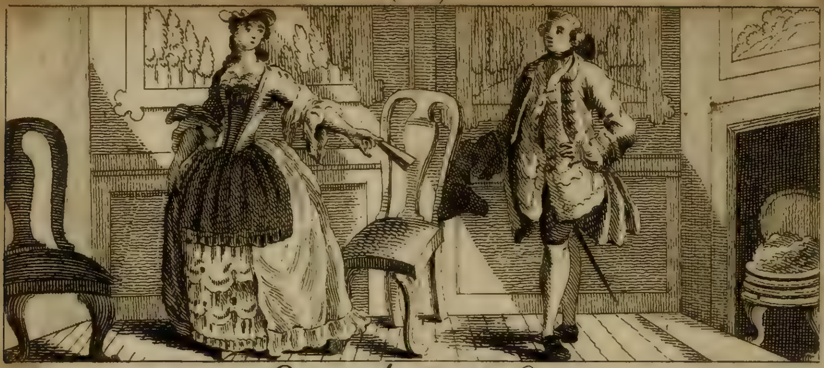
All the happy Day tis true
Blest but only then with you
Nightly Strephon sighs alone
Sighs till Hymen makes us one
Tell me then and ease my pain
Tell thy fond and faithfull Swain
When the Priest shall kindly joyn
Kitty's trembling hand to mine
Dearest Kitty kind and fair
Tell me when – I care not where

The Constant Fair in Compass of the Ger flute

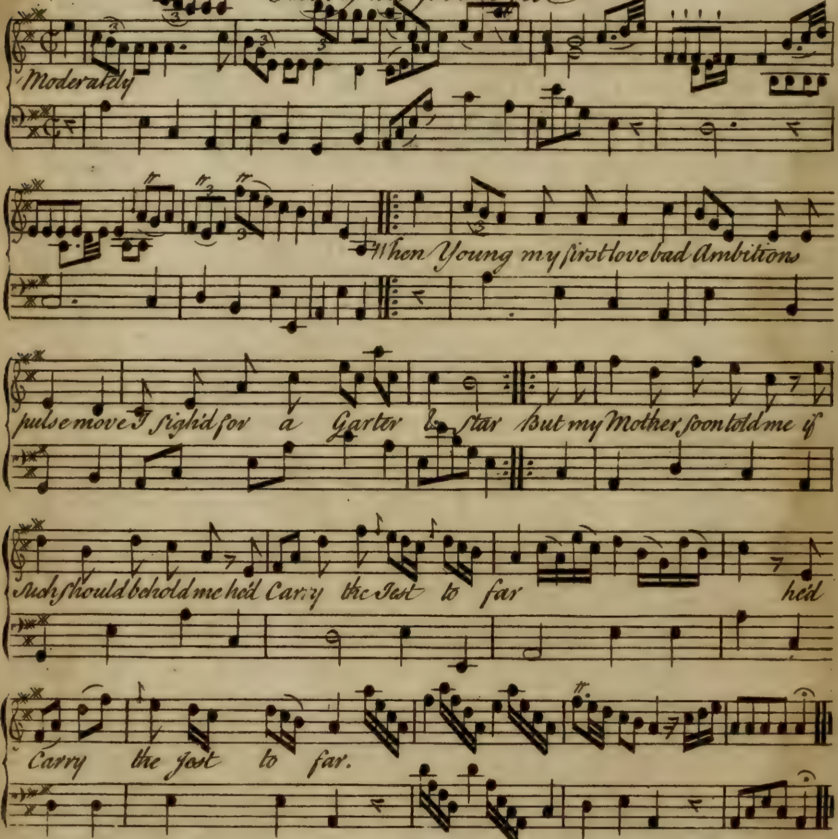


Was I possess'd of Monarchs Lands,
Of eastern Shores or golden Sands;
No one shoud share in himen's bands
With me but lovely Collin;
With him beneath a Myrtle Seat,
I'll sing & bless my happier Fate,
Than seated on a Throne of State,
With any one but Collin.

So long as Saturn's Glass shall run,
Or Persians hail the rising Sun,
Or 'till my thread of Life is spun,
So long shall I love Collin;
And when I take the parting Kiss,
In Death I'll chear my Heart with this,
That I shall meet in future Bliss,
Again with thee my Collin.



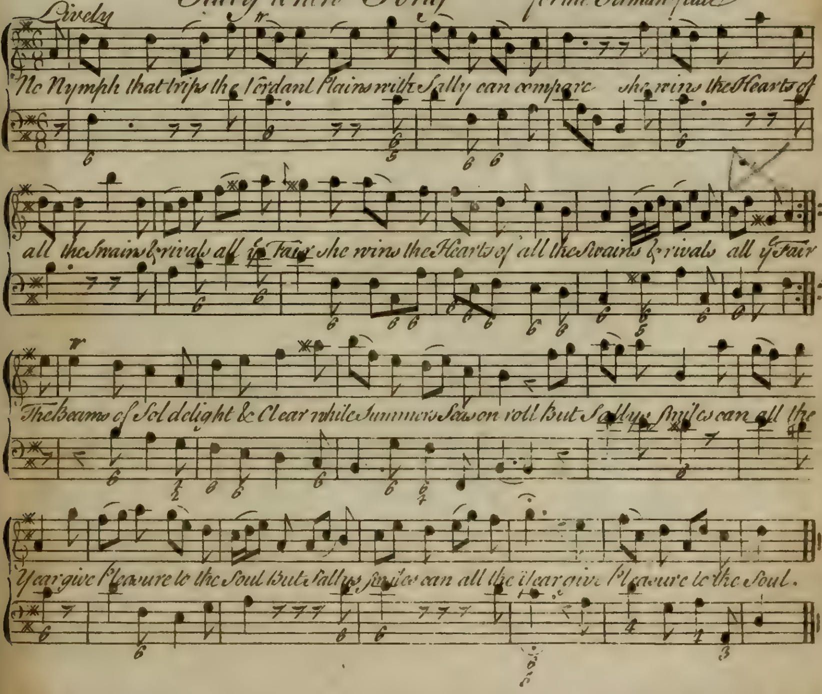
Carry the Jest to far



A Gentleman than
Who was fam'd for his pen
Soft verses to make or to mar
But I fear'd from that quarter
He'd play with my garter
And Carry the Jest to far

But I'm the Queen
Of Young Ralph of the Green
Who Joys in his plough & his Car
Let him do what he will
And try his best skill
He cant Carry the Jest to far

Sally a new Song for the German flute



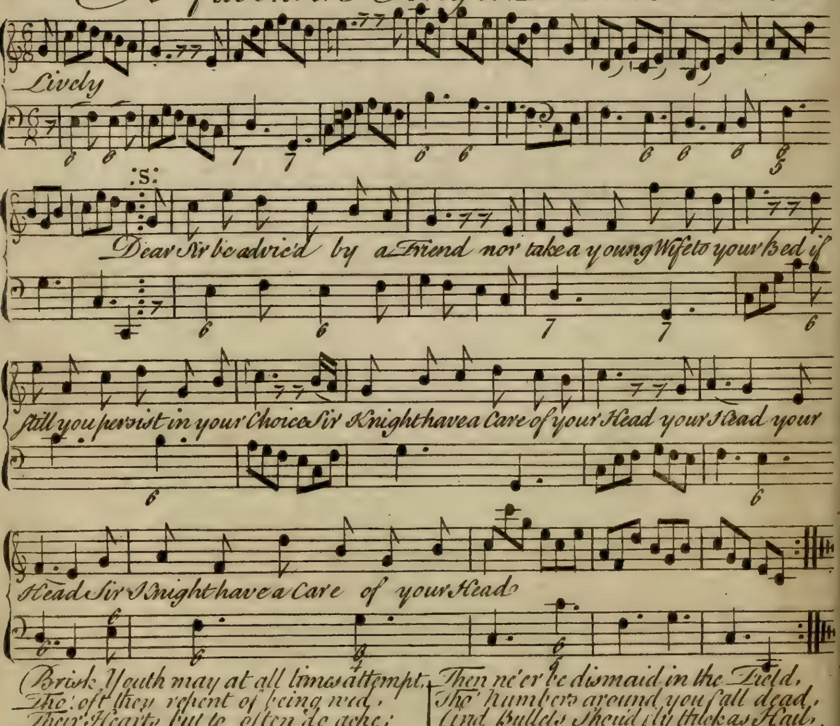
When from the East the Morning Ray.
Illumes the World below,
Her Presence bids the God of Day;
With Emulation glow;
Fresh Beauty's deck the Painted Ground
Birds Sweeter Notes prepare,
The playfull Lambkins Skip around;
And hail the Sister Fair.

The Lark but Strains his livid throat,
To bid the Maid rejoice,
And mimicks while he swells his Note;
The Sweetness of her Voice,
The fanning Zephyrs round her play,
While Flora shed Perfume,
And ev'ry Flow'ret Seems to say;
I but for Sally Bloom.

The Am'rous Youths her Charms proclaim,
From Morn to Eve their Tale;
Her Beauty and unspotted Fame.
Make Vocal ev'ry Vale
The Stream meand'ring thro the Grove.
Her echo'd Name conveys,
And ev'ry Voice and ev'ry Reed;
Is turn'd to Sallys Praise.

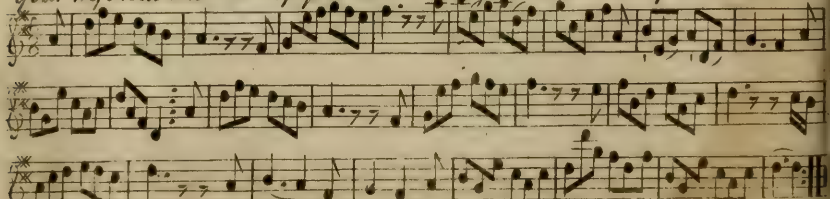
No more shall blythsome Lass & Swain;
To mirthfull Wake resort;
Nor ev'ry May Morn on the Plain;
Advance in rural Sport;
No more shall gush the purling Rill,
Nor Musick wake the Grove;
Nor Flocks look Sprightly on the Hill
When I forget to Love.

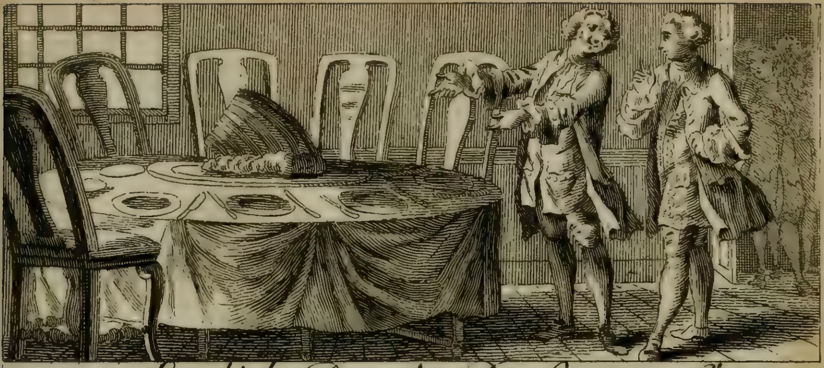
A favourite Song in Robin Hood



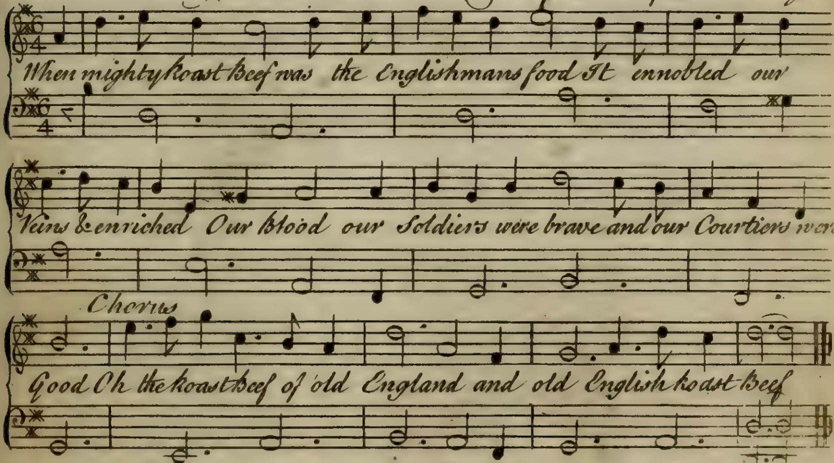
Brisk Youth may at all times attempt,
Tho' oft they repent of being wed,
Their Hearts but to often do ache;
With you I will be pain in the Head,
A Knight shou'd be arm'd Cap a pee;
In Battle to strike us with Dread,
Go seek for your Spear & your Shield,
Your Wife will take Care of your Head.

Then ne'er be dismaid in the Field,
Tho' Numbers around you fall dead,
And Bullets should fly thick as Hail,
There's nothing can damage y Head;
Few People such Treatment resent,
Who to the strict Fashions are bred,
Provided their Pockets be full;
They take little Care of the Head.





English Roast Beef *Set by Mr. Leveridge*



But since we have learn'd from all conquering France
To eat their Ragouts, as well as to dance;
We are fed up with nothing but vain Complaisance, oh the

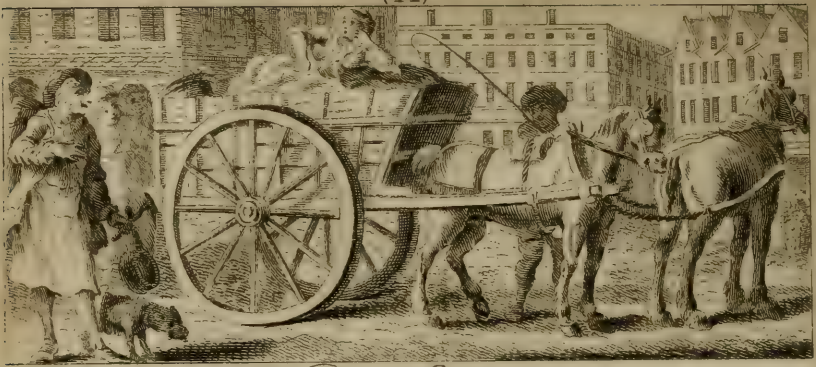
Our Fathers of Old where Robust stout & strong,
And kept Open House with good Cheer all Day long,
Which made their plump Tenants rejoyce in this Song. oh the

But now we are dwindled to what shall I name,
A sneaking poor Race half begotten & tame,
Who sully those Honours that once shone in Fame. oh the

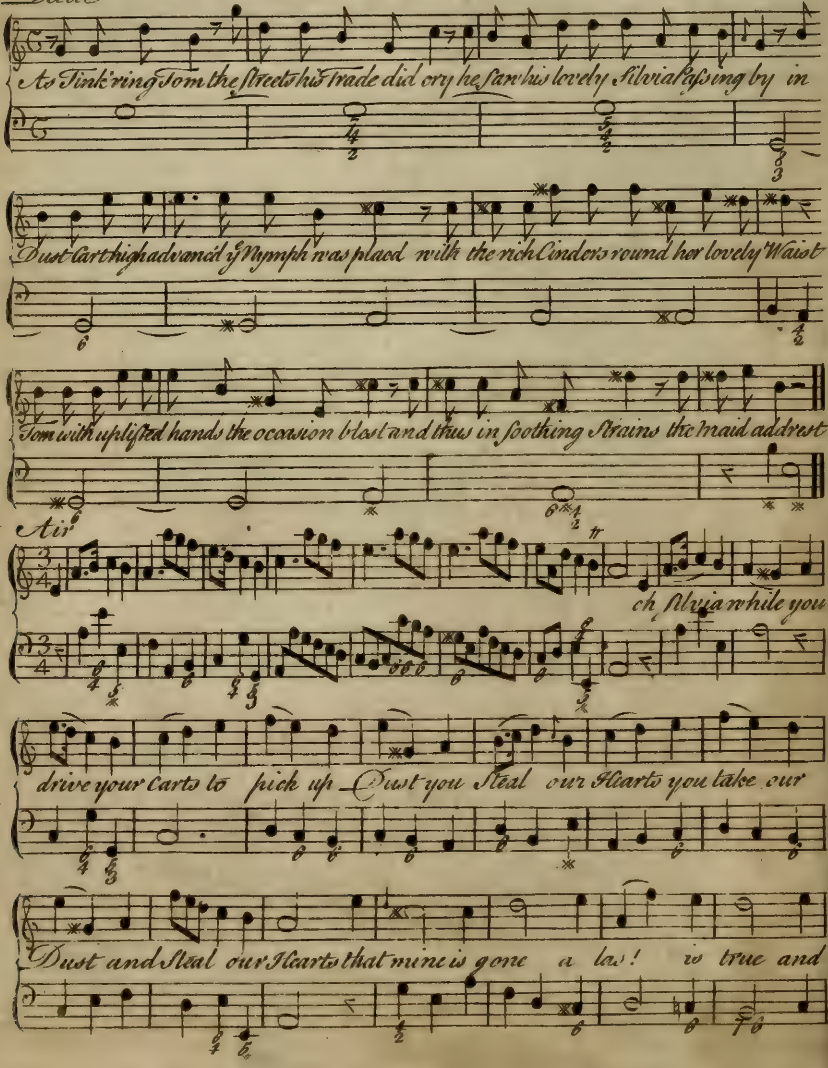
When good Queen Elizabeth sate on the Throne,
E'er Coffee and Tea & such slip slops where know;
The world was in Terror if are she did frown. oh the

In those days if Fleets did presume on the Main,
They seldom or never return'd Back again,
As Witness the vaunting Arma da of Spain. oh the

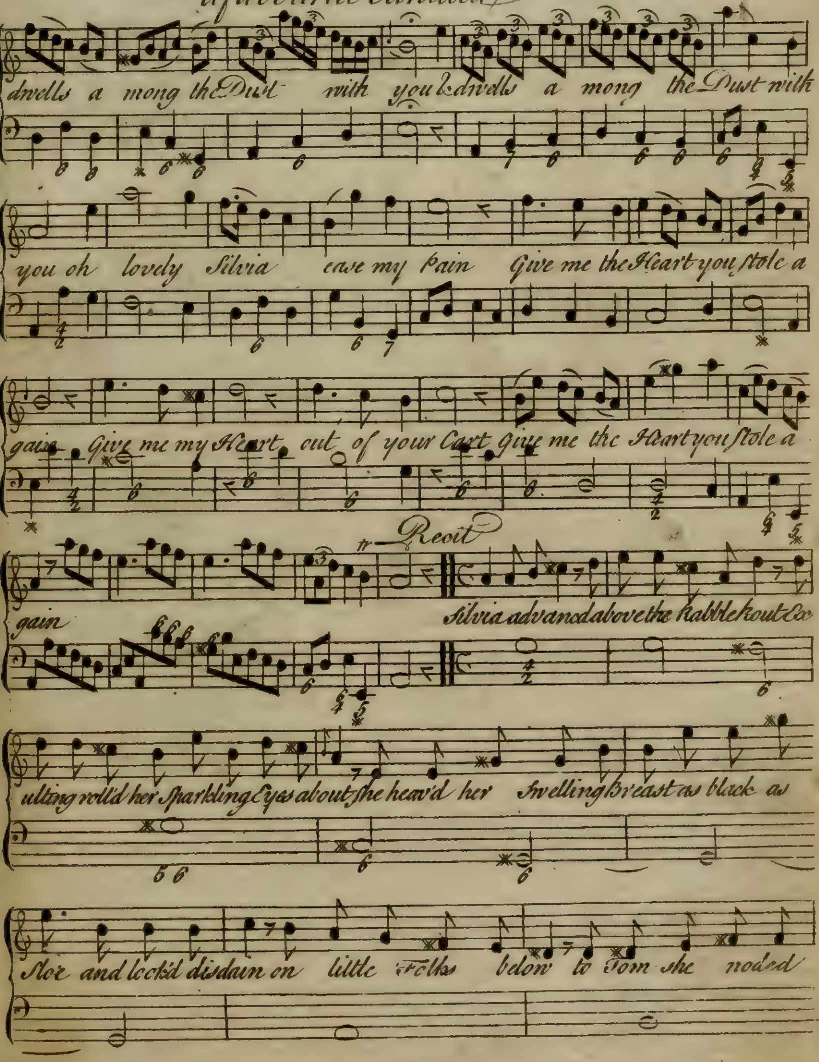
Oh then they had Stomachs to eat and to Fight,
And when Wrongs were a cooking to do themselves right;
But now we're a Sound but good Night
Oh the Roast Beef of Old England, & old English Roast Beef.



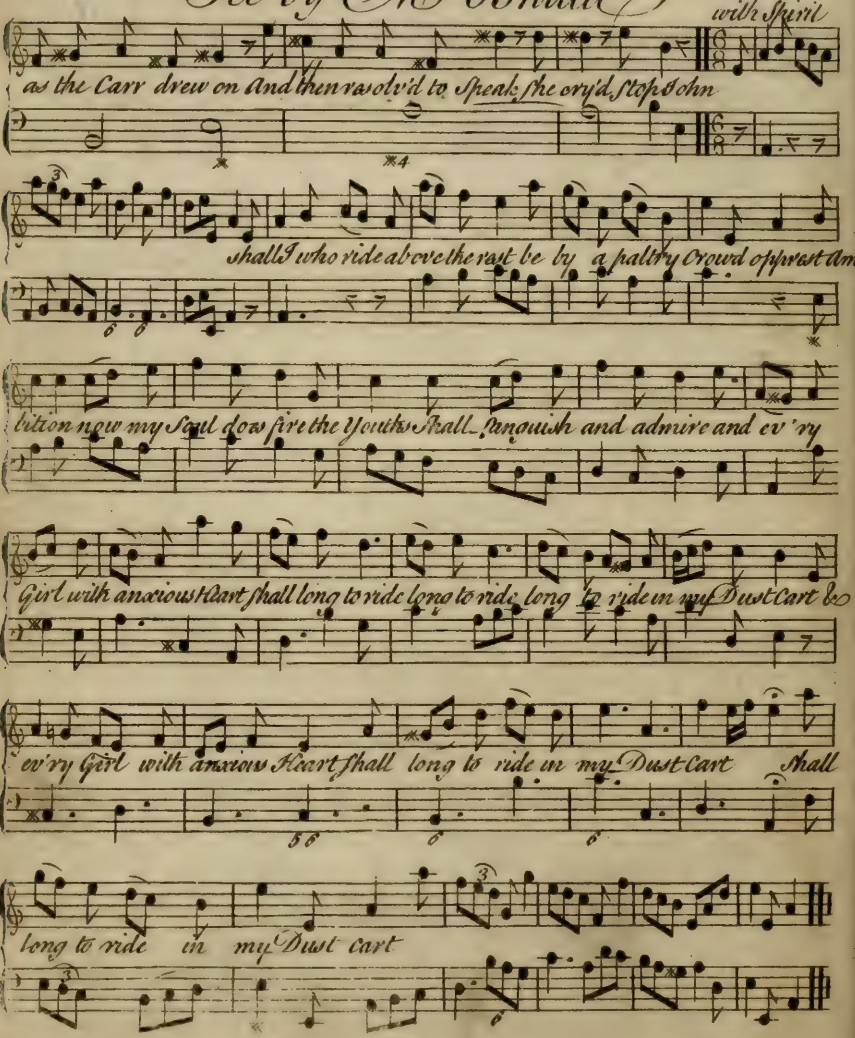
The Dust Cart



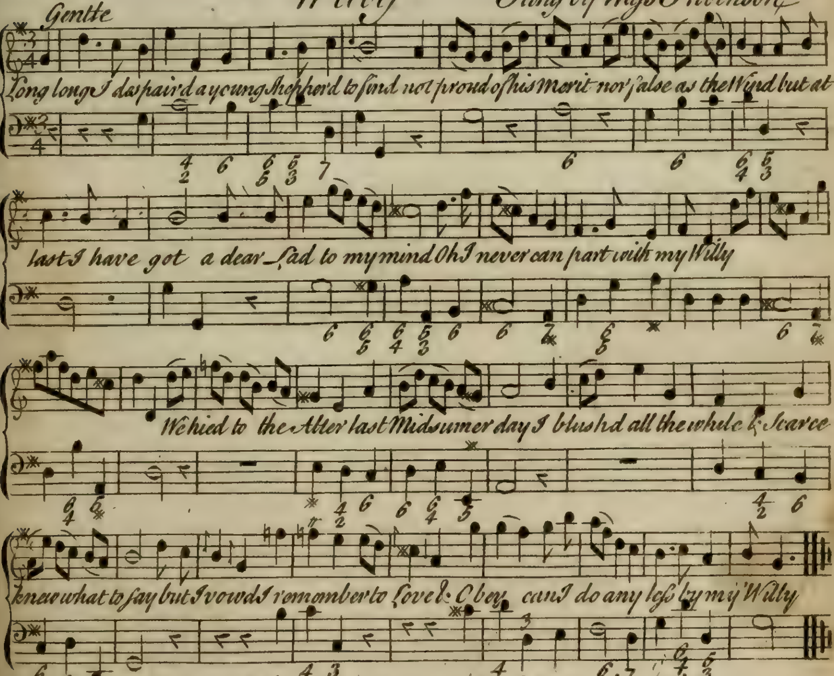
a favourite Cantata



Set by Mr Oswald



Willy Sung by Miss Stevenson

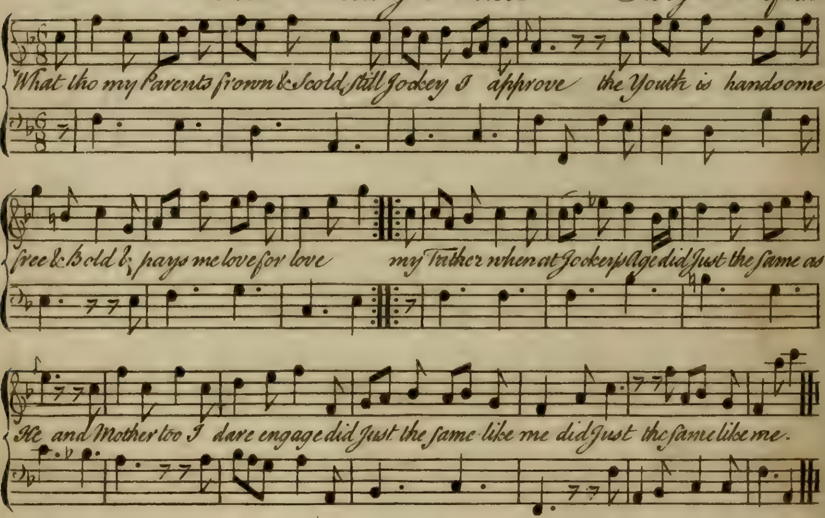


His Breath is as fragrant as fresh Morning Air,
His Face than the Rose is more ruddy I swear
And his Kisses as sweet Ah beyond all compare.
There's not such a Lad as my Willy.
With him none pretends to pipe or to play;
But what tender Soft things does the Shepherd not say.
With ease I am sure he might steal Hearts away.
But I'll never distrust y dear Willy.

When I droop'd all in pain and I hung down my Head.
How kindly he watch'd me what tears has he Shed:
He ne'er left me a moment till Sickness was fled,
Can I ever forget thee dear Willy.
Shoud Death from my sight tear the Shepherd so true.
Let him take (if he chooses) then me away too:
For why shoud I tarry or what coud I do:
Shoud I Lose such a lad as my Willy.

The Willing Maid

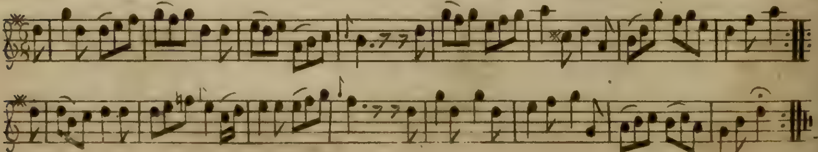
Set by Mr Defesch



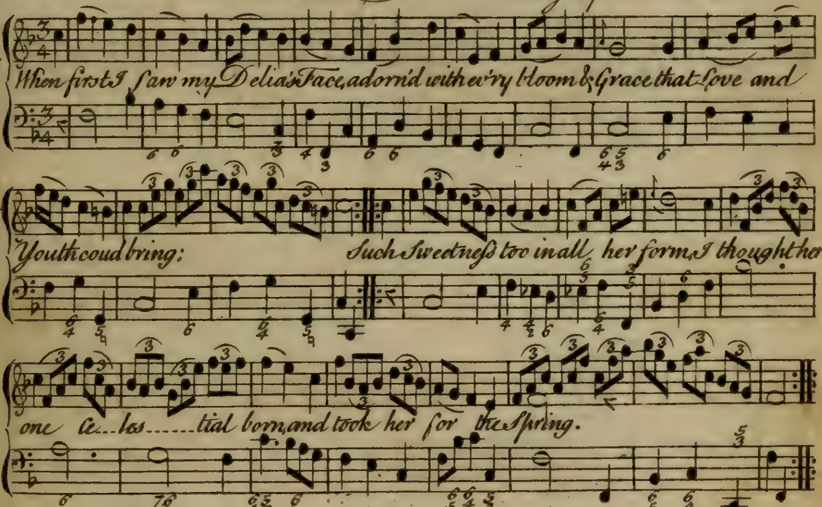
When first the Swain his Suit address'd,
I flutter'd and look'd pale,
He Sigh'd & vow'd he kiss'd and press'd;
And told the fondest Tale,
Then out he pull'd his oaten Reed,
And play'd so sweet a strain;
That all he ask'd I gave indeed,
And wish'd he'd ask'd again.

How blest am I when Jockeys by;
How happy in his View,
Tho other Nymphs cry pish & fye,
Yet hang me if I do,
As to the Flocks the cooling Stream;
Or Flowret to the Bee,
As dear as I'm confess'd to him,
So dear the Youth to me.

Ah fraught with all his Sex's Art,
Should Jockey faithless prove,
Where where shall my poor wand'ring heart;
Again bestow its love.
But tis an Hundred unto Ten,
He'll wed me to Secure;
And when he asks me why what then,
I'll have him to be Sure.



Delia   Sung by Mr. Lowe

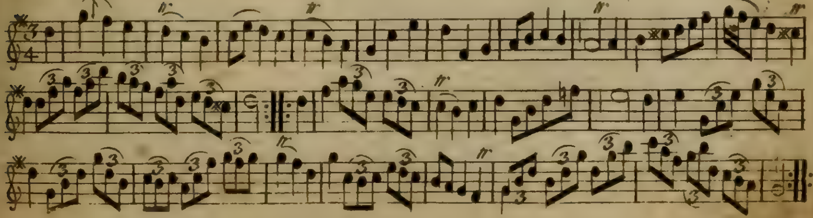


Each Day a Charm was added more,
Musick and Language swell'd ÿ Store:
With all the force of Reason,
And yet so frolic and so gay,
Deck'd with the opening sweets of May,
She look'd the Summer Season.

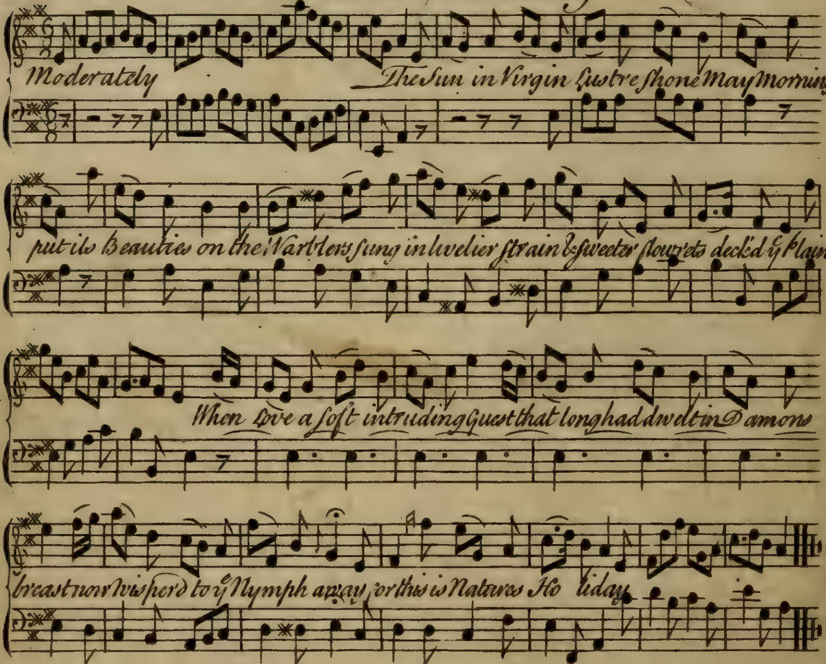
Admiring Crowds around her press,
But none the happy he coud guess:
Unwish'd her beauties caught em,
I urg'd my Passion in her Ear;
Of Love she said she coud not hear,
And yet seem'd ripe as Autumn.

The Rose not gather'd in its prime,
Will fade and fall in little time,
So I began to hint ther:
Her Cheeks confess'd a Summers glow,
But ah! her Breast of driven Snow:
Conceals a Heart of Winter.

Ger Flute



Natures Holiday



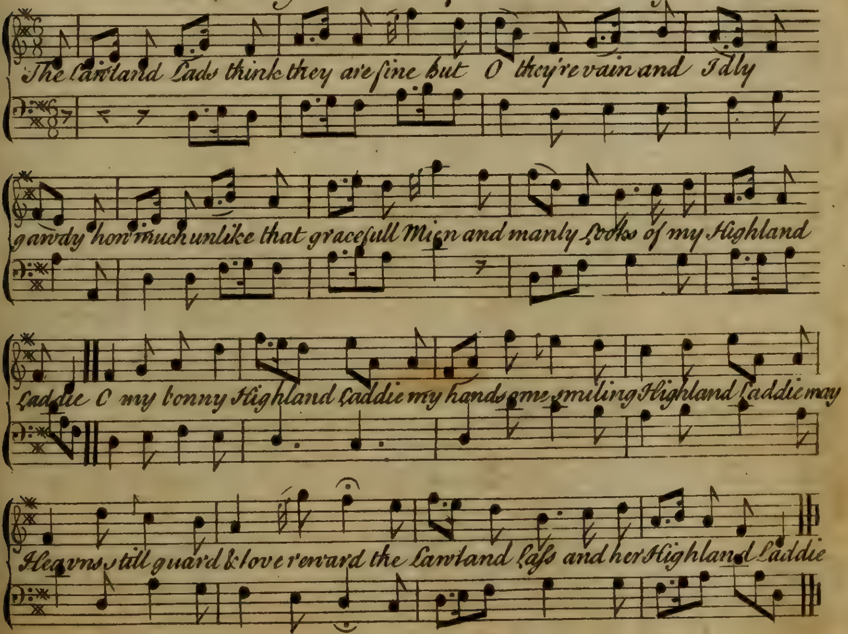
The tender impulse wing'd his haste,
The painted mead he instant past,
And soon the happy Cot he gain'd,
Where Beauty slept & silence reign'd;
Awake my Fair the Shepherd cries,
To new born Pleasures ope thine Eyes
Arise my Silvia! hail the May,
For this is Natures Holiday.

Forth came ye Maid in Beauty bright
As Phœbus in meridian Light;
Entranc'd in rapture all confess'd,
The Shepherd clasp'd her to his Breast,
Then gazing with a speaking Eye,
He snatch'd a Kiss & heard a sigh,
A melting Sigh that seem'd to say,
Consider Youth's our Holiday.

Ah Soft she said for pity's sake,
What kiss one ere I'm well awake,
For this so early came you here;
And hail you thus ye rising Year,
Sweet Innocence Oh cease to chide,
Well haste to Joy ye Swain reply'd,
In pleasures flowry fields well stray
And this shall be Love's Holiday.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her Cheek,
She look'd ye thing she dar'd not speak,
Consent own'd natures soft Command,
And Damon seiz'd her trembling Hand,
His dancing Heart in transport play'd;
To Church he led ye blushing maid,
Then bless'd the happy Morn of May,
And now their Lives all Holiday.

The Highland Laddie Set by Mr. Arne



If I were free at Will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,
I'd take young Donald without Trews
With Bonnet blue & belted Plaidy.
O my bonny &c.

The brawest Beau in Borrows Town,
In a his Airs with Arts made ready;
Compair'd to him he's but a Clown,
He's finer far in's tartan Plaidie.
O my bonny &c.

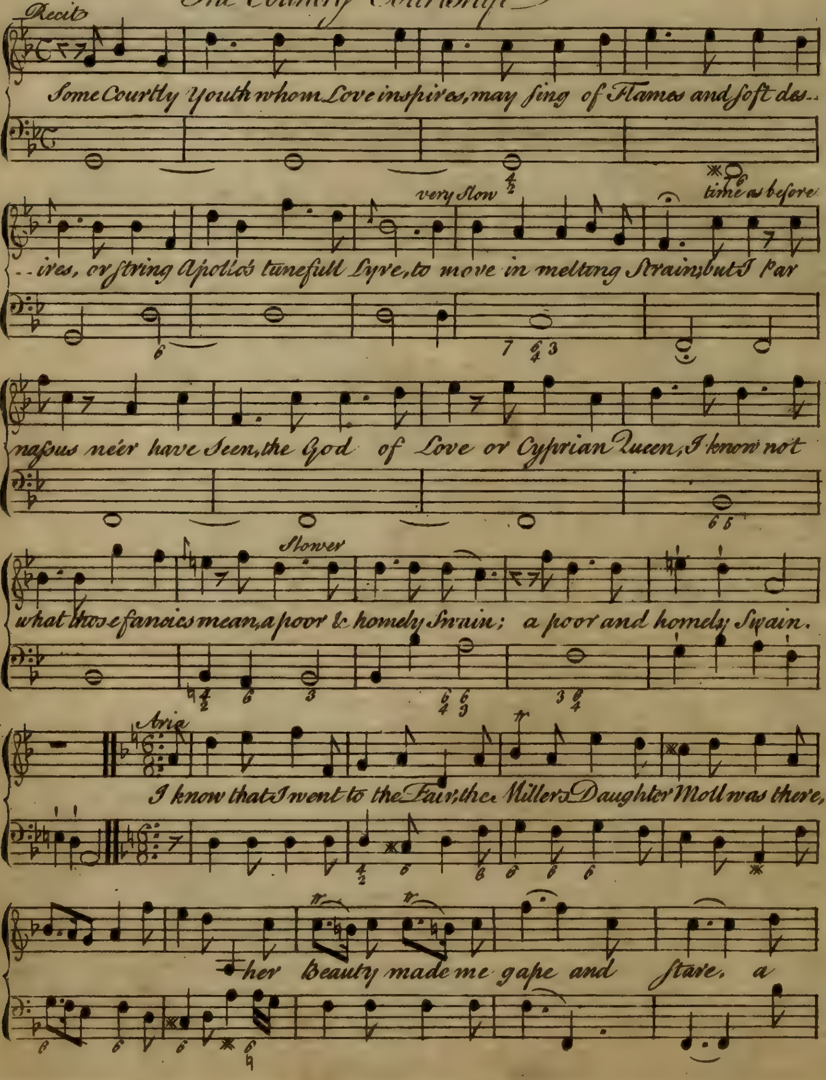
O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin & Dady,
Frae Winters cauld & Summers Sun,
He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidi
O my bonny &c.

A painted Room and Silken Bed;
May please a Lawland Laird & Lady,
But I can kiss and be as glad:
Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy.
Oh my bonny &c.

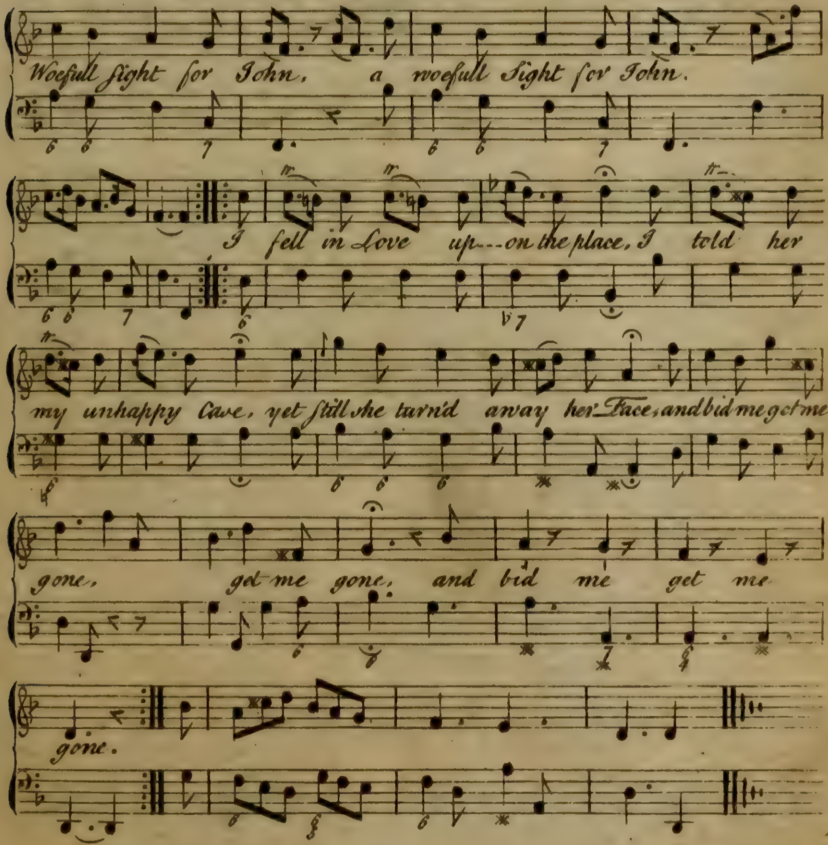
Few Compliments between us pass,
I ca him my dear Highland Laddie;
And he cas me his Lawland Lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
Oh my bonny &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll eer pretend;
Than that his Love prove true & steady,
Like mine to him which ne'er shall end,
While heav'n preserv's my Highland Laddie.
O my bonny &c.

The Country Courtship



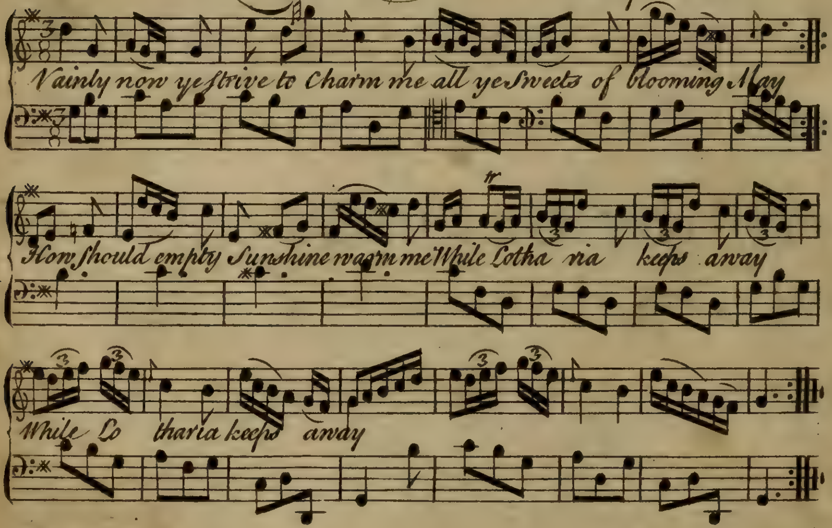
A Humourous Cantata



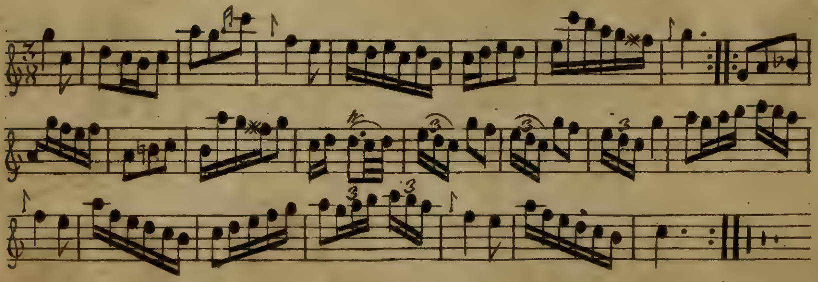
My Heart went bumping in my Breast,
It broke a score of Ribs at least;
The live long Day I took no rest,
:S: Nor clos'd the Eyes at Night :S:
I am so bad at times that I,
For ought I know, may come to die
If she keeps on her Cruelty:
I am in dolefull Plight.

Lotharia

Set by Mr. Arne

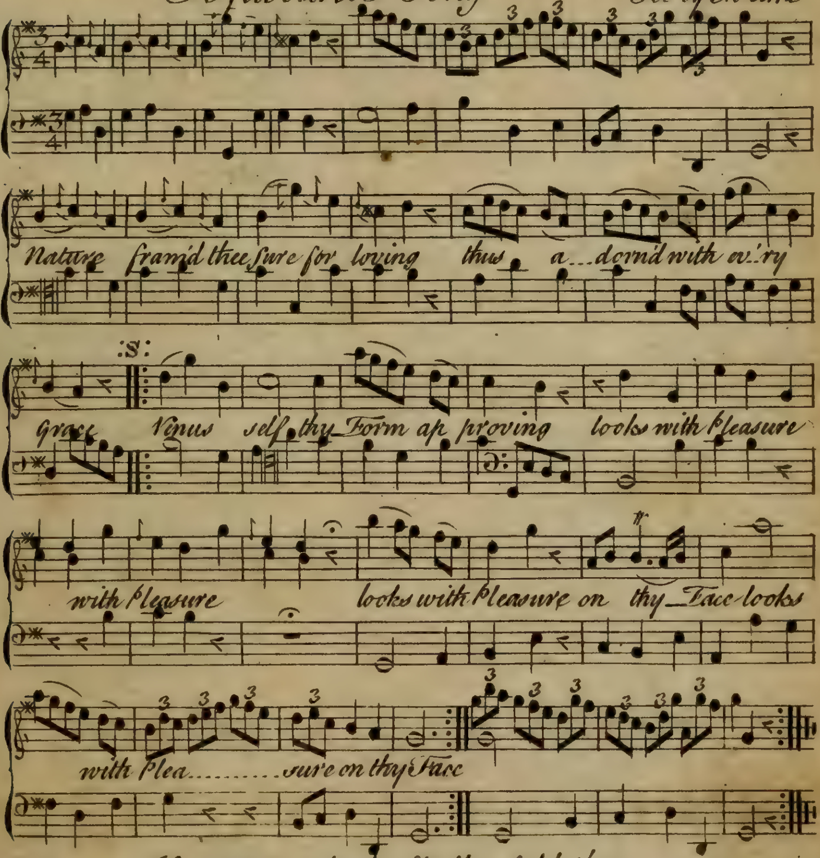


Go ye warbling Birds go leave me,
Shade ye Clouds the smiling Sky;
Sweeter Notes her Voice can give me,
Softer Sunshine fills her Eye.



A favourite Song

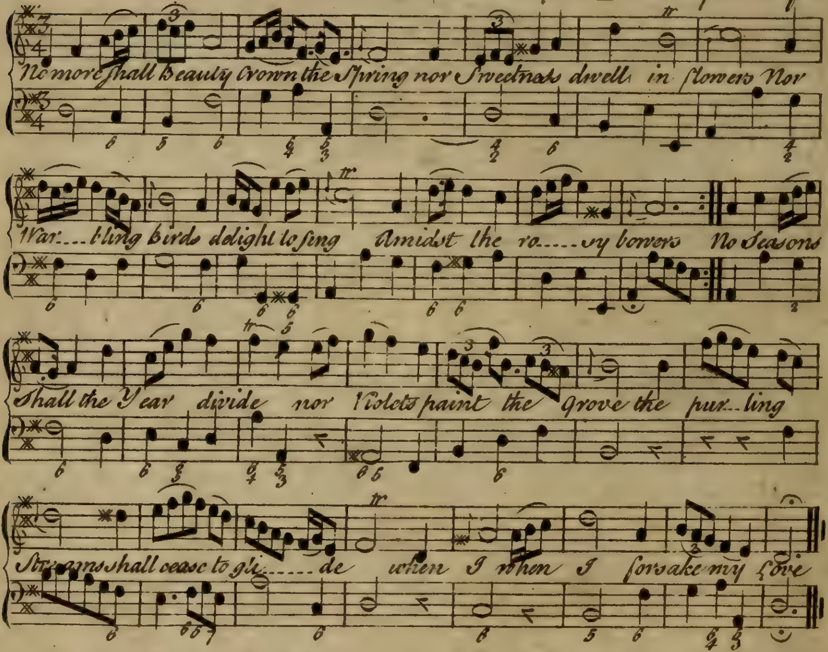
Set by Mr Arne



Happy Nymph who shall enfold thee,
Circled in her yielding Arms;
Shoud bright Helen once behold thee,
She'd surrender all her Charms.

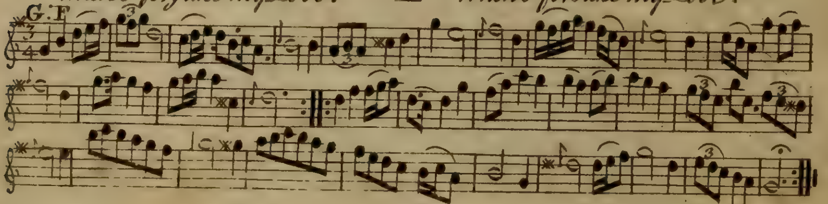
Gentle Shepherd if my pleading,
Can from thee, thy Prize obtain.
Love himself thy Conquest aiding.
Thou that matchless Fair shall gain.

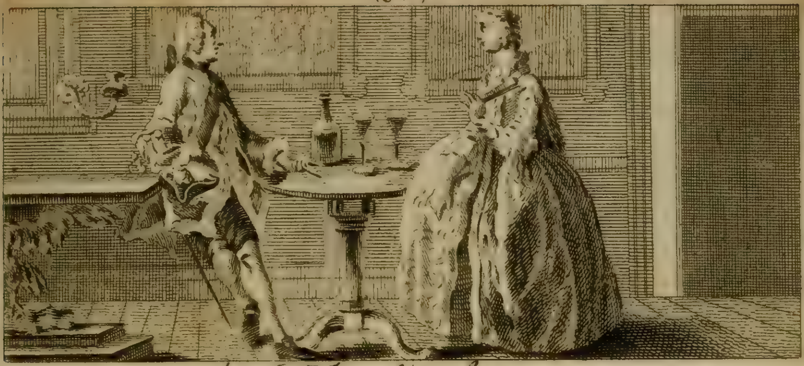
The Lovers Declaration Set by Mr. Corſe



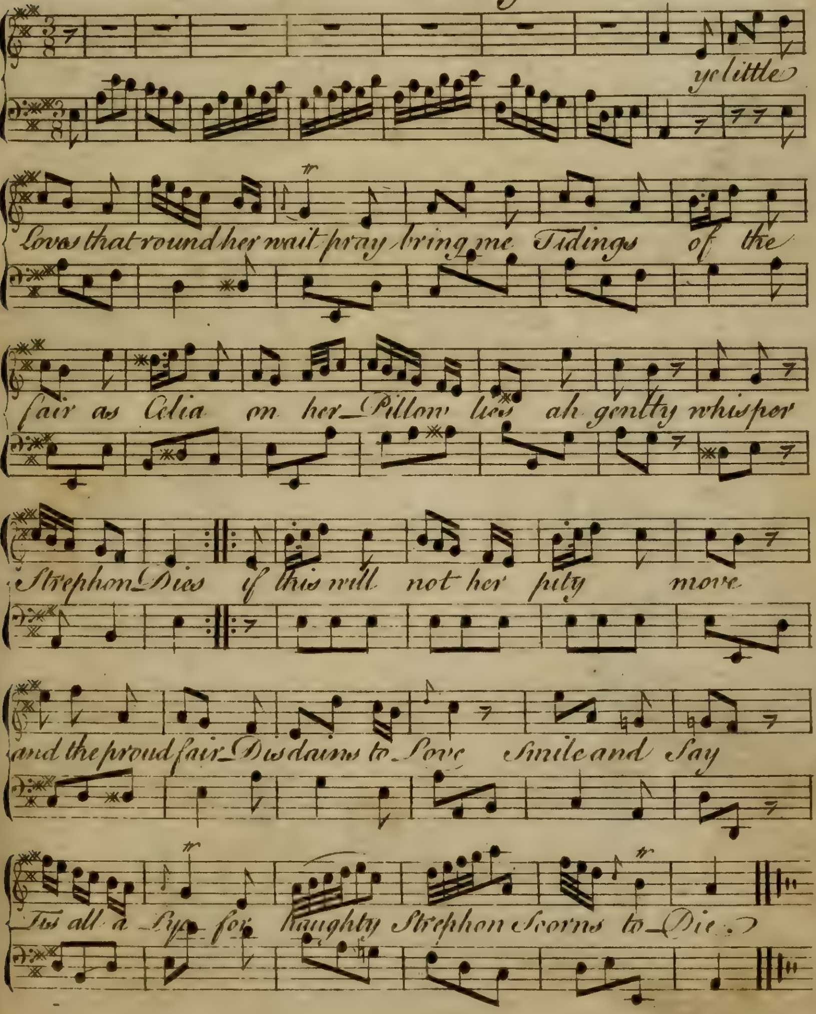
Cupid, ſhall all his ſhafts lay by,
The Sun refuſe his light;
And Venus Doves forget to fly,
And day be turn'd to Night.
The fiſh, ſhall in the Ocean burn,
And Earth contrary move;
The fountains Sweet, ſhall bitter turn,
When I forſake my Love.

Love ſhall no more inhabit earth,
Nor you in Heaven dwell;
Nor lovers more ſhall love for worth,
Nor pains torment in hell:
Life Shall no more deſir'd be,
Nor death Shall horrid prove;
The world, ſhall vaniſh inſtantly,
When I forſake my Love.

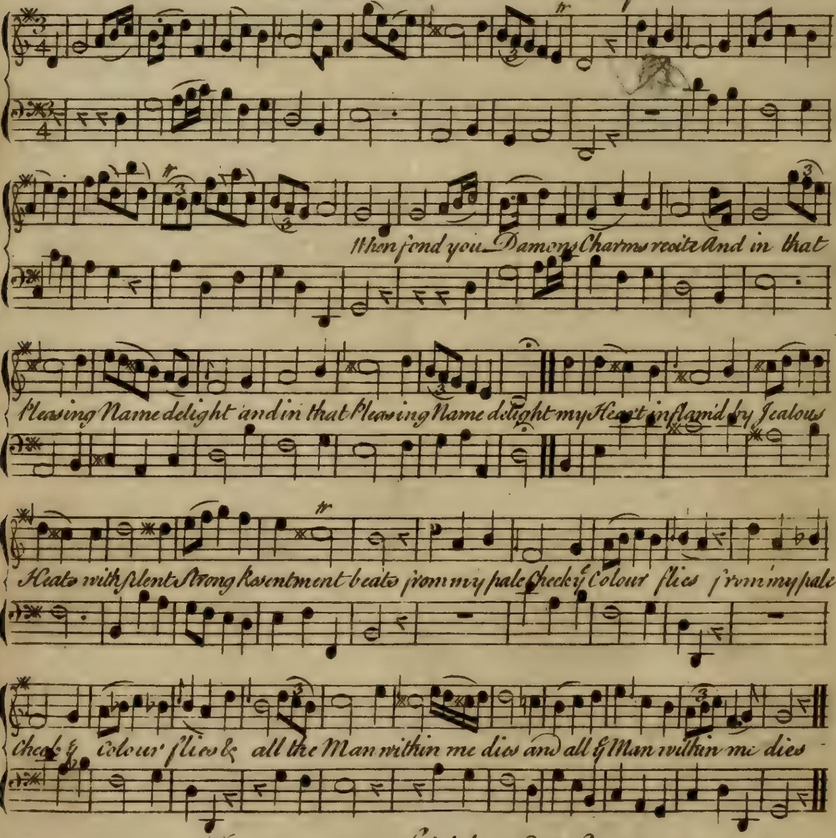




A Favourite Song

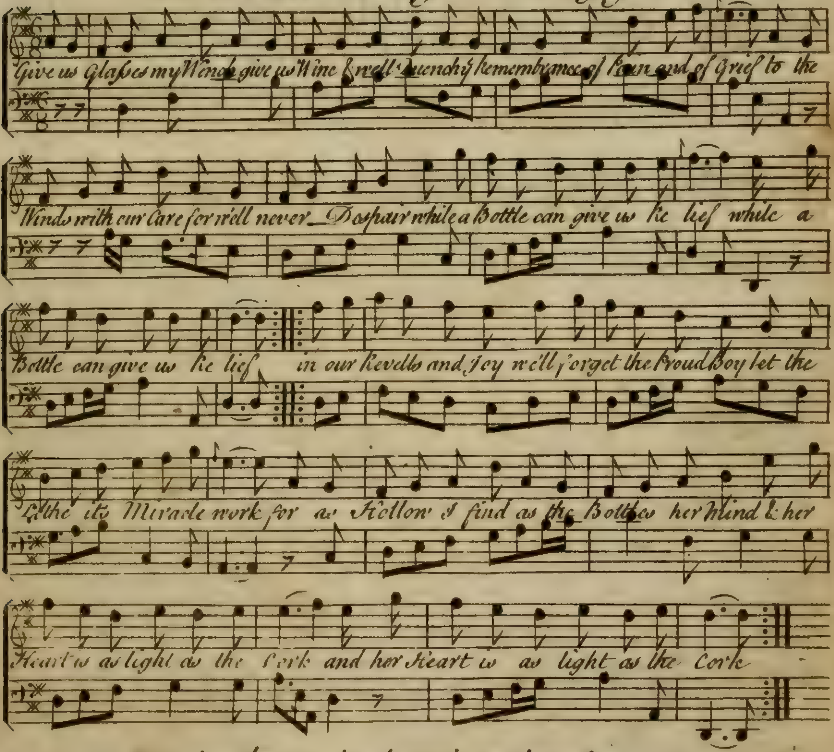


To Chloe   Set by Mr. Arne



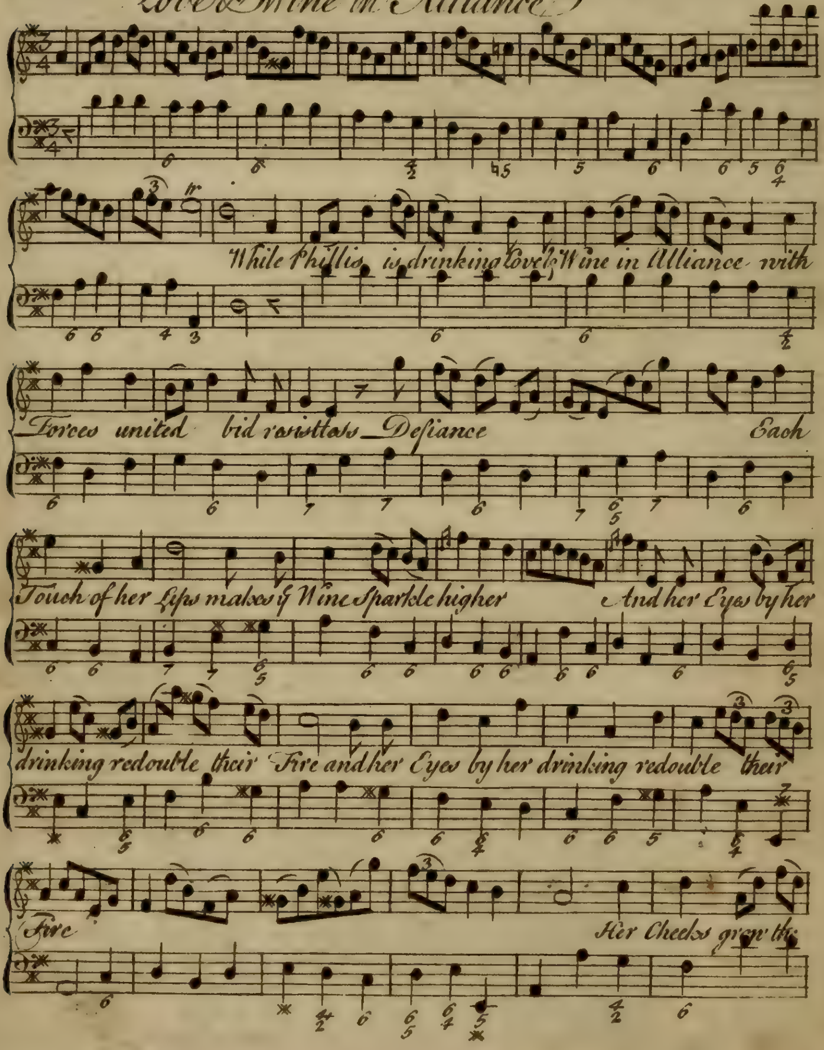
By turns my hidden Grief appears
In rising Sighs, and falling Tears,
That shew too well the warm Desires,
The Silent Slow consuming Fires,
Which on my inmost Vitals prey,
And melt my very Soul away.

A New Song Sung by Mr Beard

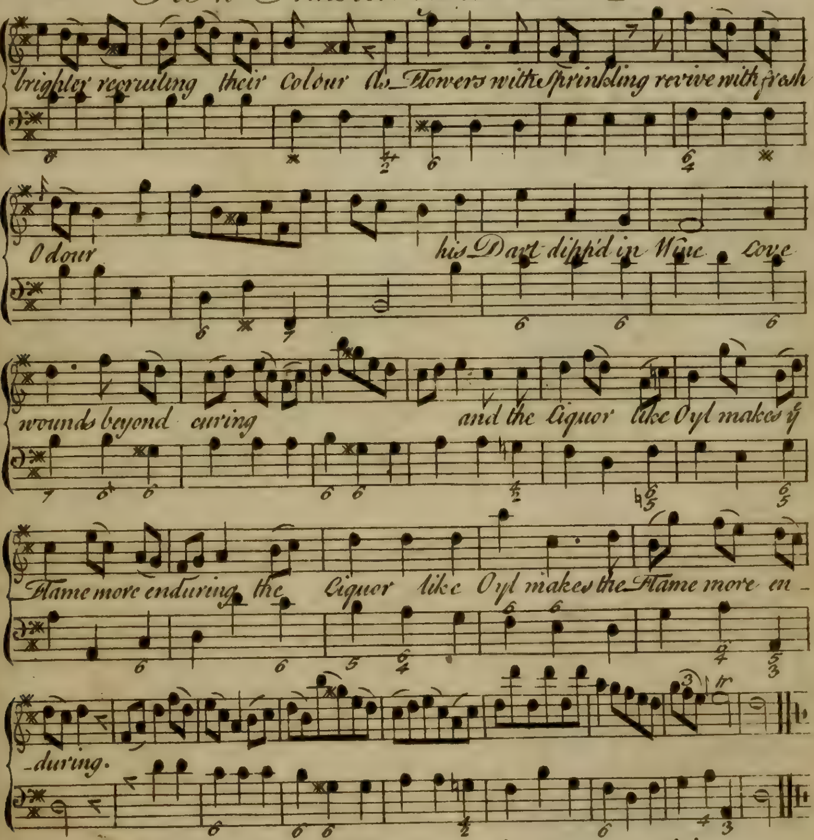


Ariadne the Gay, in despair as they Say,
For the Bully that Left her behind;
Would have hang'd or have Drown'd.
But in Bacchus She found
A New Lover as Constant as kind:
These are fables my Dear, but the Moral is clear:
It was Wine that her peace did Restore.
When he Left the poor Lass.
Why she took to her Glass
And she never Remembred him more.

Love & Wine in Alliance

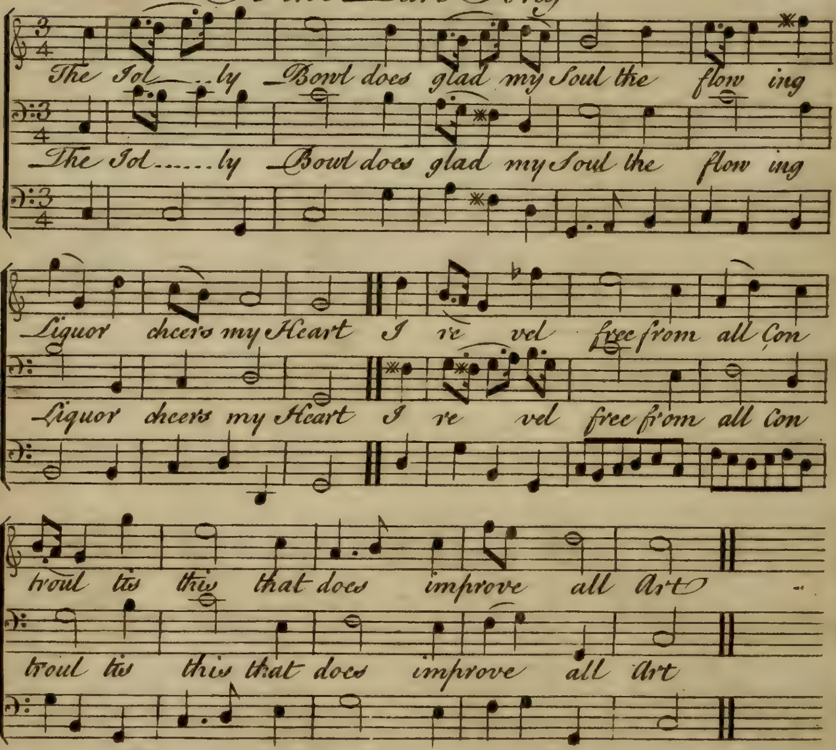


Set to Musick by Mr Arne

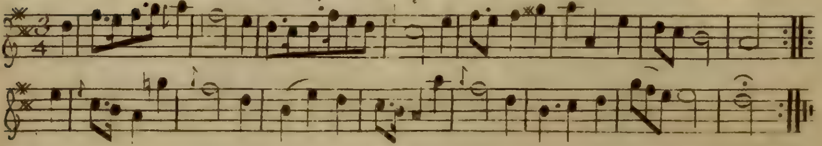


By Cordials of Wine Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love & Desiring:
Relieving each other, the Pleasure is lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a tasting,
Then Phillis begin; let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round;
Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove,
From Love to the Bottle, from y Bottle to Love.

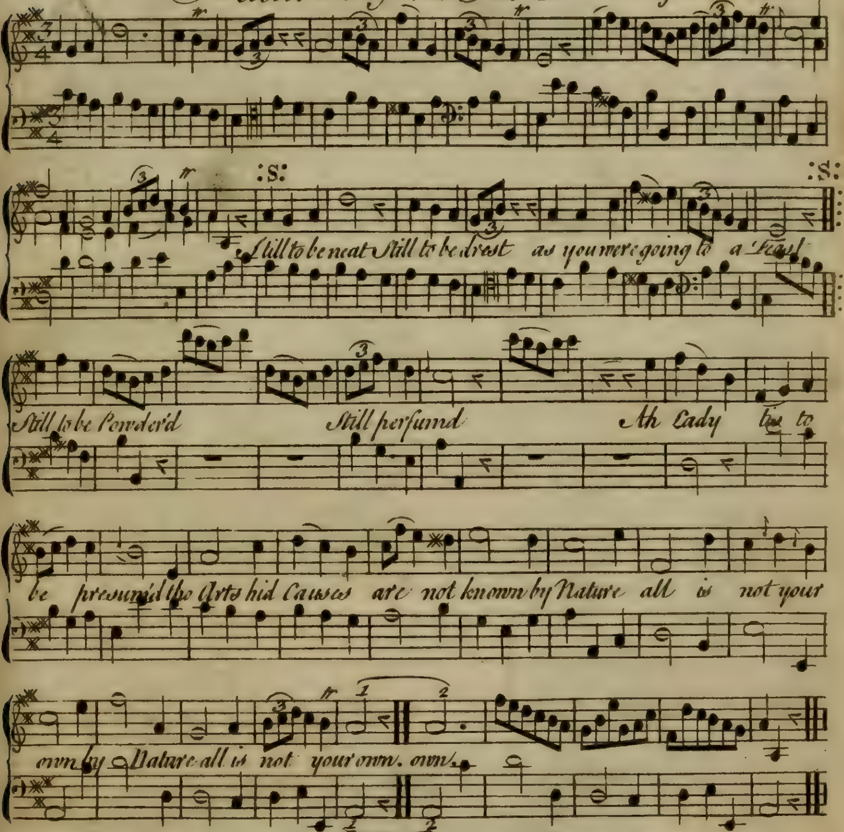
A two Part Song



The Miser may be pleas'd with Gold
The Sporting Beau with pretty Lass
But I'm best pleas'd when I behold
The Nectar sparkling in the Glass

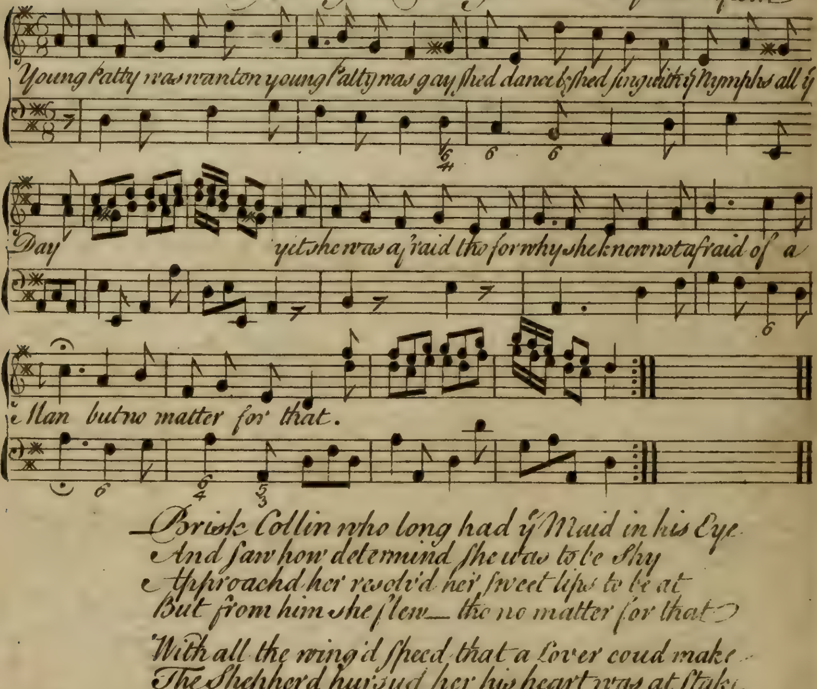


Nature beyond Art Set by Mr Arne



Give me a Look Give me a Face
That makes Simplicity a Grace,
Robes lovely flowing, Hair as free,
Such sweet neglect more takes with me
Than all the glaringe Modes of Art,
That strike my Eyes: but not my Heart.

Young Patty   Set by Mr. Defesch



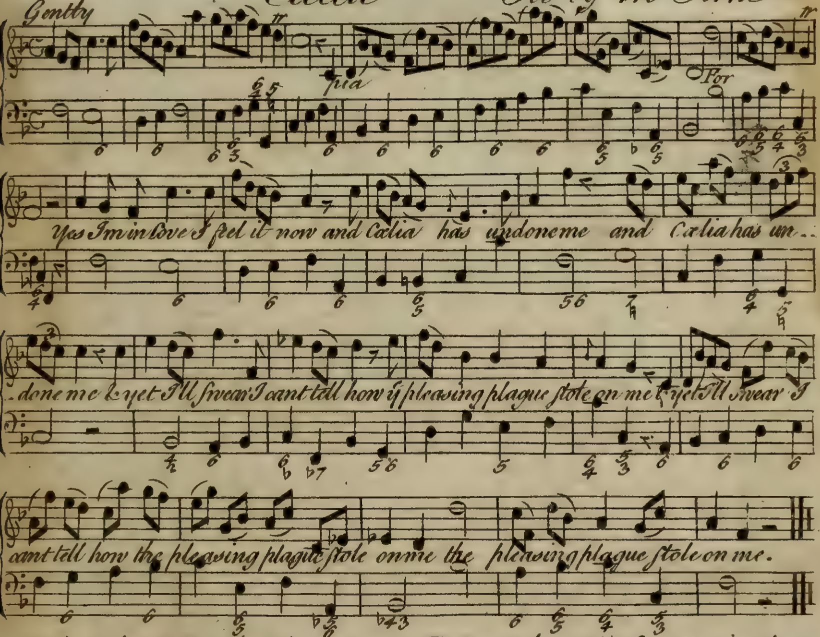
Brisk Collin who long had ye Maid in his Eye.
And saw how determind she was to be Shy
Approachd her resolv'd her sweet lips to be at
But from him she flew— tho no matter for that

With all the wing'd speed that a Lover coud make
The Shepherd pursud her his heart was at stake
He caught her & sigh'd thourt an Angel dear Patt
—The Nymph stopt him short—with no matter for that

He press'd her soft hand while he kneeld at her feet
He spoke such kind things in a manner so sweet
That Patty consented to sit down and chat
No longer afraid but no matter for that

Let fancy paint next what I must not declare
—But take with my Song these instructions ye fair
Fear guards you from all that ye men woud be at
Till wedded fear man—then no matter for that

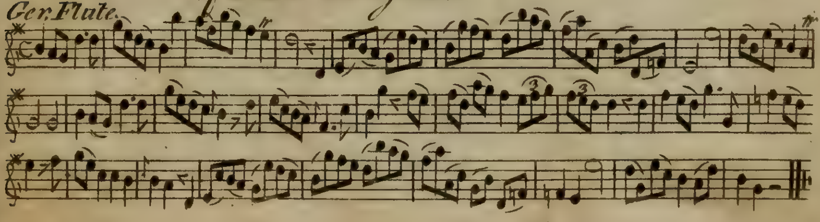
Cœlia Set by Mr. Arne



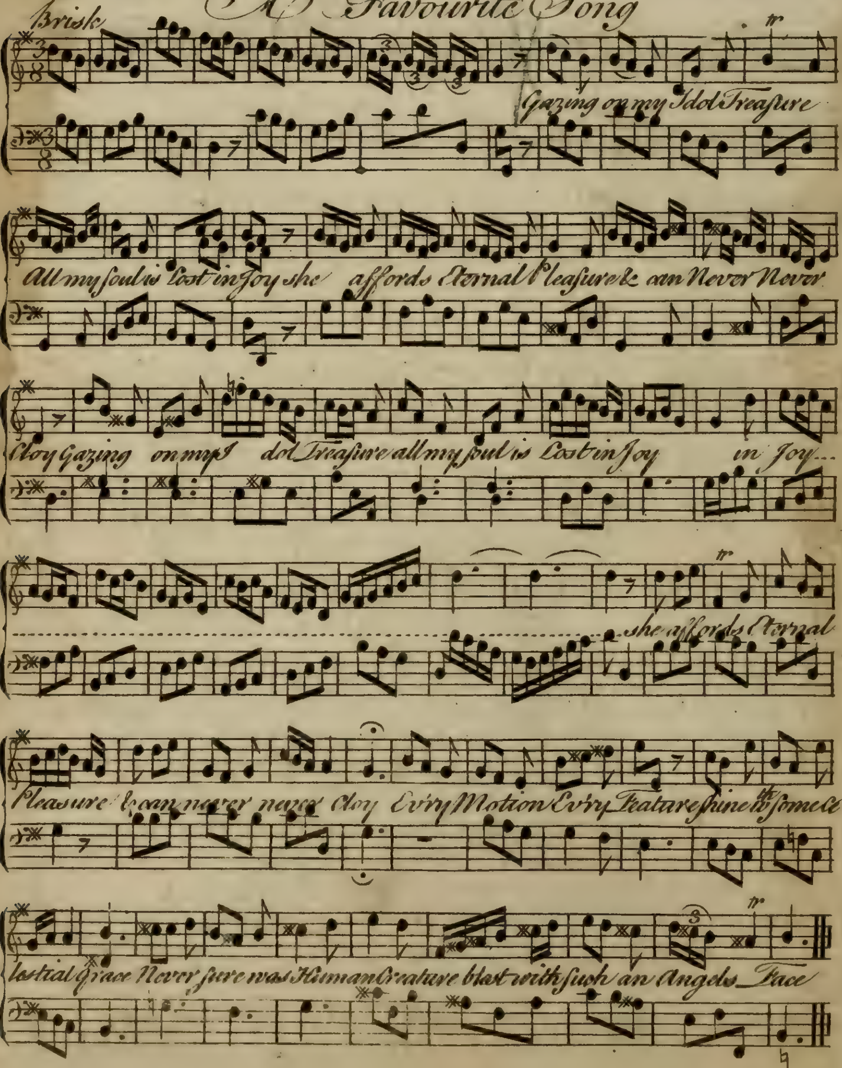
'Tis not her Face that love creates,
For there no Graces revel,
'Tis not her shape, for there y^e Fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her Air, for sure in that
There's nothing more then common,
And all her Sence is only Chat,
Like any other Woman.

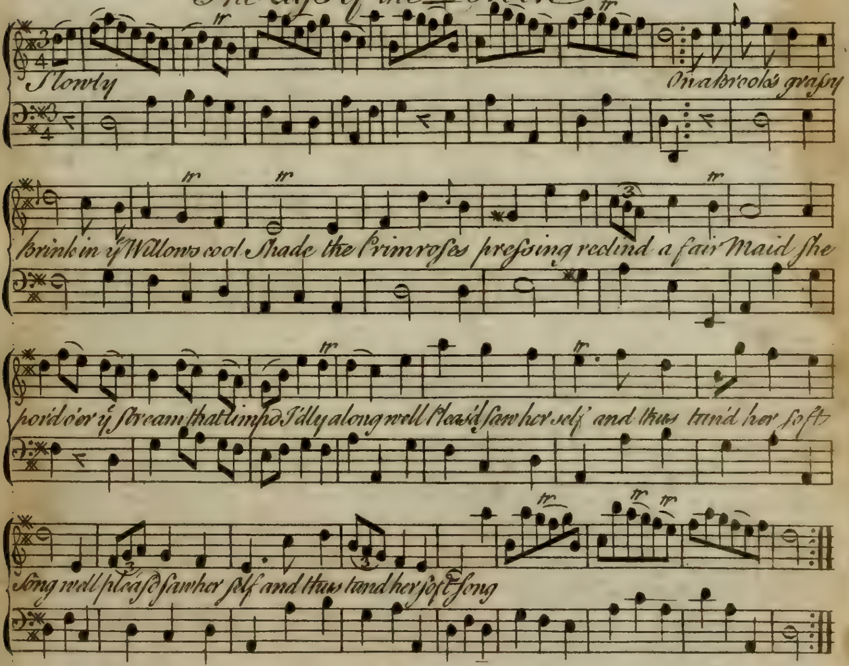
Her Voice, her Touch, might give th' Alarm,
'Tis both perhaps, or neither;
In Short 'tis that provoking Charm,
Of Cœlia all together.



A Favourite Song



The Lass of the Brook

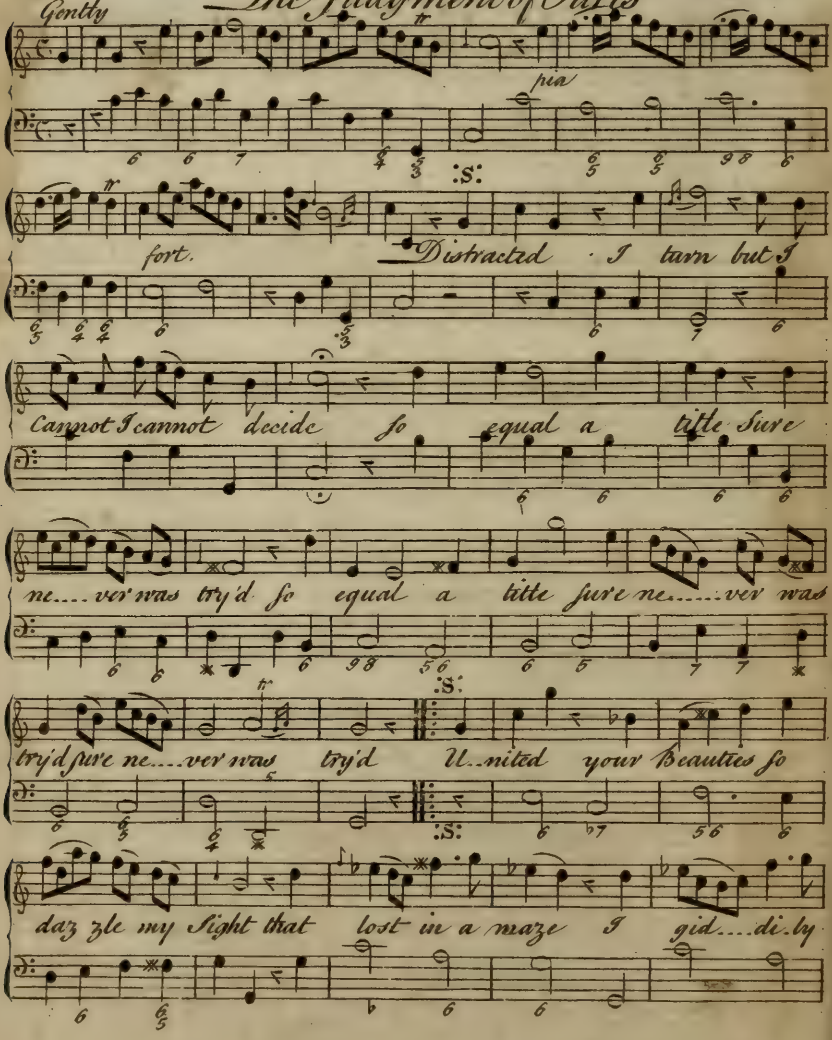


Tho the Squire's fine Sweet heart shoud look in ye Stream.
If the Chrystal tels truly more comely I seem
Whats ye Daizy the Peach or the Strawberry Dye
With white & red blooming more Comely am I.

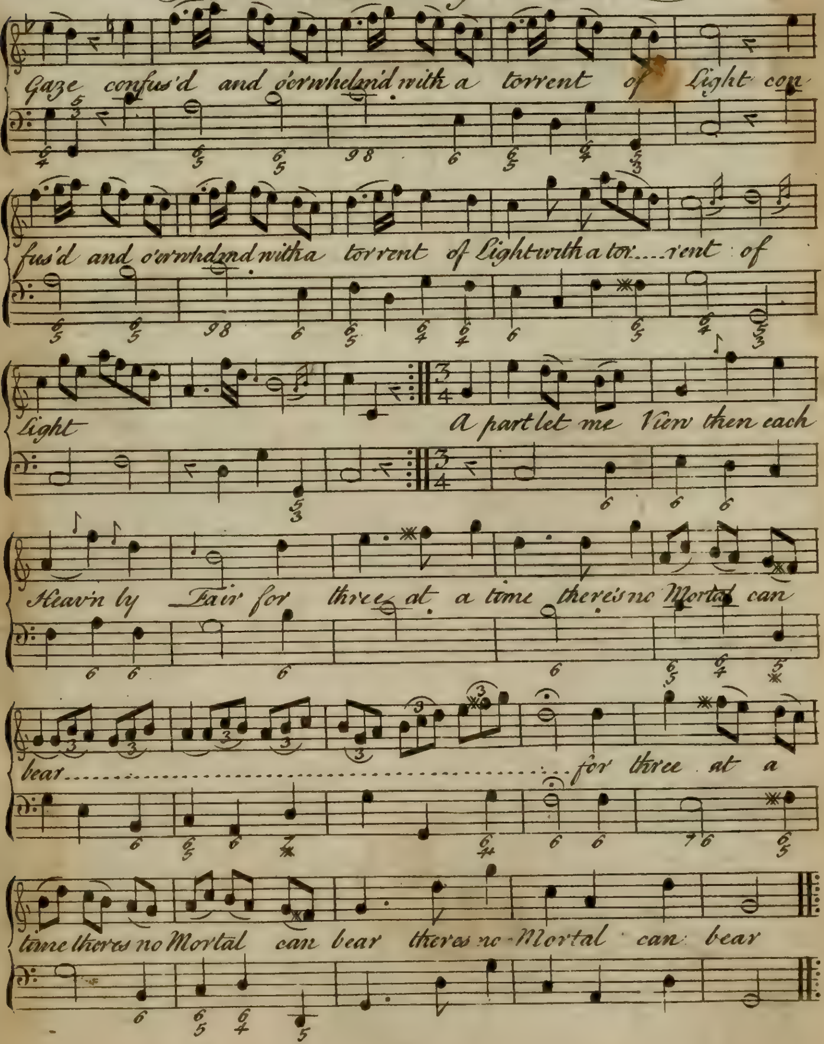
As oft thro the Church Yard on Sunday I tread
While gaping Louts grinning o'er Tombstones are spread
With Raptures they praise me I keep on my Way
And down looking seem not to hear what they say

Each kneeling Swain loudly protests I am fair
Yet none can delight me till Strephon I hear
Speed your Search ye Shrill Songsters till Strephon ye see
Then tell him he's Stay'd for he's Stay'd for by me

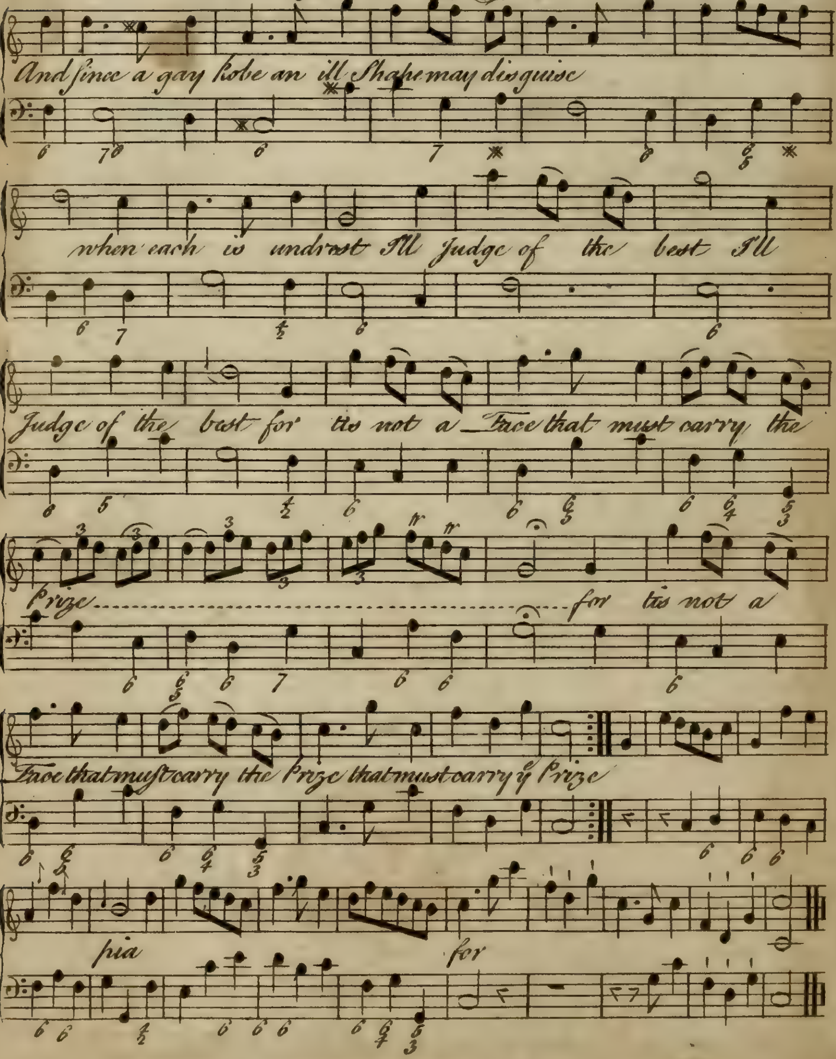
The Judgment of Paris



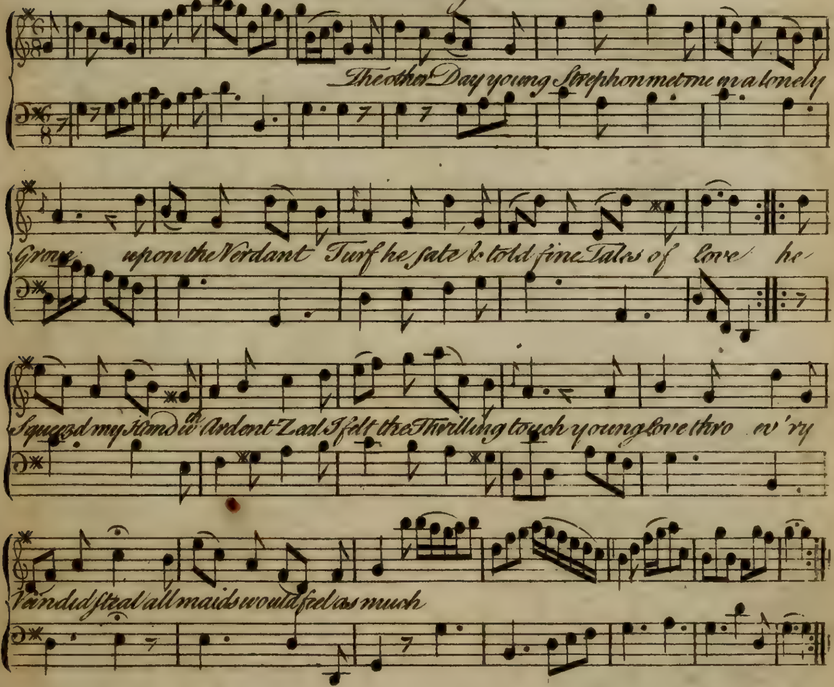
Set to Musick by Mr Arne



Sung by Mr. Beard



A New Song

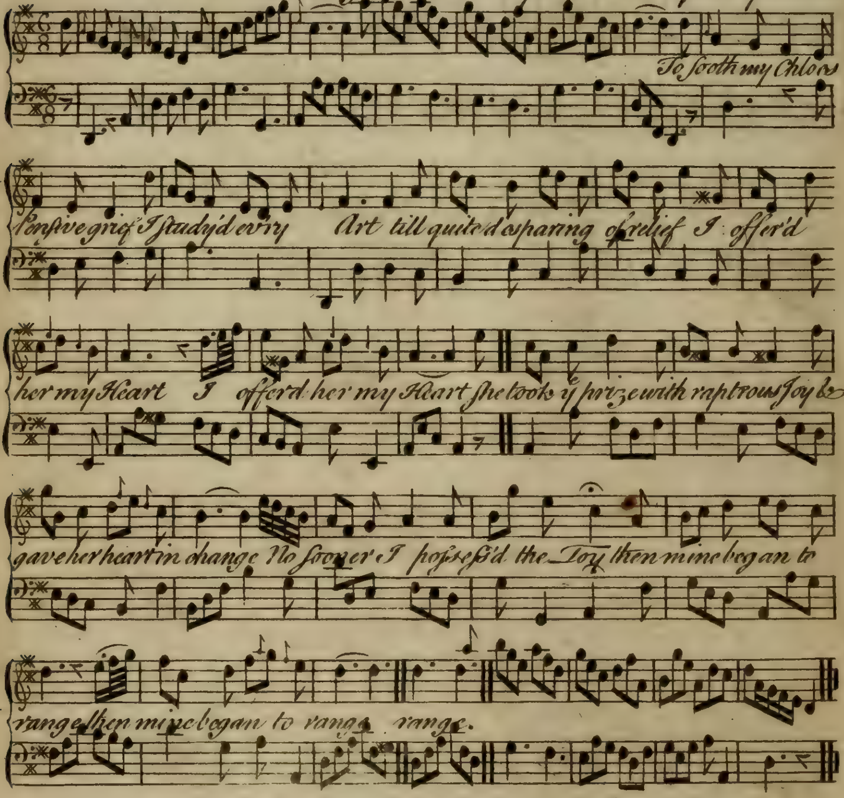


Of ev'ry Flower then he stole
A pleasing wreath to bring
Compos'd of all that May unfolds
The gayest Charms of Spring
Compar'd the snow drop to my Skin
The Roses to my blush
If this is flattry sure tis kind
All Maids would wish as much

From all he Cull'd a branch of Bays
Then on my Breast reclin'd
He swore twas Emblem of that praise
Which Beamed from my Mind
For Virtue there he Cry'd innate
Few Maids can boast of such
Then kiss'd my Cheeks & bless'd his fate
What Maid wont wish as much

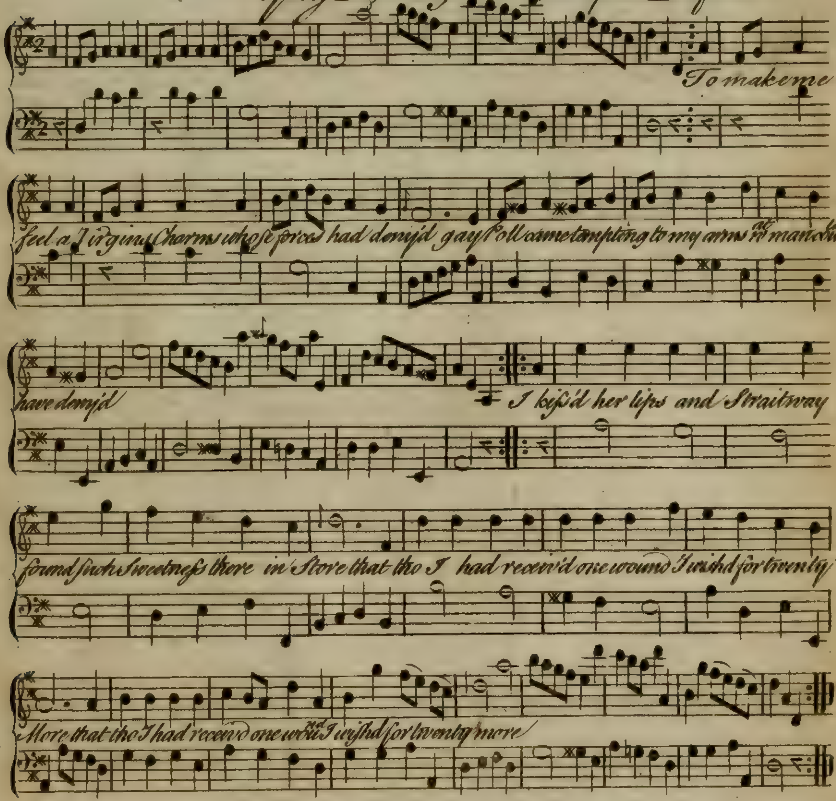
Fye Shepherd tis too much I vow
I durst not yet consent
Cry's he what can prevent us now
And wonder'd what I meant
So sweet his suit so gay his air
I yielded to his touch
Nor could I longer cry forbear
What Maid wont do as much

The Slighted Nymph Set by Mr. Granom



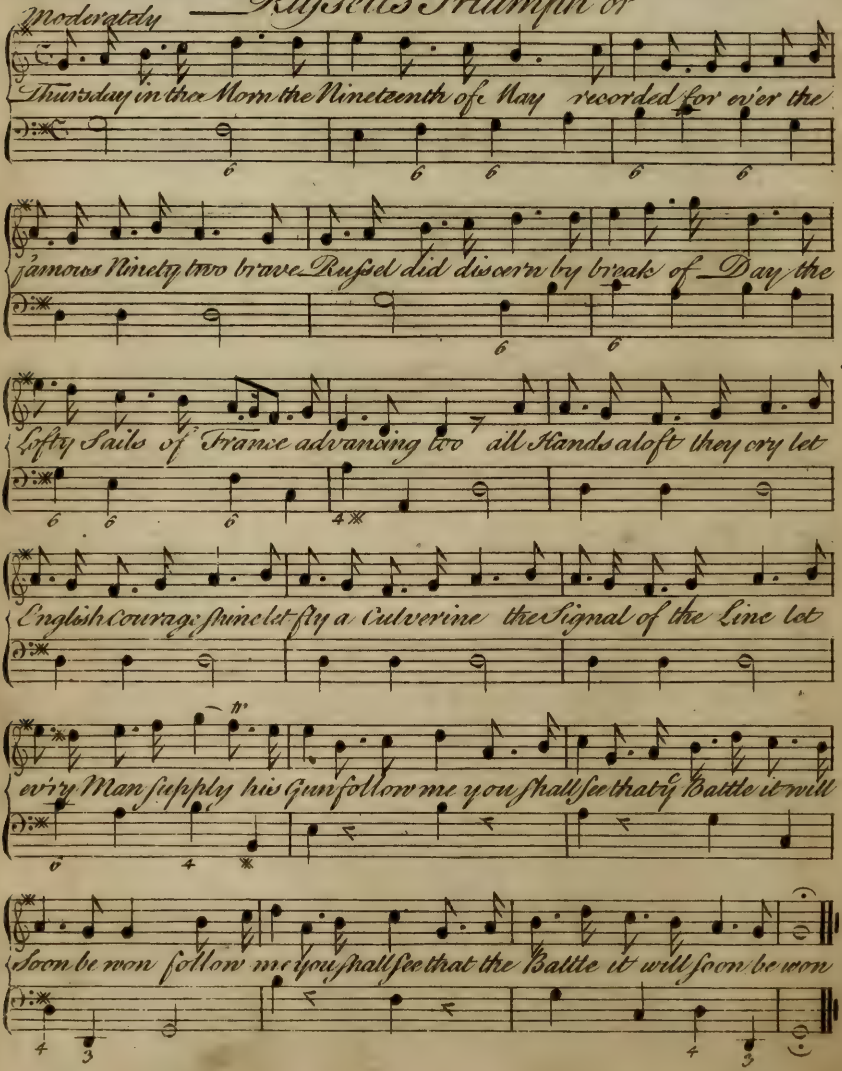
No more does Chloes beauteous face
Please her false Strephons Eyes
Belinda fraught with ev'ry Grace,
Does Chloe's Charms supply.
The slighted Nymph thus soon perceiv'd,
With looks of cold disdain,
Too soon she found herself deceiv'd,
Too late to ease her pain.

Gay Polly set by Mr. Defesch



My new born flame now Stranger grew,
I thought to cool my Rage,
But oh! the fair Avenger slew,
Nor woud my pain assuage.
Then boast not man, thou fluttering fool.
Boast not of thy own will
For know, when Woman thinks to rule,
Her Charms have Pow'r to kill.

Russells Triumph or



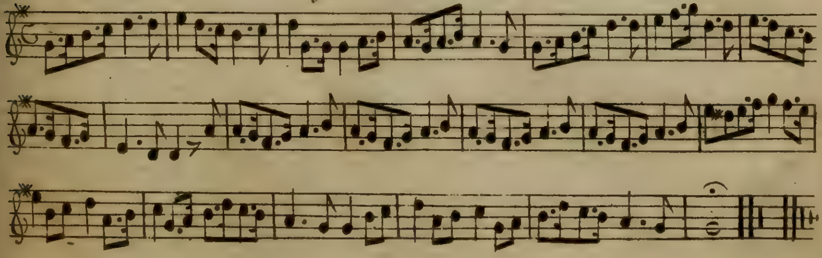
the Memorable Ninety two

Tourville on the main triumphant rould,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat oer the deep.
He led his noble troops of heroes bold,
To Sink the English Admiral and his Fleet.
Now every gallant mind to victory does aspire.
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire;
And mighty fate stood looking on;
Whilst the flood, all with blood,
Fill the scuppers of the rising Sun.

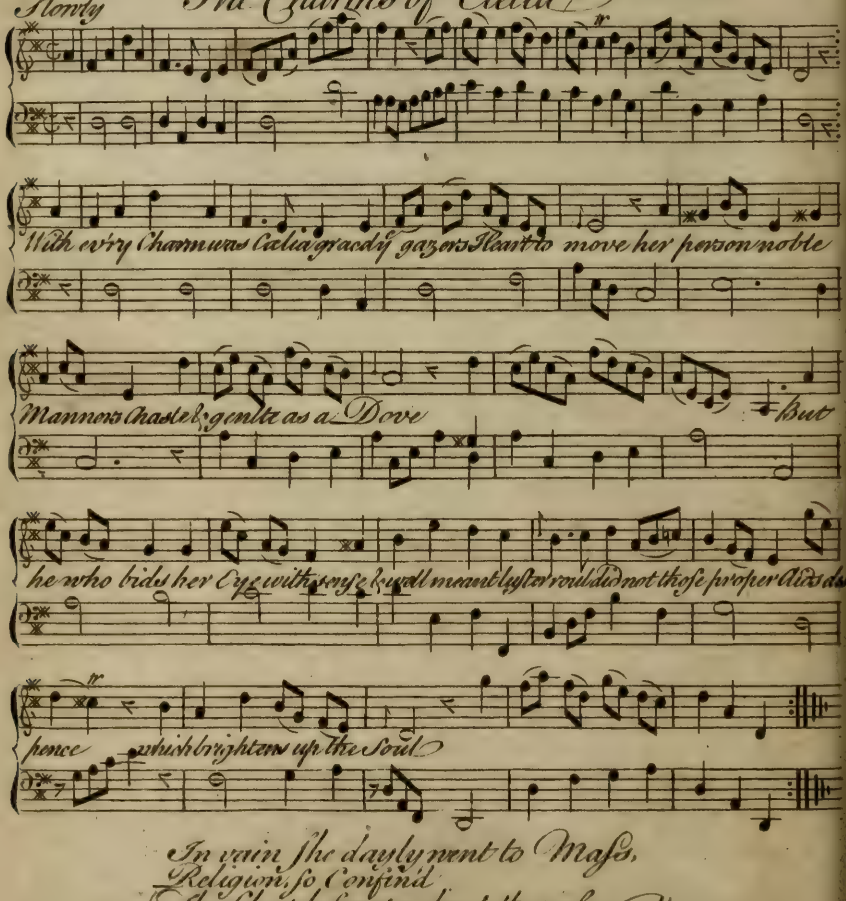
Sulphur smoak and fire disturbing the air,
With thunder & wonder affright the Gallic Shore.
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To See their lofty Streamers now no more.
At Six o'clock the red, the smiling victors led
To give the Second blow. the Total overthrow,
Now death and horror equal reigns;
Now they cry, Run or die,
Brittish colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sands;
One danger they grasp, to shun a greater fate;
In vain they cry'd for aid, to Weeping lands,
The nymps and Sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
For evermore adieu, thou ever dazling Sun,
From thy untimely end, thy Master's fate begun.
Enough thou mighty god of war;
Now we sing, Bless the king.
Let us drink to ev'ry English tar.

For the German Flute

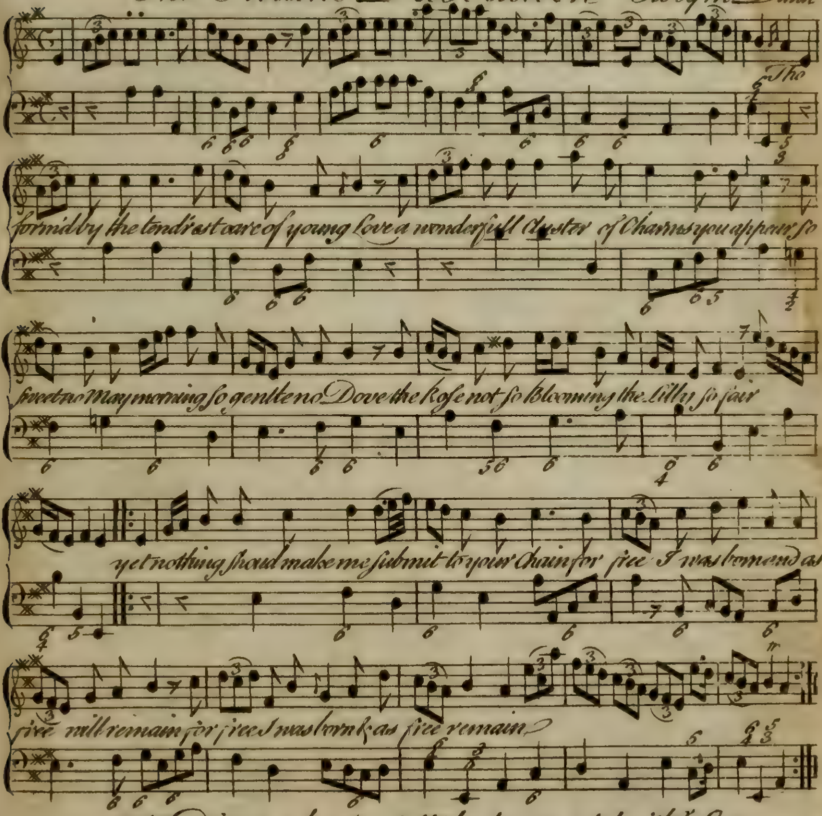


The Charms of Cœlia



In vain she dayly went to Mass,
Religion, so Confin'd
Tho Church-secure about the case
Had ne'er Inform'd her mind.
Cœlia in all her Charms array'd,
And Riches wed's a Boor
And is, (in Spite of Marriage) made
By Incest worse then Whore.

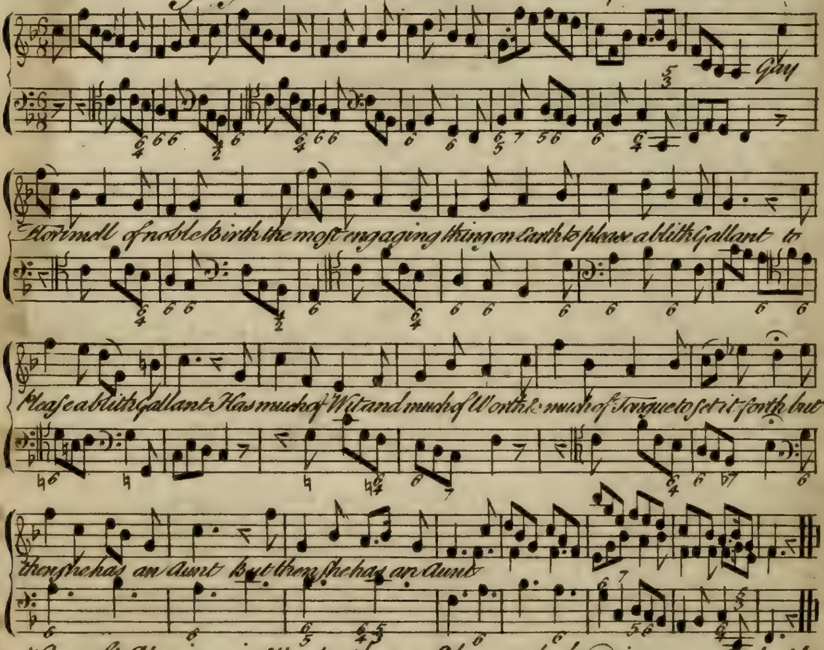
The Swains Resolution Set by Mr. Dunn



Tho' Diamonds were sullied when match'd with ye Eyes,
Tho' Ermine and Snow were disgrac'd by your Skin,
Your Soul too was lovely enchanting & wise,
All Lustre without & all Sweetness within. Yet nothing &c.

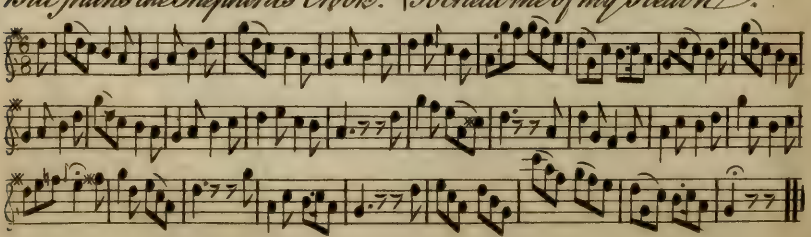
Tho' black as ye Jet with a beautifull Twine,
Your delicate Tresses all wantonly flow'd;
Your Shape was Perfection your Air was devine,
You spoke like an Angel & mov'd like a God. yet nothing &c.

Gay Florimell   Set by Mr Arne

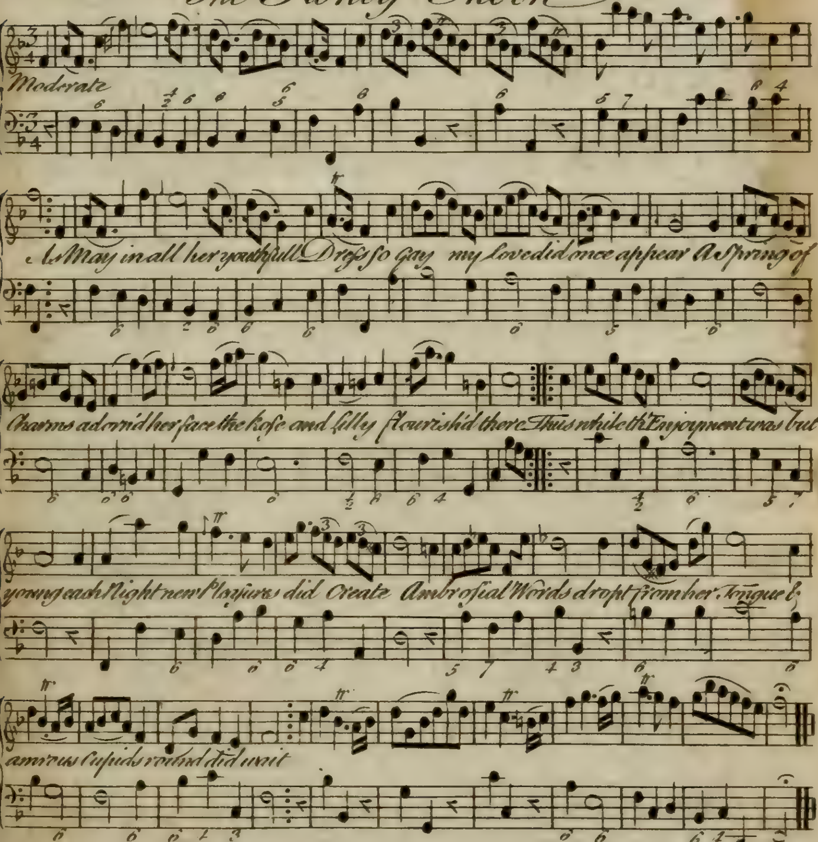


How oft Alas in vain I've try'd
To tempt her from her Guardian's side,
And trap her on Lov's Hook,
She's like a little wanton Lamb,
That friskes about the careful Dam
But shuns the Shepherd's Crook.

Like wretched Dives am I plac'd
To see the Joys I ne'er must taste,
Of all my hopes bereaven,
Her Aunt's y dreadful Gulph betwixt
By all the pow'rs of Malice fixt
To cheat me of my Heav'n.



The Honey Moon

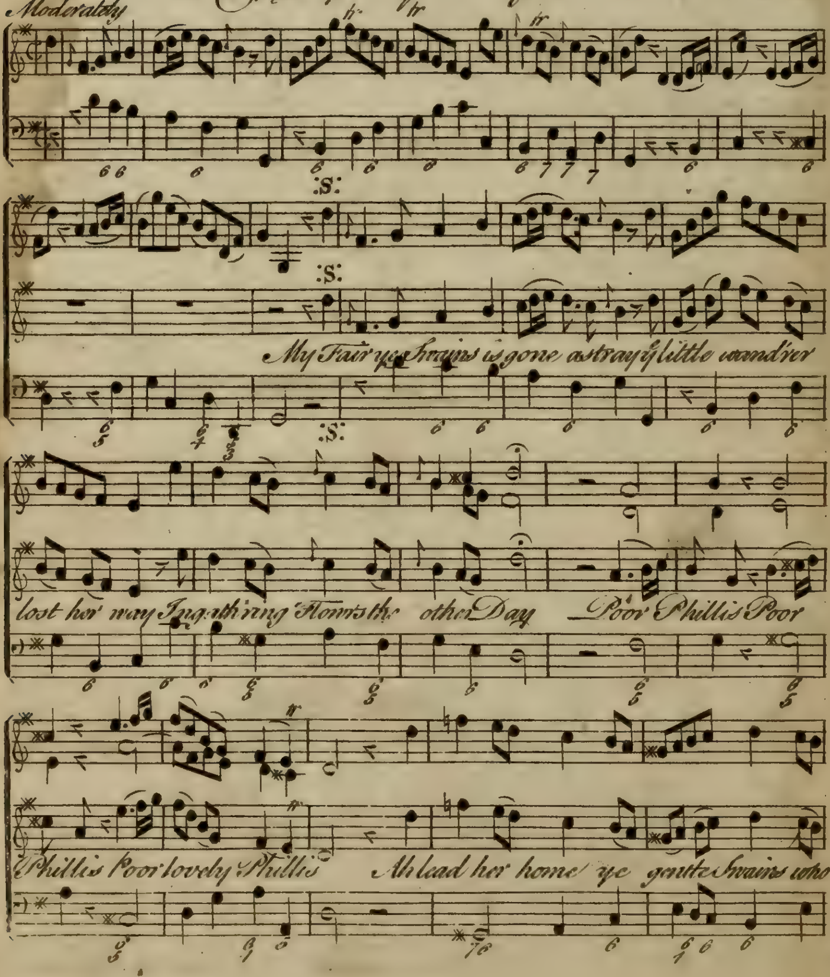


But as y^e Sun to West declines.
The Eastern Sky does colder grow.
And all its radiant looks resigns
To y^e pale Moon that rules below:

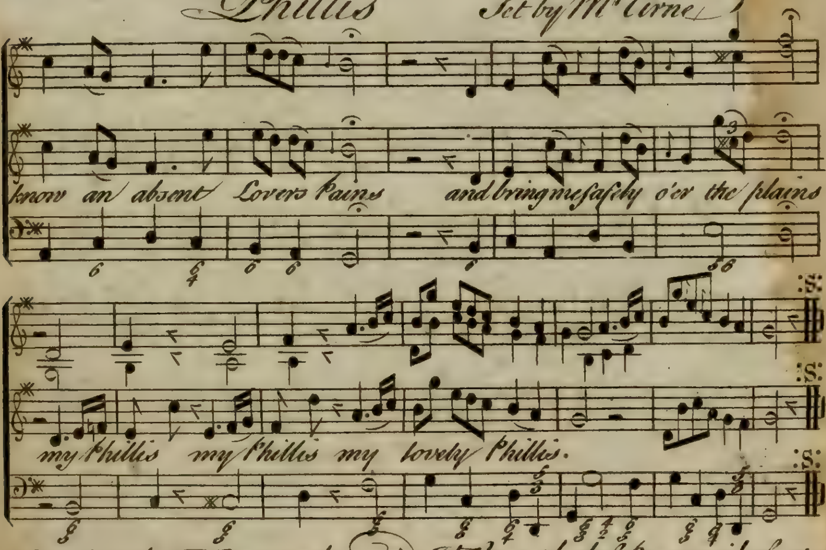
To Love while in her blooming hour:
My Chloe was all kind and gay;
But when Possession nipt that flow'r
Her Charms like Autumn dropt away

A Favourite Song

in Compass of the German flute



Phillis   Set by Mr Arne



Conceive what Tortures rack my mind,
And if you'll be so Just and kind,
I'll give you certain marks to find
My Phillis.

When e'er a Charming form you see
Serenely Grave, sedately Free;
And mildly gay, it must be she,
'Tis Phillis.

Not boldly bare, or half undress'd,
But under Cover, lightly press'd,
In secret Plays the little Breast
Of Phillis.

When such a Heav'nly Voice you hear,
As makes you think a Dryad near;
Ah seize her & bring home my Dear
'Tis Phillis.

The Nymph whose Person void of art,
Has ev'ry Grace in ev'ry part,
With murd'ring Eyes yet harmless heart,
Is Phillis.

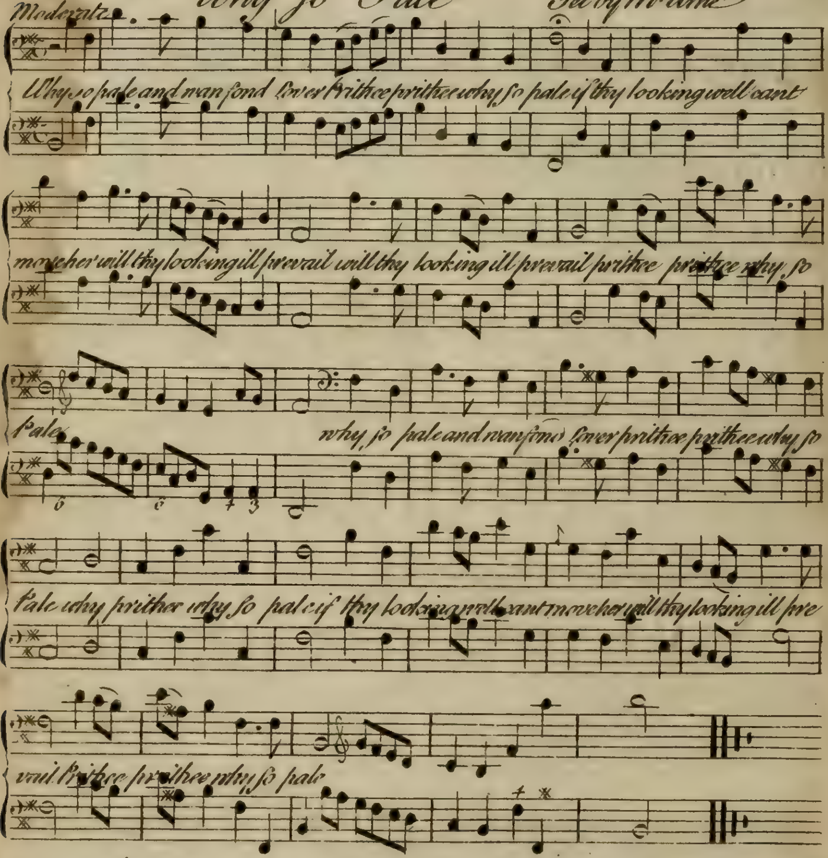
Whose Teeth are like an Iv'ry Row,
Whose Skin is like ye Clearest Snow,
Whose Face like — nothing that I know.
Is Phillis.

But rest my Soul & bless your fate,
The Gods who form'd a piece so neat,
So Just, exact, and so compleat,
As Phillis.

Proud of their Hit in such a Flow'r
Which so exemplifies their Pow'r,
Will Guard in ev'ry dang'rous Hour
My Phillis.

Why so Pale

Set by Mr Arne

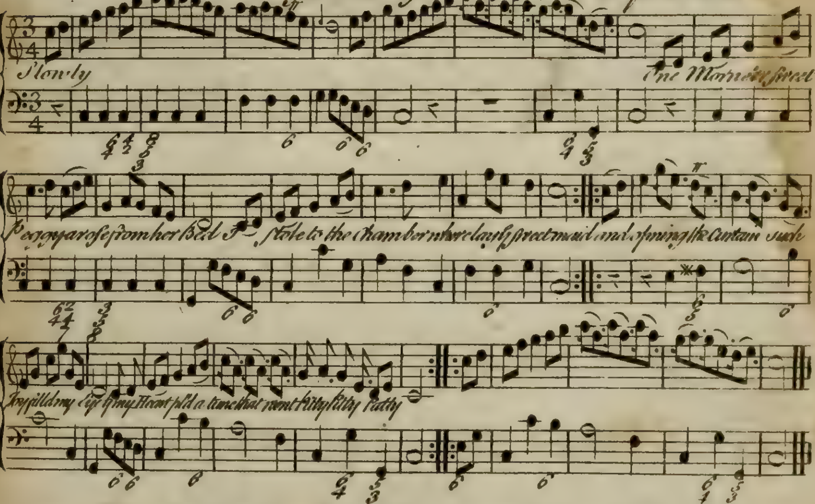


Why so dull & mute young Sinner;
Why so dull so dull & mute;
If thy Speaking well can't win her
Will thy saying nothing do't.
Why so dull so dull & mute.

Quit for Shame this will not gain her
This will never never do;
If thy whining can't attain her;
Then no more no more persue.
Fly from her as she flys you.

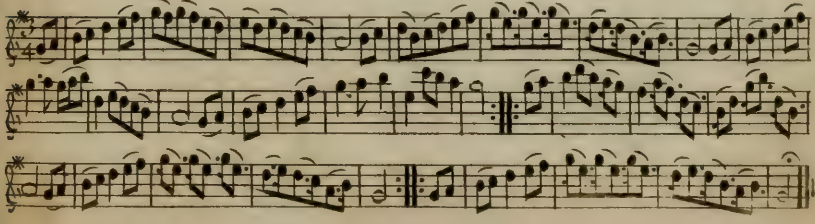
Pitty Patty

Set by Mr Arne

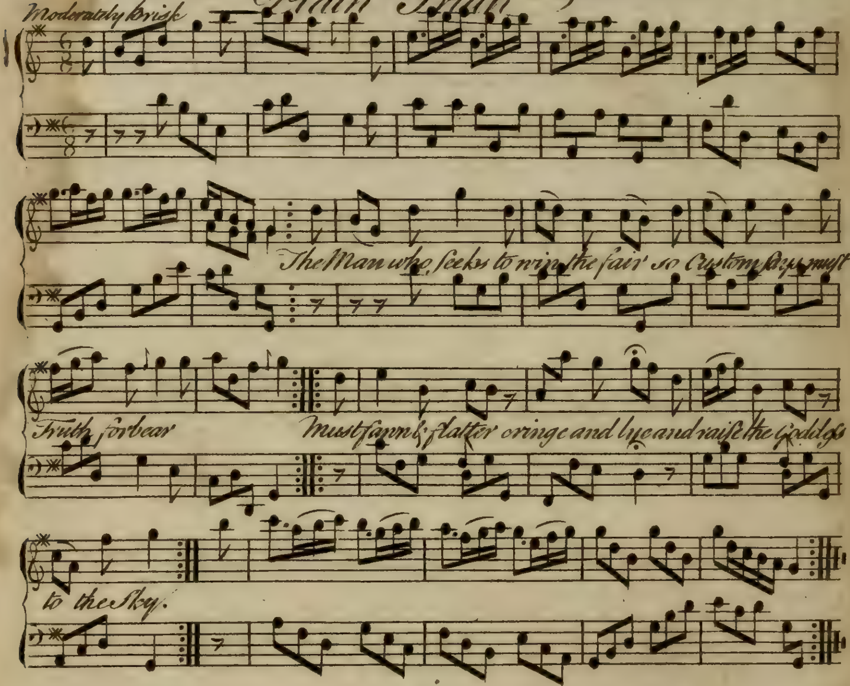


But finding she Slept, O how great was my Bliss,
When, on her sweet Lips, I imprinted a Kiss,
The Sight of her Bosom so fill'd me with Glee,
My Heart play'd a tune that went Pitty Patty.

Grown bold with success, I ventur'd to take,
A Second Salute and sweet Peggy did wake,
Surpriz'd at my Presence she blush'd & cry'd fye,
Tho her Heart play'd a tune that went Pitty Patty.



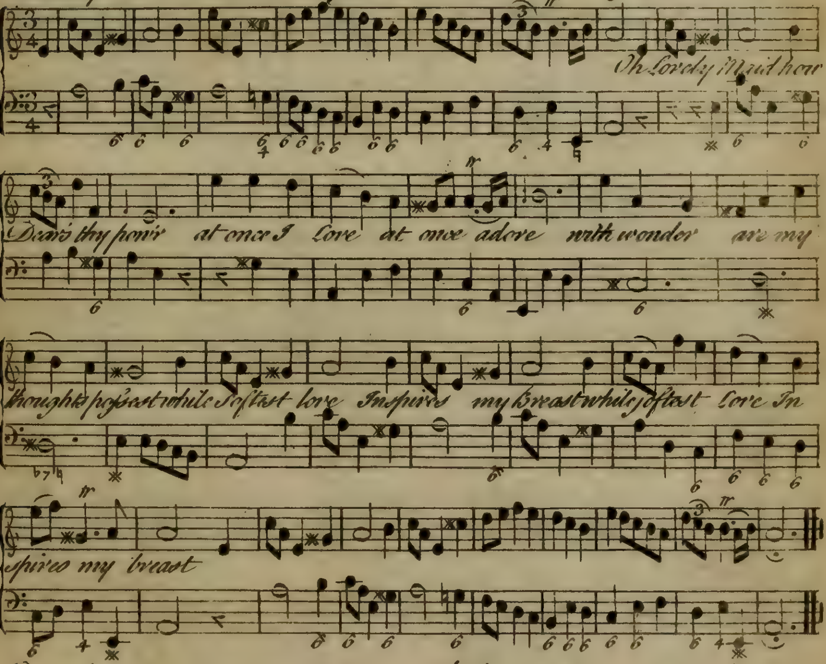
Plain Truth



For Truth is hateful to her Ear;
A Rudeneſs which she cannot bear:
A Rudeness yes I ſpeak my Thoughts,
For Truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched Chloe then am I,
Who love you & yet cannot lye;
And ſtill to make you leſs my Friend,
I ſtrive your Errors to amend.

Oh Lovely Maid Set by Mr. Arne



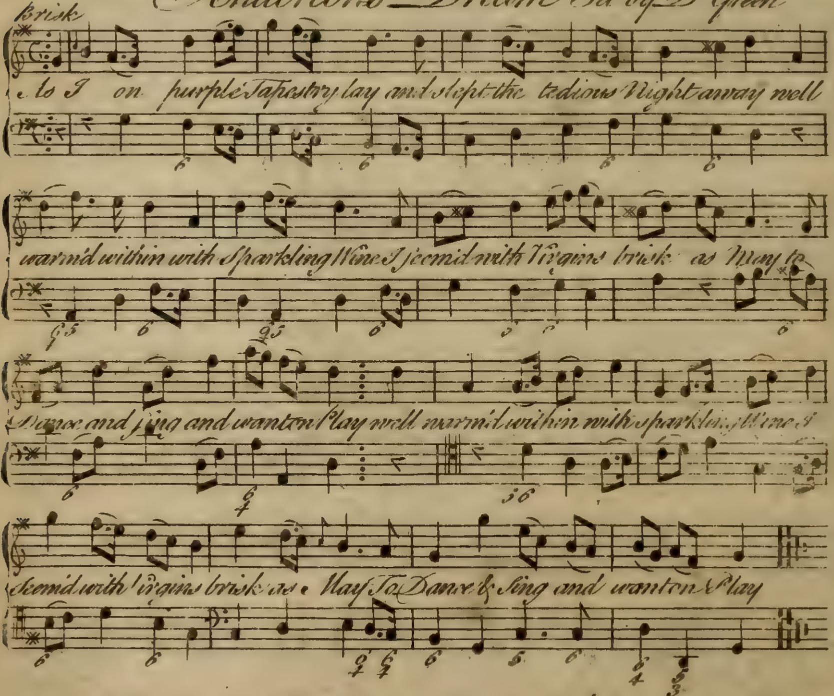
Yes charming Victor I am thine
Poor as it is this heart of mine
Was never in another's pow'r.
Was never pierc'd by Love before
Was never &c.

Oh should I ne'er possess thy charms.
Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy arms
Where hop's of dear Enjoyment gone
Still would I Love, Love thee alone
Still would I &c.

In thee I've treasur'd up my Joy,
Thou canst give Bliss or it destroy,
And thus I've bound myself to Love
While Bliss or Misery can move,
While Bliss &c.

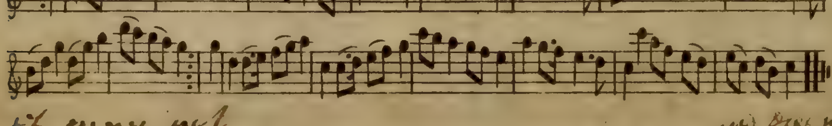
But like some discontented shade
That Wanders were its body's laid
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare
For ever exiled from the fair.
For ever &c.

Anacreon's Dream Set by Dr Green

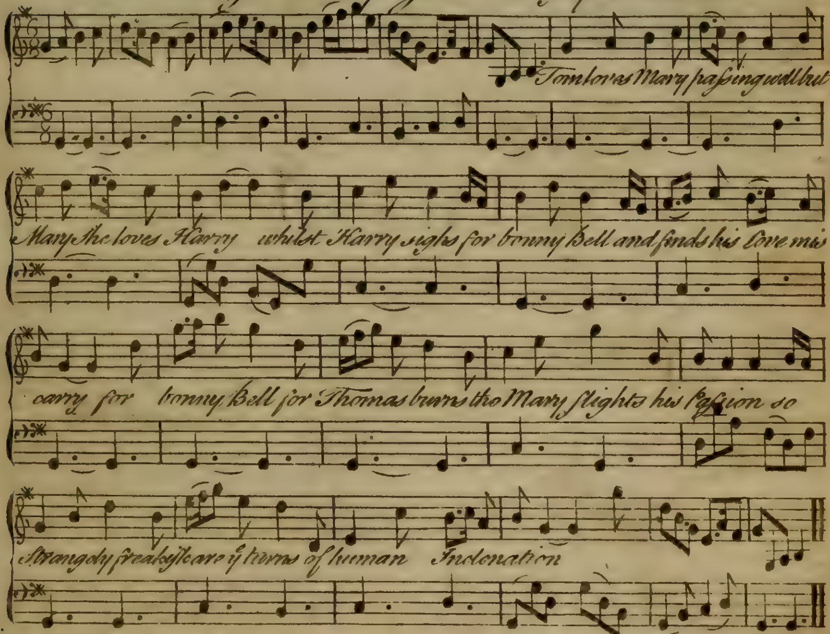


The Shepherds all together flew.
And envious glanc'd & look'd askew:
And ev'ry Swain upon the Plain,
Both envy'd and reproach'd me too
That I with Virgins had to do.

An amrous kiss I would have ta'en.
But waking found my hopes were vain
Then Curs'd the day whose glaring Ray.
Bereav'd me of so Sweet a Pain.
Then strove to sleep & dream again.



Cross Purposes Sung by Mr. Beard

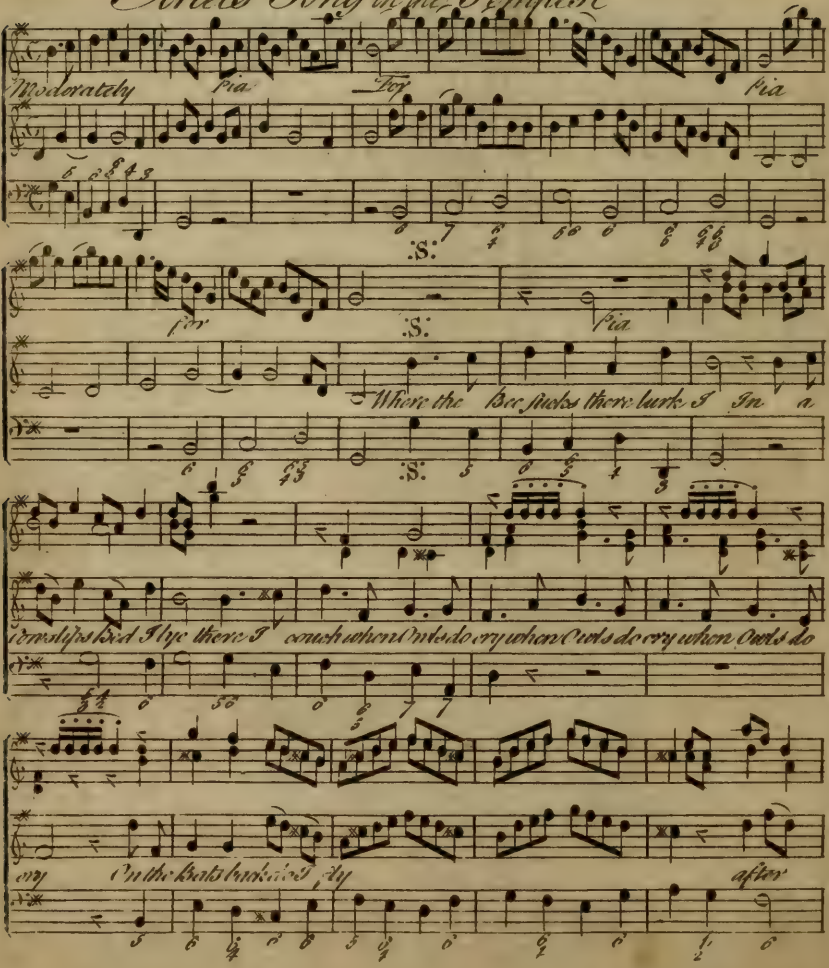


As much as Mary Thomas Grieves,
Proud Hall despises Mary.
And all ye Flouts that Bell receives
From Tom she vents on Harry.
Thus all by turns are woo'd & woo
Nor Turtles can be truer,
Each loves ye Objects they pursue,
But hates the kind Pursuer.

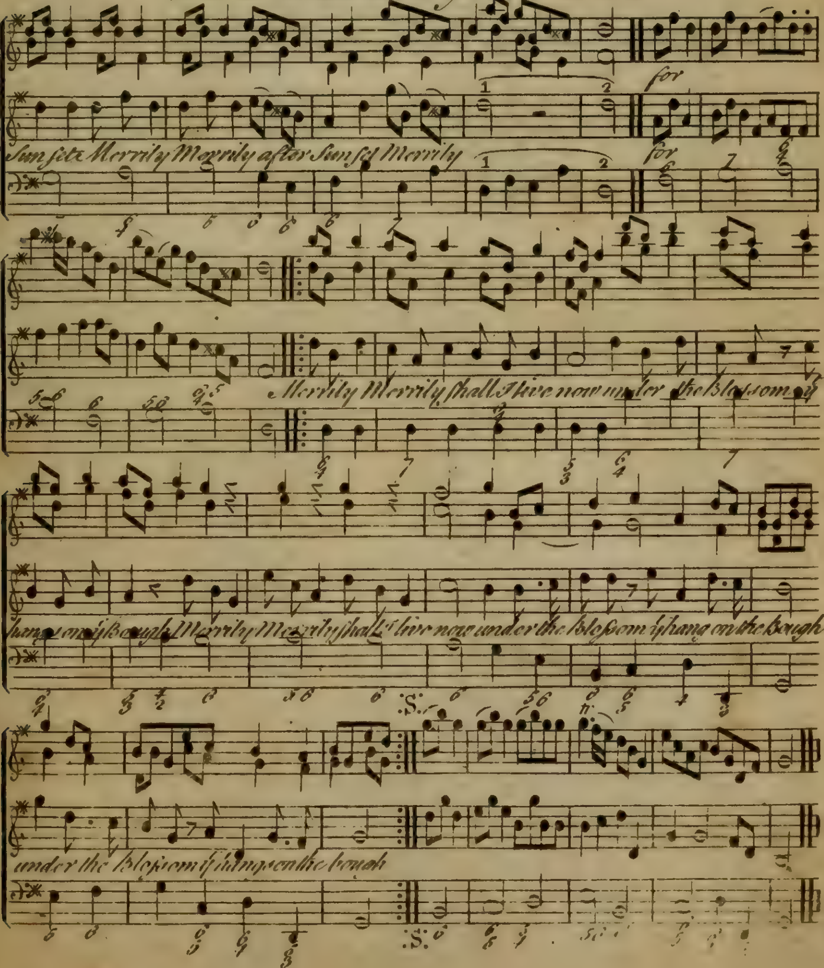
Moll gave Hall a Wreath of Flow'rs
Which he in am'rous Folly
Consign'd to Bell & in few Hours
It came again to Molly.
If one of all ye four has frown'd,
You ne'er saw People grummer;
If one has smil'd it catches round,
And all are in good Humour.

Then Lovers hence this Lesson learn,
Throughout the British Nation;
How much 'tis ev'ry one's Concern,
To smile a Reformation;
And still thro' Life this Rule pursue,
Whatever Objects strike ye.
Be kind to them that fancy you,
That those you love may like ye.

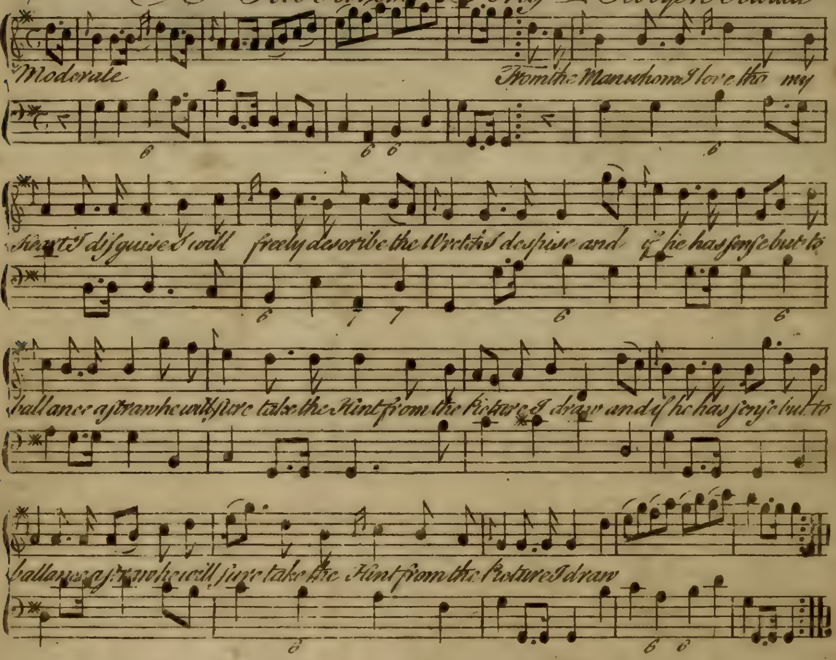
Ariels Song in the Tempest



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



A Favourite Song — Set by Mr Oswald

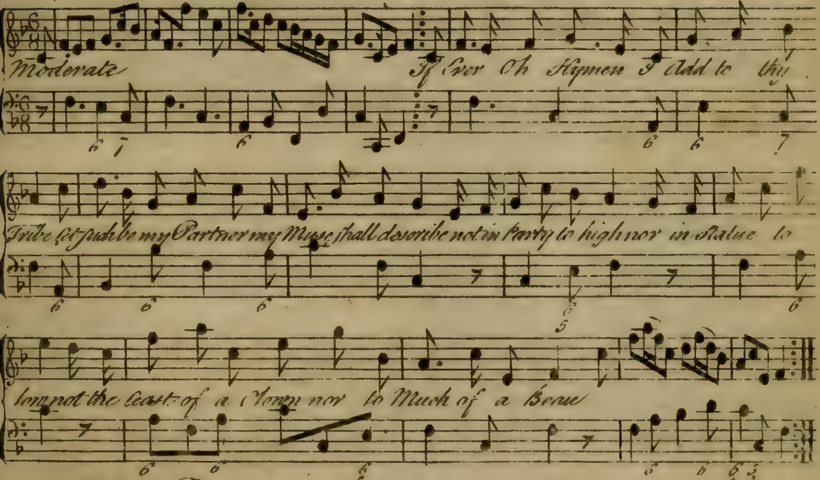


A Wit without Sense, without fancy a Beau.
Like a Parrot he chatters, and struts like a Crow.
A Peacock in Pride, in Grimace a Baboon.
In Courage a Hind, in conceit a Gascoon.

As a Vulture rapacious, in Falsehood a Fox.
Inconstant as Waves, and unfeeling as Rocks.
As a Tyger ferocious, perverse as a Hog.
In Mischief an Ape, and in fawning a Dog.

In a Word, to sum up all his Talents together.
His Heart is of Lead, & his Brain is of Feather;
Yet if he has sense but to ballance a Straw.
He will sure take the Hint, from the Picture I draw.

The Maidens Choice



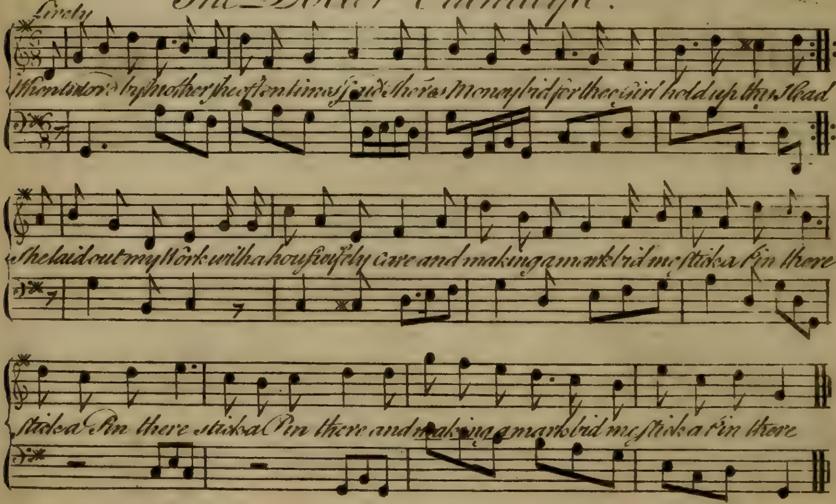
Be his Person Genteel and Engageing his Air,
His Temper still yeilding his Soul too Sincere,
Not a Dupe to his Passion gainst Reason to Move,
But kind to the sweetest in the Passion of Love.

Let honour Commendable Pride in the Sex,
His Actions Direct & his Principles fix,
No Groundless Suspition must he Ever surmise,
Nor Jealously Read ev'ry look in my Eyes.

If Such a blest Youth should approve of my Charms,
And no thought of Interest his Bosom Alarms,
Then in Wedlock I'll Join with a Mutual desire,
And Prudence shall Cherrish the Wavering Fire.

Thus Time shall glide on unperceiv'd in Decay,
Each Night shall be Blissfull & happy each Day.
Such a Partner grant Heaven with my Pray'r Comply
Or a Maid let me live & a Maid let me Dye.

The Doctor Outwitted.



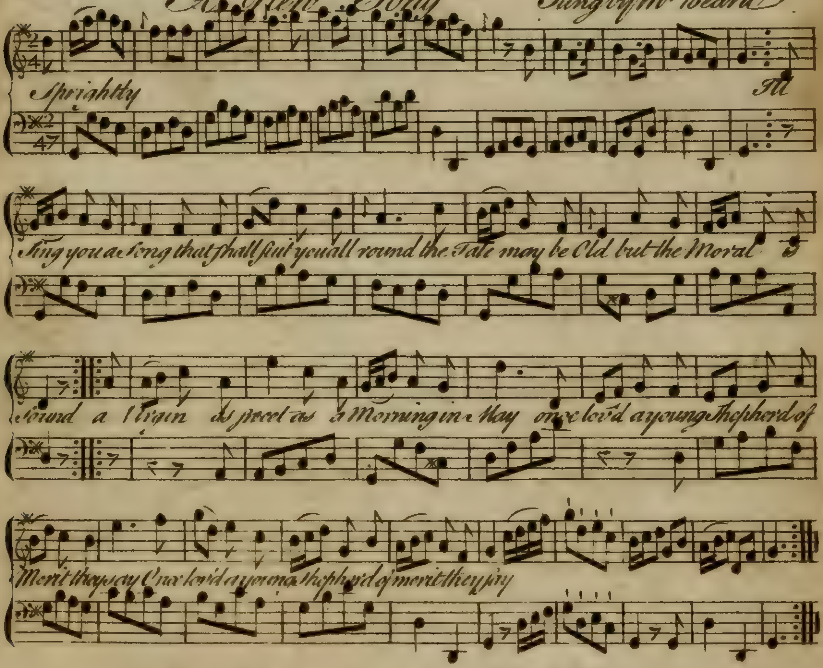
The humour so pleas'd me how ever absurd
That in spight of my Teeth it became a cant Word
And once when the Parson had ended his Pray'r
I could not help calling out stick a Pin there Stick a Pin &c.

He came to my Mother & loudly complain'd
His Pardon I ask'd but my Sorrow was feign'd
And before he could clap his fat Bum in a Chair
I slily stoop'd down & did stick a Pin there. Stick a Pin &c

I met my dear Jack in a Field of new Hay
He kiss'd me & teaz'd me with amorous Play
A green Gown he gave me & swore it was fair
Hold Sirrah said I would you stick a Pin there Stick a Pin &c.

He often attempted to ruffle my Charms
As often I push'd the dear Youth from my Arms
But sooner or later he'll baffle my Care
For Jack is y^e Lad that shall stick a Pin there stick a Pin &c.

A New Song   Sung by Mr Beard

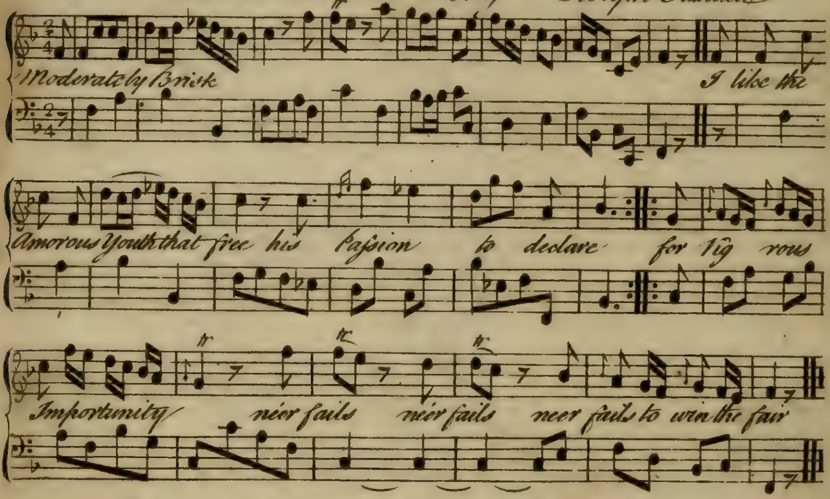


Her Father refus'd him for he had not Gold,
As Avrice too often will cleave to the Old;
And gave her too a Coxcomb well furnish'd with Pence,
Who had ev'ry Endowment save Honour & Sense.

But bold Robin Hood in a lucky Disguise,
Impos'd on the Wretch tho' he saw with four Eyes,
And you Master Pert one, take this for a Rule,
No Woman of Spirit will stoop to a Fool.

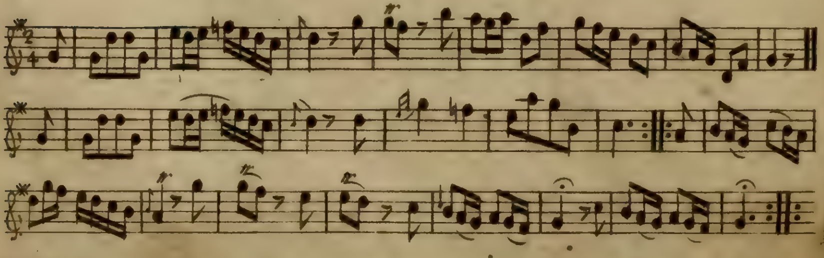
And thus then not having detain'd you too long,
I hope I may merit your Thanks for my Song,
If you do not like it on others I'll call,
Come trip it o'er y^e Greenwood my merry Men all.

A Favourite Song Set by Mr. Handell

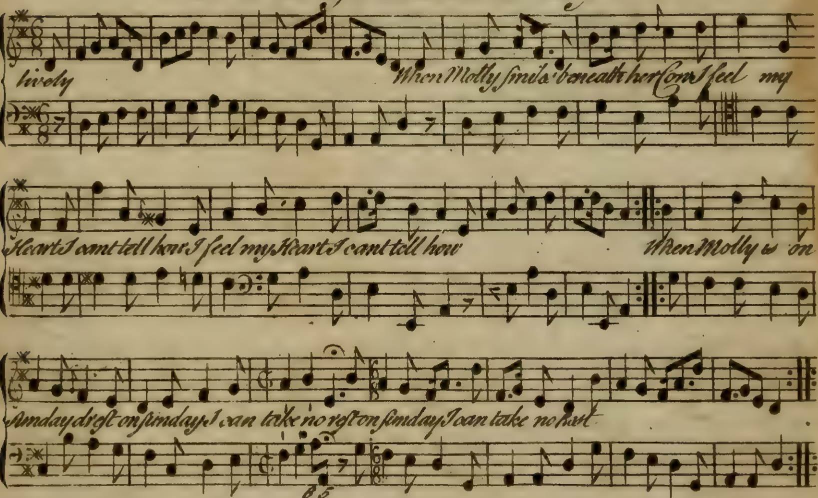


None Cupid fear but fools the Boy
Hurts none who Valiant prove
Hes Sweetness all & Gentle Joy
To those who are Skill'd in Love

Then Love me Dear and Since lifes prime
So Swiftly flies Away
Lets by the Forelock seize old Time
And Revel whilst we May.

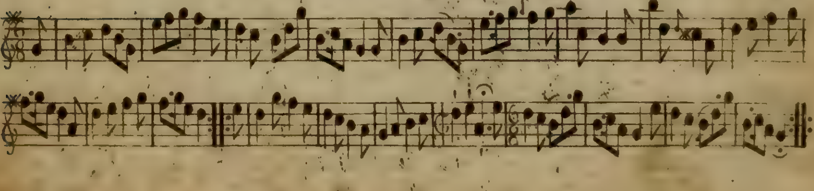


The Ploughman's Ditty

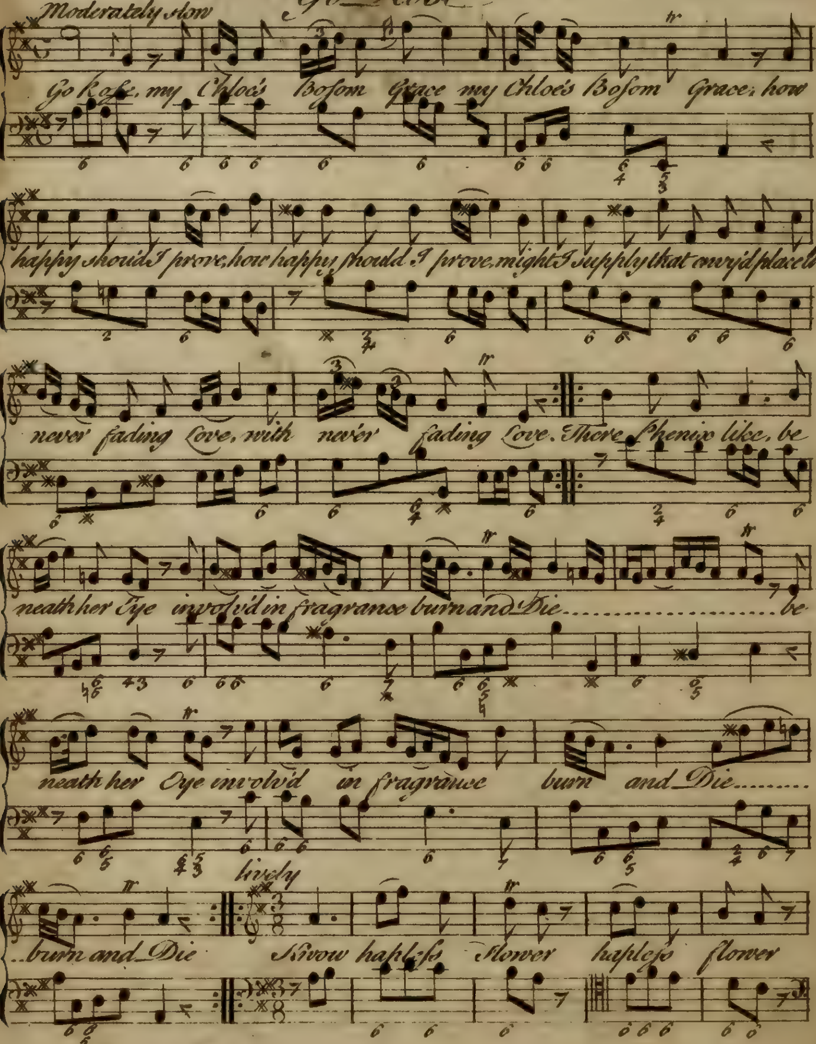


What can I do on Working Days
I leave my Work on her to gaze
What shall I say at Sermon I
Forget the Text when Mollys by

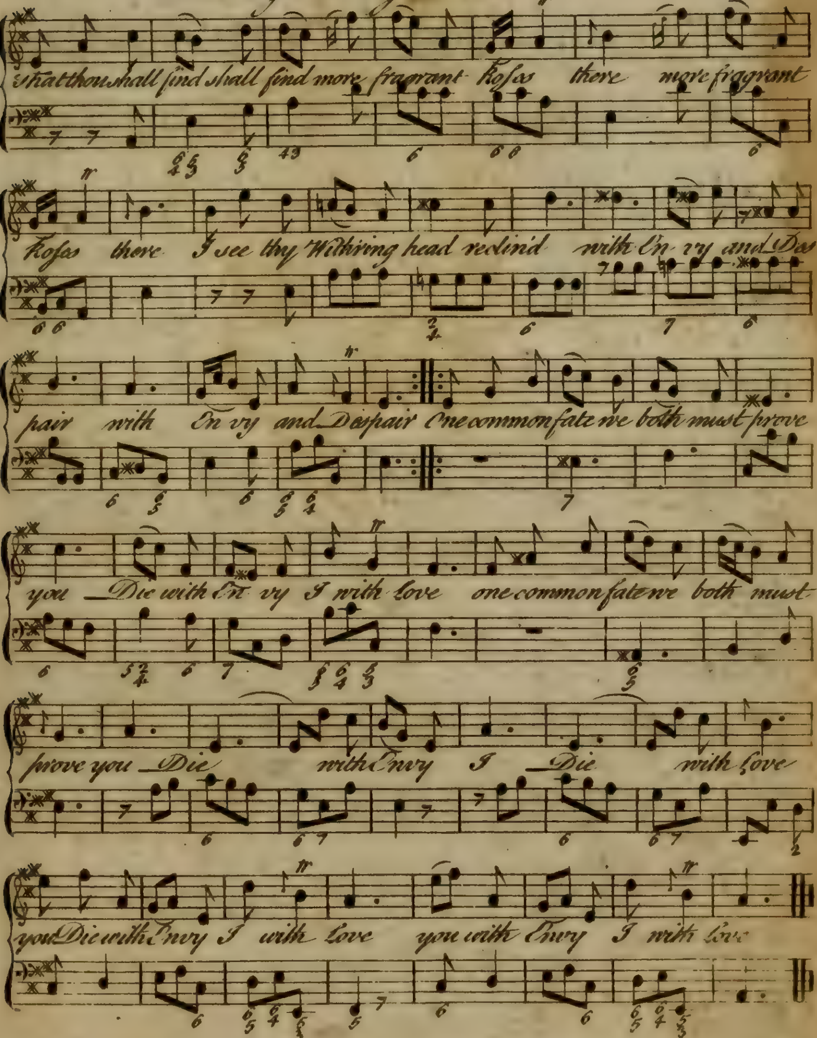
Good Master Curate teach me how
To Mind your Preaching & my Plough
And if for this you'll raise a Spell
A Good fat Goose shall thank you well



Go Rose

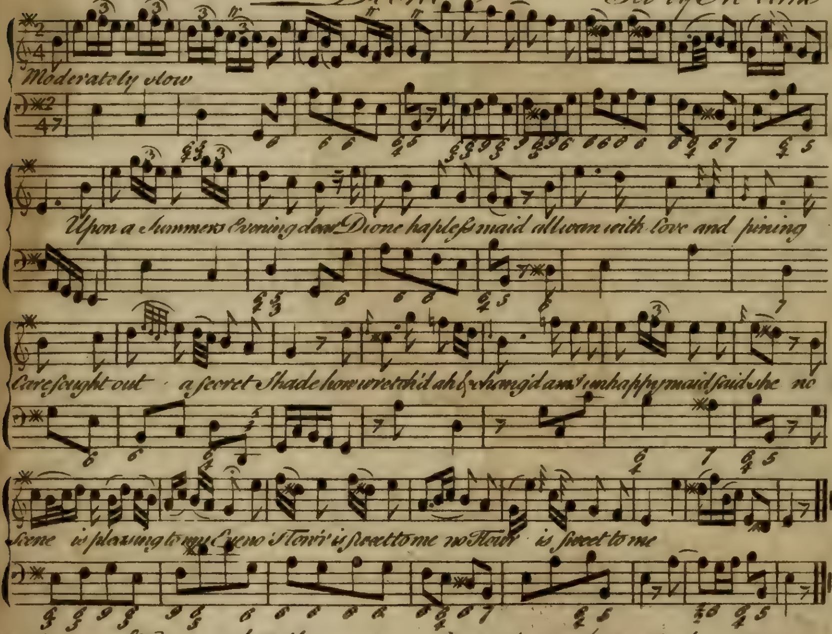

Moderately slow
Go Rose, my Chloe's Bosom Grace my Chloe's Bosom Grace; how
happy should I prove, how happy, should I prove, might I supply that envy'd place with
never fading Love, with never fading Love. There Phenix like, be
neath her Eye involv'd in fragrance burn and Die........................ be
neath her Eye involv'd in fragrance burn and Die.........
..burn and Die
lively
Know hapless flower hapless flower

Set by Dr. Green



Dione

Set by Mr Arne

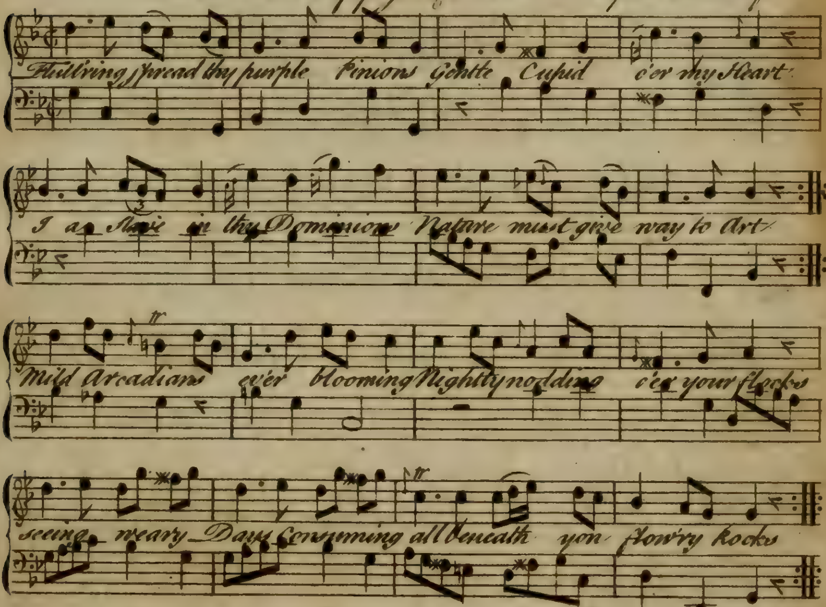


So many Vows would Collin make,
To me, ah! Faithless Swain!
And yet those plighted Vows would break
And leave me to complain.
Why did I rashly seek his arms,
And fond his tale believe:
Alas I yielded all my Charms
Nor thought he could deceive!

Yet why of Roses such a Store,
And Lillies in my Face,
Since Lucy now can please you more,
And claim your fond Embrace.
My brightest Charms I'd willing give,
Resign my rosy Hue,
Content with Lucy's Charms I'd live,
A rural Maid for you.

But Collin's deaf while I upbraid,
Nor heeds the' I complain:
Think not that I'm the injur'd Maid,
And he the perjur'd Swain.
Yet know, the Maid Dione's Shade
So fright you shall appear,
And when you climb the Marriage Bed,
Dione will be there.

The Unhappy Lover by Dean Swift

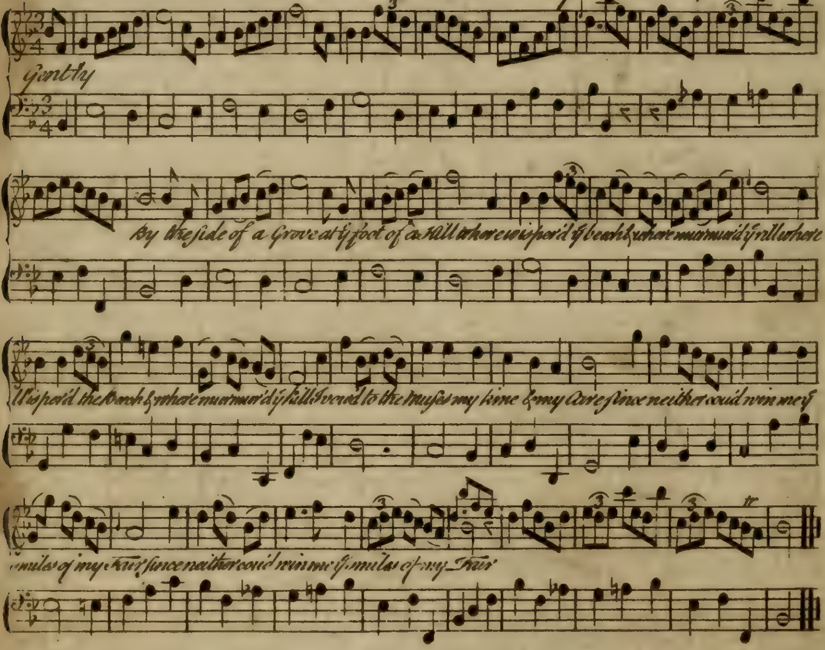


Thus the Cyprian Goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis darling Youth:
Him the Boar in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.
Cinthia tune harmonious Numbers
Fair Discretion string thy Lyre.
Sooth my ever waking Slumbers,
Bright Apollo lend thy Choir.

Gloomy Pluto King of Terrors,
Arm'd in Adamantine Chains
Lead me to the Chrystal Mirrors,
Watring soft Elysian Plains.
Mournfull Cypress verdant Willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's Brow,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vow.

Melancholly sooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a Round.
On thy Margin Lovers wander.
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd
Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks some silent Mate,
See the Bird of Juno stooping,
Melody resigns to Fate.

The Scholar's Relapse set by Mr Arne



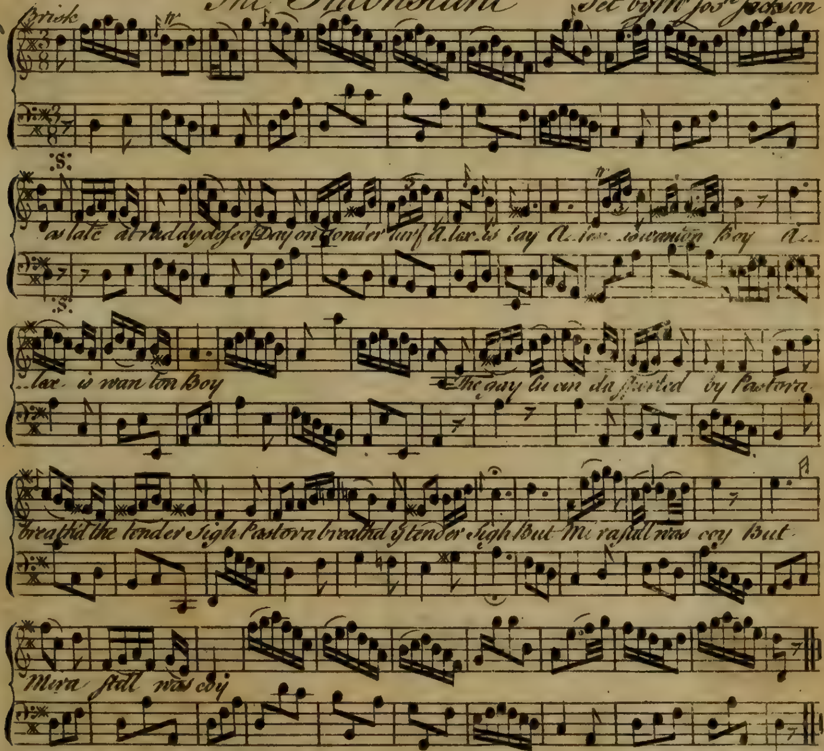
Free I rang'd like the Birds, like ye Birds free I sung.
And Daphne's dear name ne'er escap'd from my Tongue.
When e'er a smooth Accent delighted my Ear:
I wish'd unawares, that my Daphne might hear.

With fairest Ideas my Bosom I stor'd,
Allusions to none but the Nymph I ador'd.
And the more I with Study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper Impression she made on my Mind.

So long as of Nature the Charms I pursue,
I still must my Daphne's dear Image renew.
The Graces have yielded with Daphne to rove,
And the Muses are all in Alliance with Love.

The Inconstant

Set by Mr. Josh. Jackson

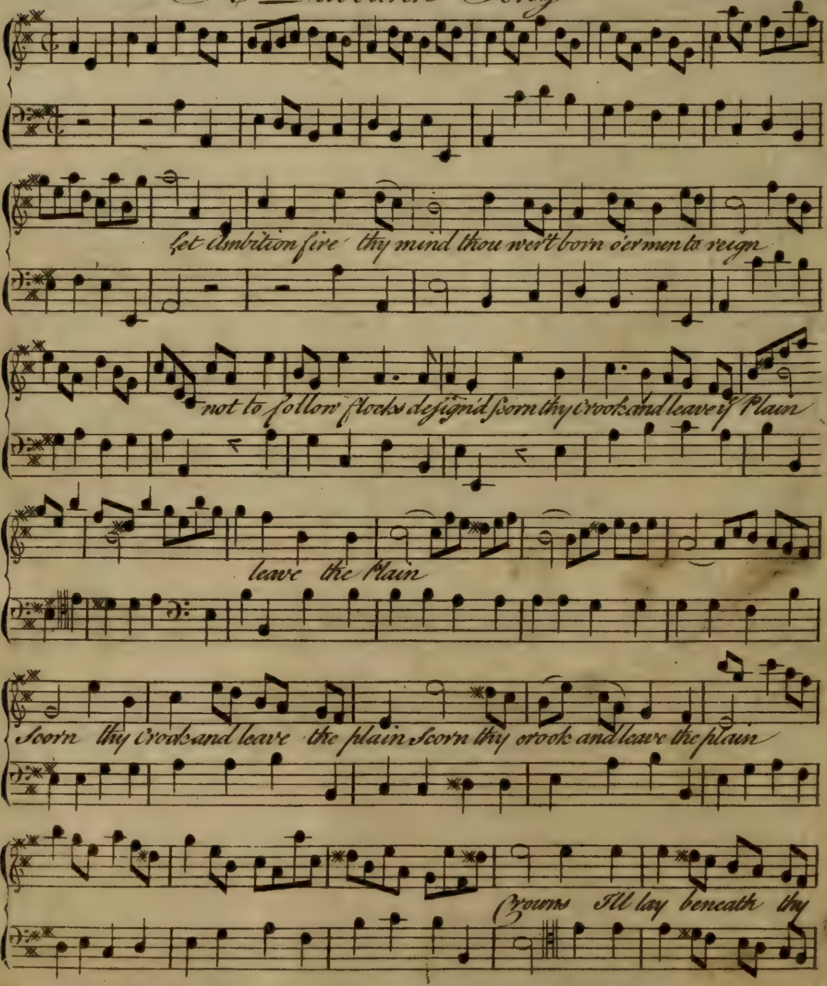


The laughing Delia stole his Crook;
And Laura glanc'd the wanton look;
A hint she would be kind;
Bright Daphne in y^e lonely Grove
A Signal gave a call to Love,
But still the Swain was blind.

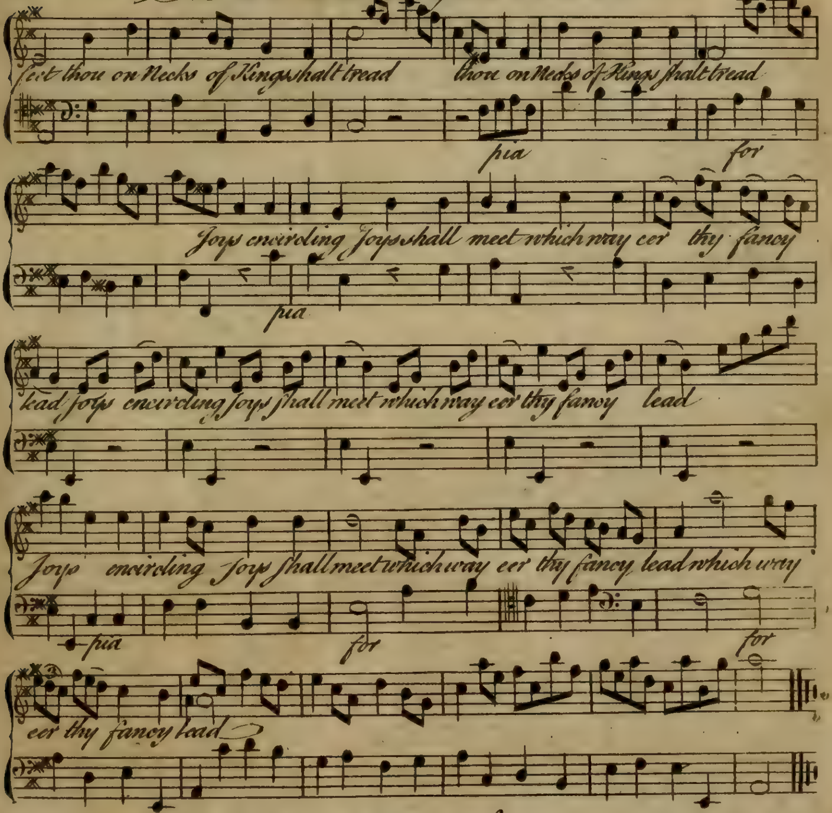
Nor Pastorella's Mien could Charm.
Nor Celia's awfull Presence warm,
Nor Stella's Syren Tongue;
But Mira's Eyes & Mien controul,
And gazing all his raptur'd Soul,
Stood list'ning as she Sung.

But Ah when Mira learn'd to Sigh
To Glance, to role the wanton Eye
To bless th' Inconstant Boy,
As soon the faithless roving Swain
Forsook the Nymph forsook the Plain
To find the Maid that's Coy.

A Favourite Song

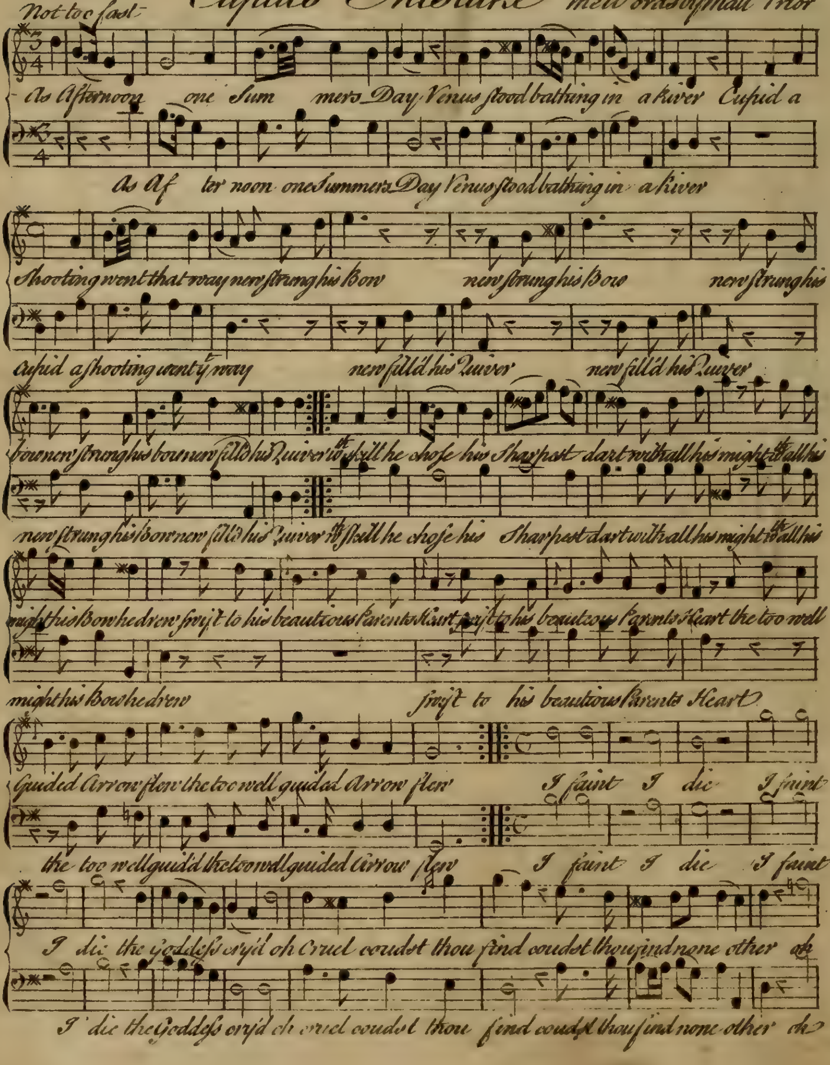


Set to Musick by Mr. Arne

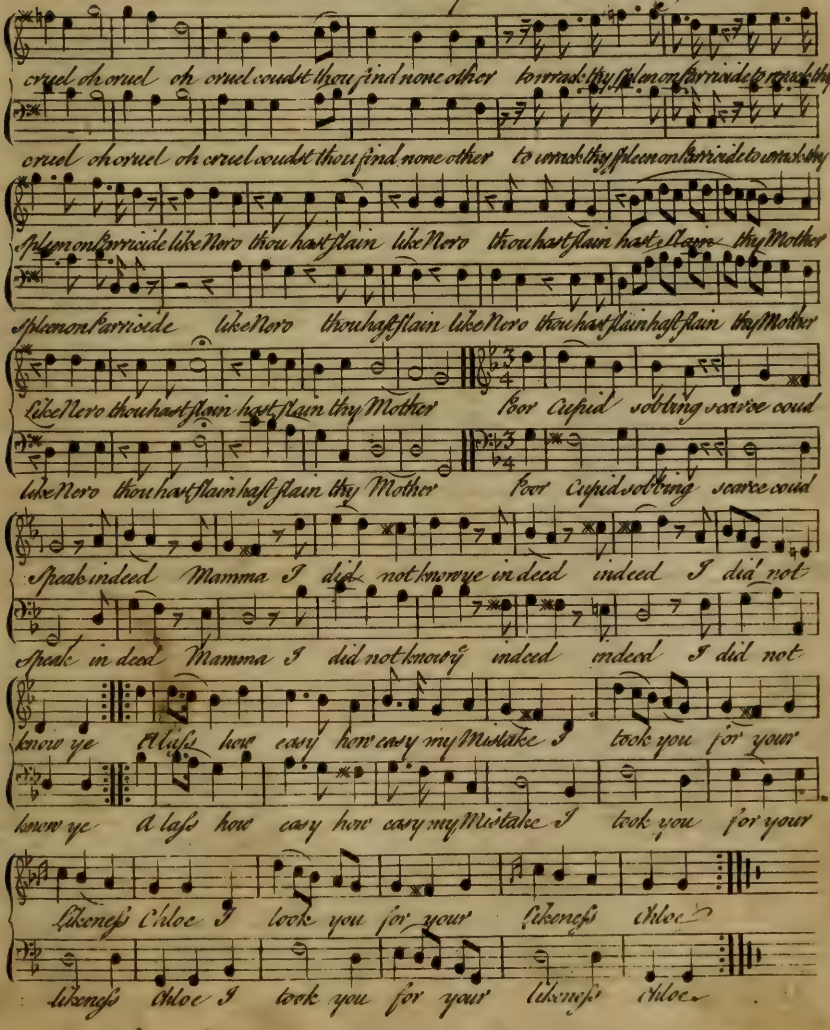


Let not Toils of Empire fright,
Toils of Empire Pleasures are:
Thou shalt only know Delight,
All the Joy but not the Care.
Shepherd if thou yieldst the Prize,
For the Blessings I bestow,
Joyfull, I'll attend the Skyes,
Happy thou Shalt reign below.

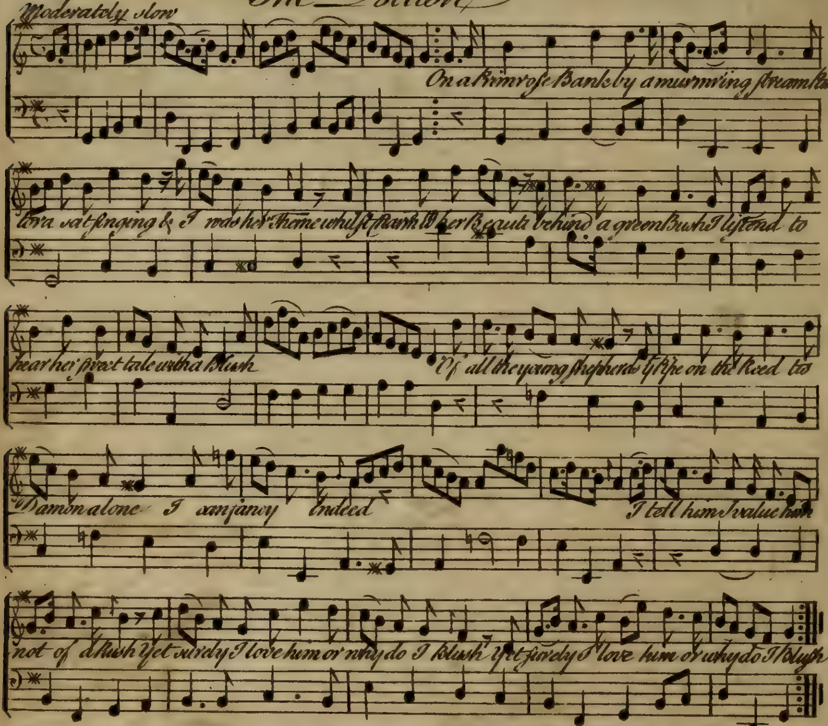
Cupid's Mistake the Words by Matt^w Prior



Set to Musick by Willm Riley



The Blush

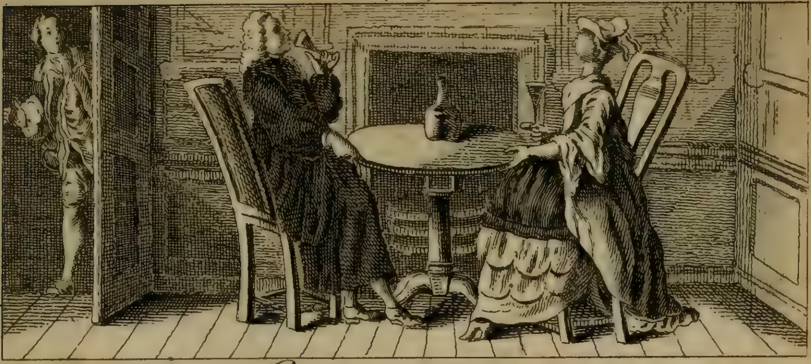


When I went to the Grove at y^e top of a Hill
It was the last May I remember it still,
He brought me a nest of young Linnets quite flush
And I the kind present receiv'd with a Blush,
Whenever he meets me he'll simper & smile,
I seem as I did not observe him the while
He offer'd to kiss me I gave him a push
Why can't you be easy I cry'd with a Blush.
Why can't you &c.

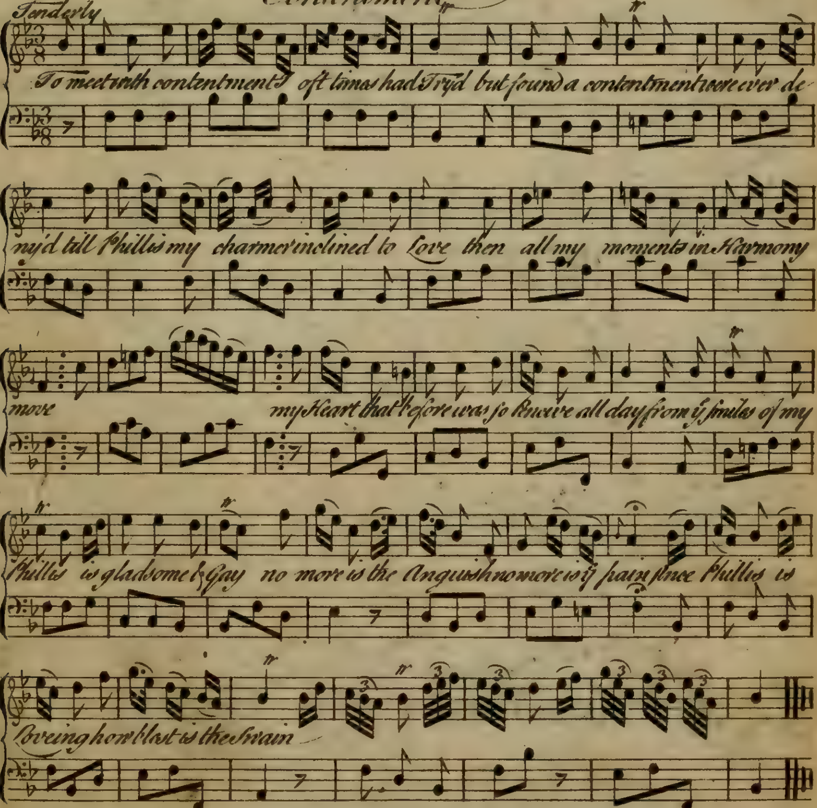
One Sunday he came to intreat me to walk,
Twas down in a Meadow of love was our talk,
He call'd me his dearest pray Damon be hush,
There's somebody coming I cry'd with a blush
My Mother she chides when I mention ye swain,
Forbids me to go to the Meadow again,
But sure for his sake I'll venture a brush,
For love him I do I confess with a Blush.
For love him &c.

Thus warbled the fair and my Heart leapt for Joy,
Tho' little she thought that her Damon was nigh,
But chancing to spy me behind a green Bush,
She ended her song and arose with a blush,
(The last Verse to be sung twice over.

N3



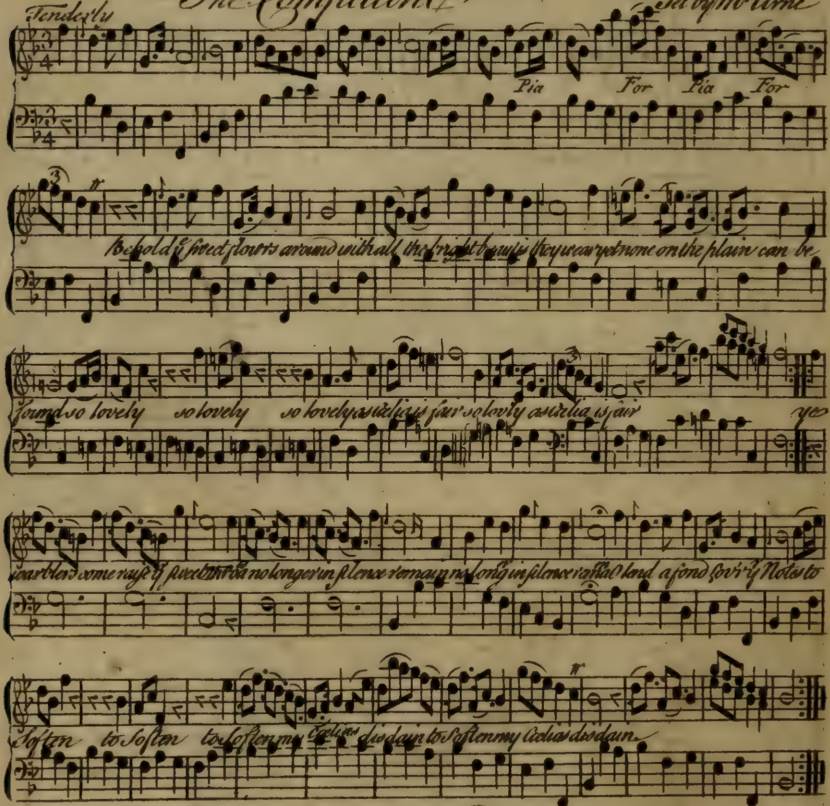
Contentment



If Friendship afords any Blessing in Life,
How rich be that Blessing when met in a Wife,
Imparting her thoughts when my Phillis incline
Her converse improves and her kindness refine.
How vain the ambitious or Misers pursuit.
The Libertines revell to tast of that Fruit;
Two only secur'd when two Hearts can agree,
And meet with affection like Phillis & me.

The Complaint

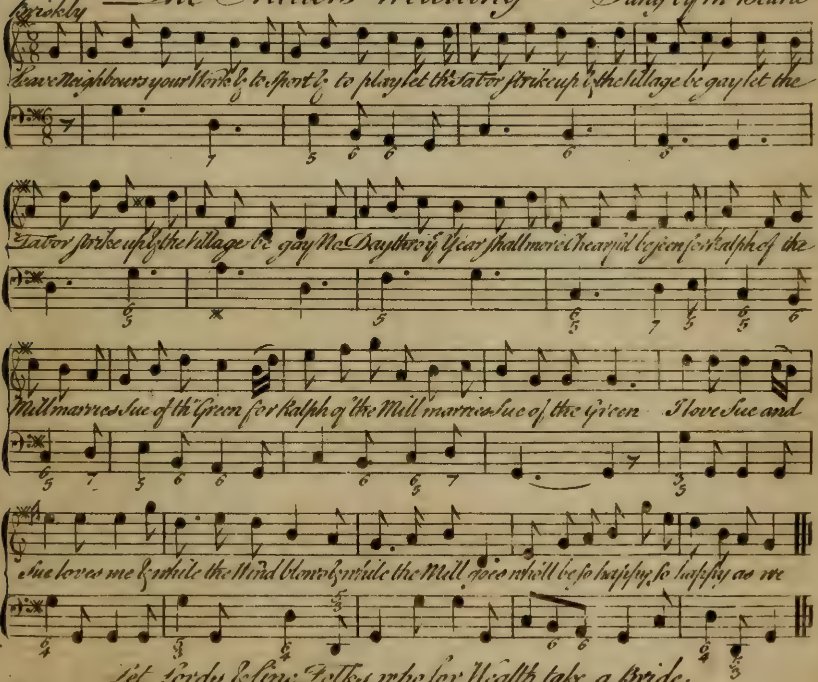
set by Mr. Arne



Oft Times in yon Flowry Vale,
I breath my Complaints in a Song,
Fair Flora attends the Soft Tale,
And sweetens the Borders along.
But Caelia whose Breath might perfume,
The Bosom of Flora in May;
Still frowning Pronounces my Doom;
Regardless of all I can say.

The Miller's Wedding

Sung by Mr Beard



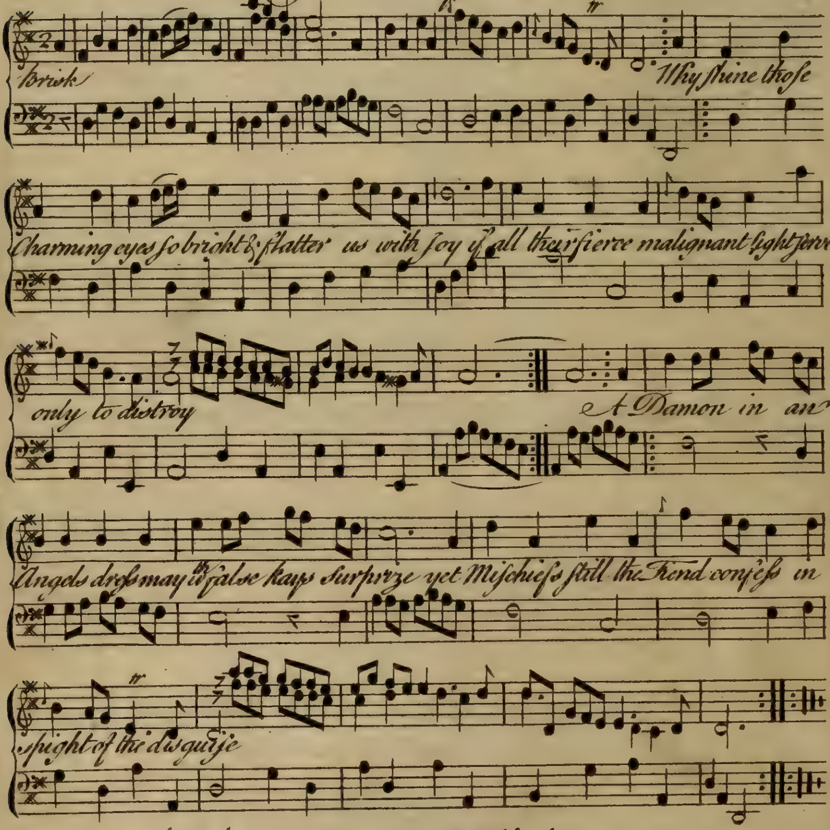
Let Lords & fine Folks who for Wealth take a Bride,
Be married to Day & to morrow be cloy'd,
My Body is stout, & my Heart is as Sound,
And my Love like my Courage will never give Ground. I love &c.

Let Ladies of Fashion the best Jointers wed,
And prudently take the best Bidders to Bed,
Such Signing & Sealing's no part of our Bliss,
We settle our Hearts & we seal with a Kiss. I love &c

Tho' Ralph is not courtly nor none of your Beaus,
Nor bounces nor flatters nor wears your fine Cloaths,
In nothing I'll borrow the folks of high Life,
Nor e'er turn his Back on his Friend or his Wife. I love &c.

While thus I am able to work at my Mill,
While thus thou art kind & thy Tongue but lye still,
Our Joys shall continue and ever be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph & his Sue: I love &c.

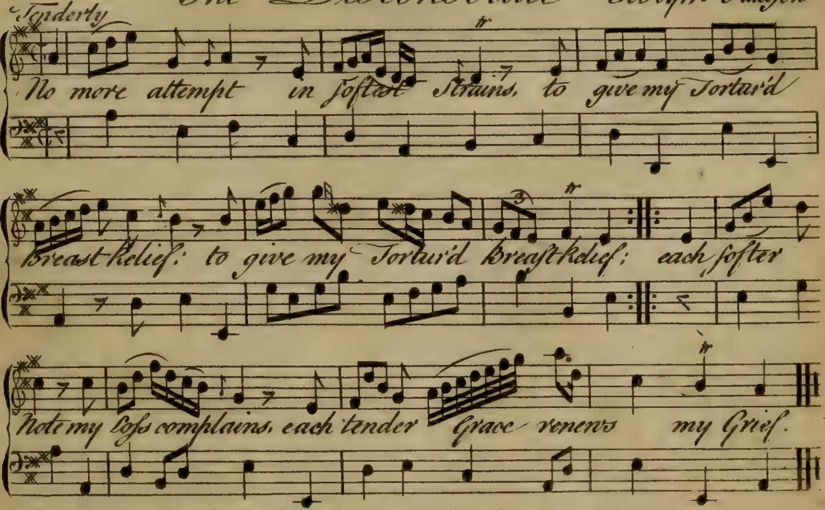
To Sylvia



But Beauties of Celestial kind,
The Heav'nly nature share,
And when they wound the Eye & mind,
Are still as kind as fair;
With pleasure then I would adore
And bless the wounds you gave,
A willing Victim to your pow'r,
That would not hurt but save.

The Disconsolate

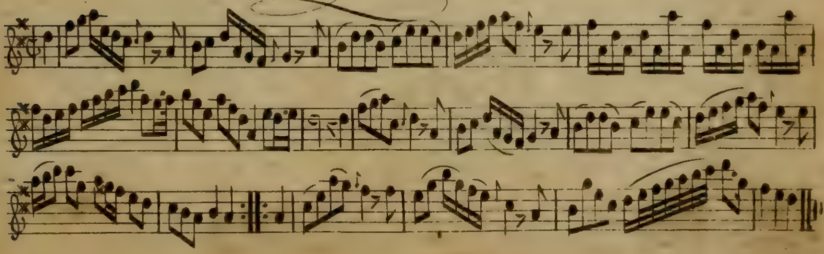
Set by Mr. Hudson



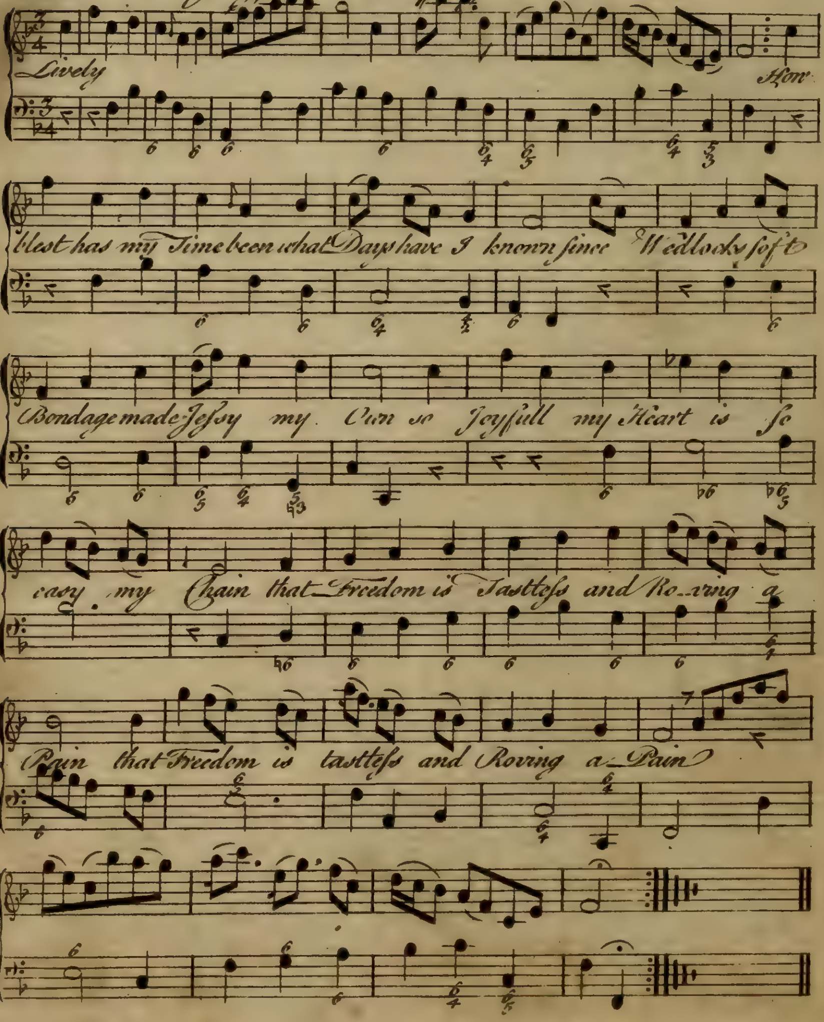
Since doom'd to Misery, my Love
In distant Climes a Pris'ner lyes,
No Joys my peircing Woes shall move
Can I rejoice while Strephon dyes.

Hence then each flatt'ring gay Delight.
My Bosom shall no pleasure know;
Since Strephon's ravish'd from my Sight,
These Briny Streams shall ever flow.

For the German Flute



Jessy or the Happy Pair



Set to Musick by Mr Arne

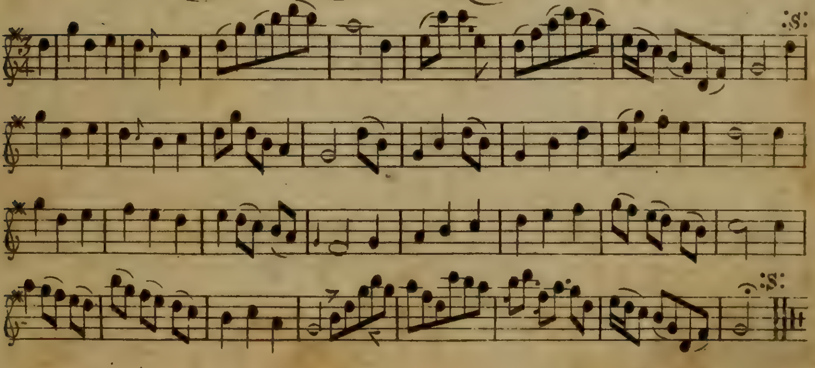
Thro' Walks grown with Woodbines as often we stray,
Around us our Girls and Boys frolick and play:
How pleasing their Sport is the Wanton ones See,
And borrow their Looks, from my Jessy and me.

To try her Sweet Temper oft Times am I Seen,
In revels all Day with the Nymphs of the Green;
Tho' painfull my Absence my doubts She beguiles,
And meets me at Night with Compliance and smiles.

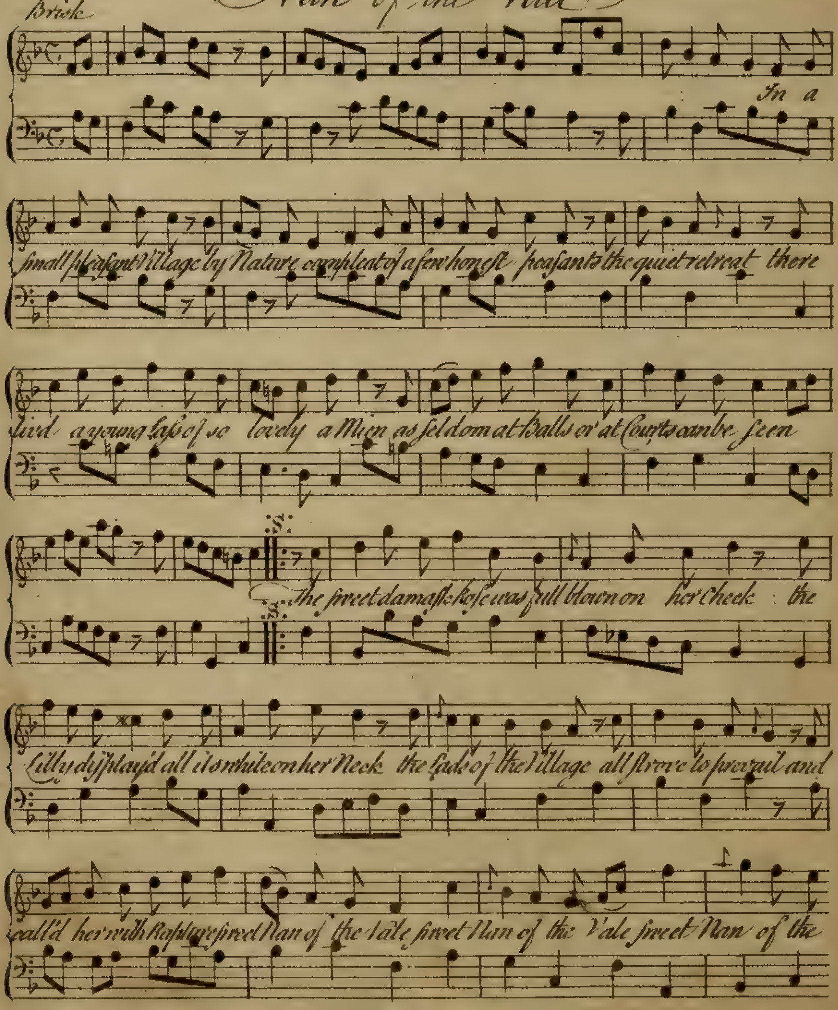
What tho' on her Cheek the Rose loses its Hue?
Her Ease and Good humour bloom all the Year thro';
Time still as he flies brings Increase to her Truth,
And Gives to her Mind, what he steals from her youth.

Ye Shepherds so gay who make Love to ensnare,
And cheat with false Vows the too credulous Fair;
In search of true Pleasure how vainly you roam,
To hold it for Life, you must find it at home.

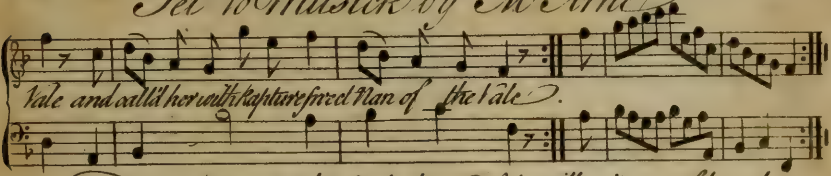
FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



Nan of the Vale



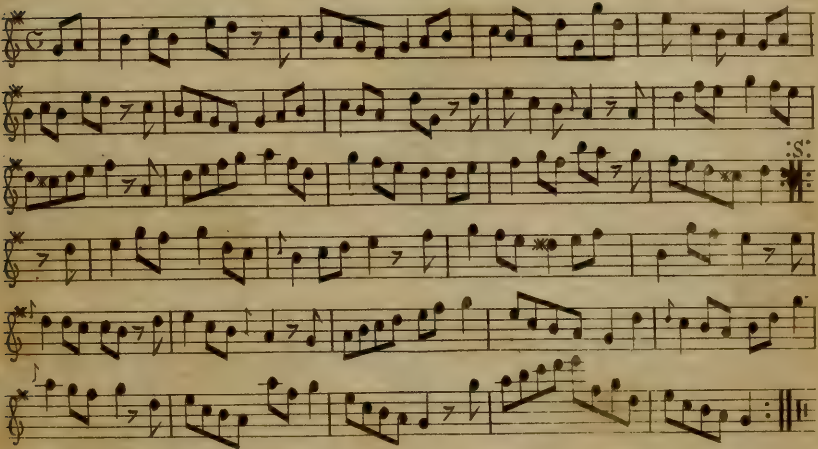
Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



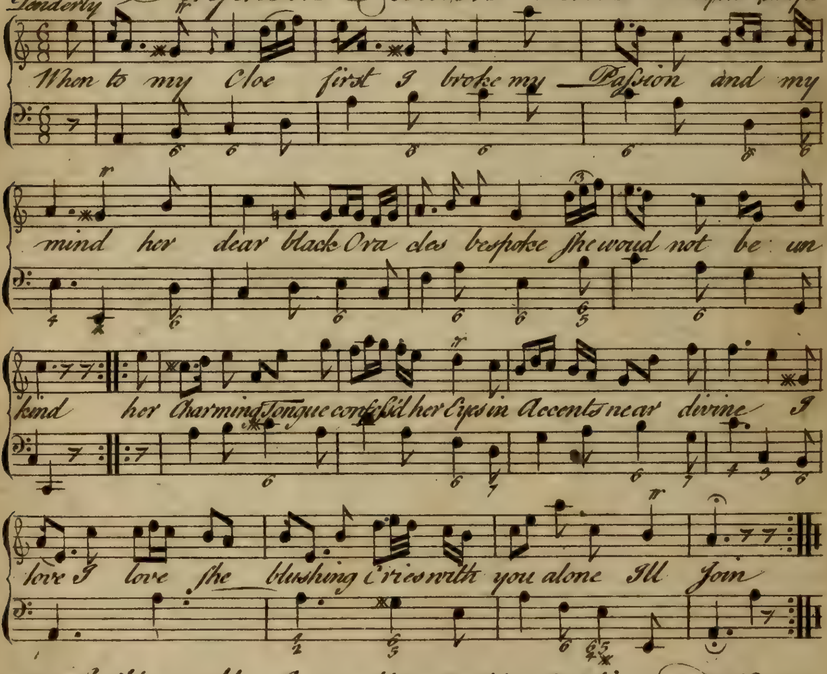
First poor Hodge spoke his Passion till quite out of breath,
Crying wounds he cou'd hug her & Kiss her to Death,
And Dick with her Beauty was so much possess'd,
That he loath'd his food and abandon'd his Rest;
But she cou'd find nothing in them to Endear,
So sent each away with a Flea in his Ear.
And said no such Boobies cou'd tell a love tale,
Or bring to compliance sweet Nan of the Vale.

Till young Roger the smartest of all the gay Green
Who late on a frolick to London had been
Came back much Improv'd in his Air & Address,
And boldly attack'd her not fearing Success,
He said Heaven form'd such ripe lips to be Kiss'd
And press'd her so close that she could not resist,
He shew'd the dull Clowns the right way to assail,
And brought to his Wishes sweet Nan of ye Vale.

For the German Flute

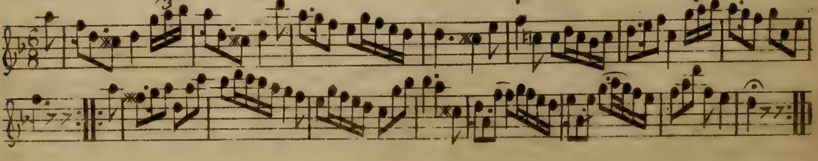


Strephon's Remonstrance Set by Mr Lampe



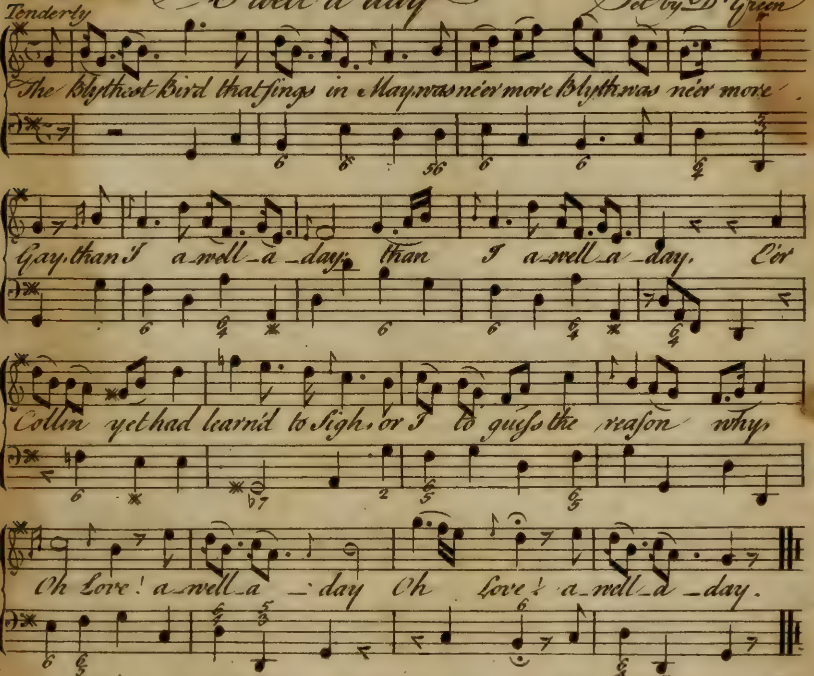
How frail her word how short my bliss.
How swift y^e Scene removes,
Thyrsis is pass'd by without a kiss,
At once dissolv'd our Loves;
What luckless Planet rul'd my birth
She shuns me ev'ry where,
Ye Scorel Wanderers on Earth
These Dictates to her bear.

See Chloe Suppliant on my Heart.
A Train of Smiling Boys;
Cupid produc'd them with his Dart
But your disdain destroys;
Behold their little pleading Hands,
To pass to you to life;
Obey what Nature then demands,
And bless me in a Wife.



A well a day

Set by Dr Green

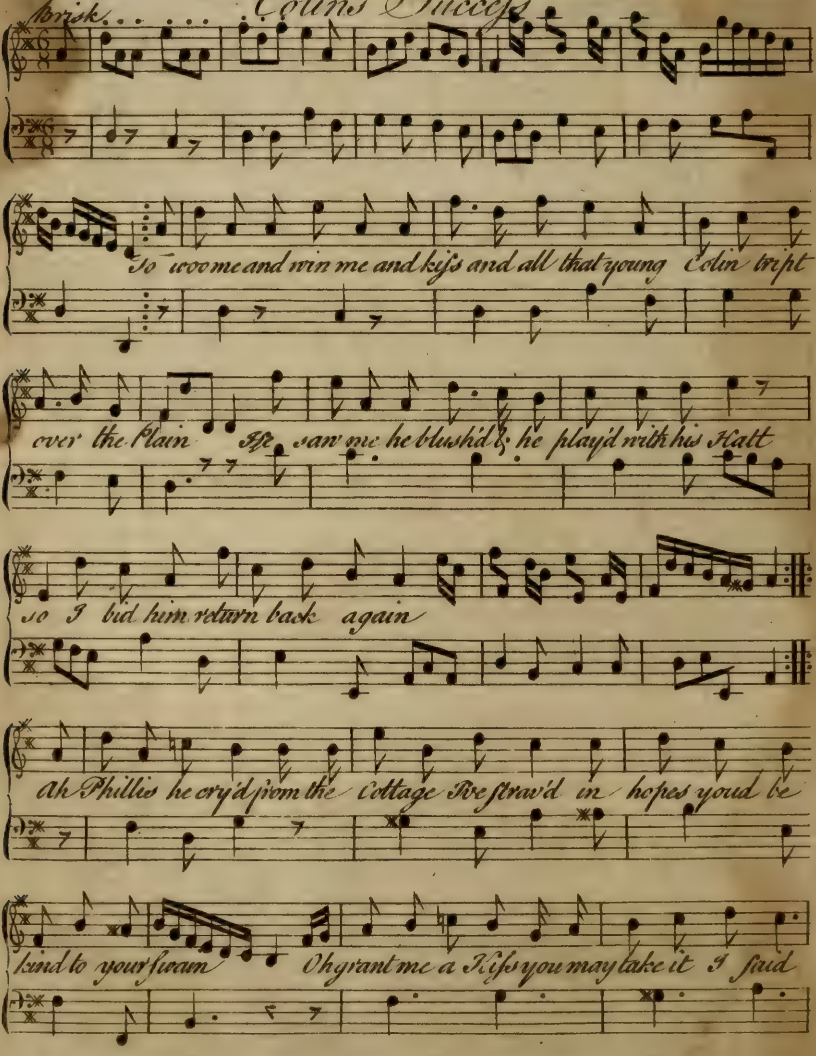


We Kiss'd, we Toy'd, but neither knew
From whence these fond Endearments grew,
Till he-a-well-a-day,
By Time, and other Swains made wise,
Began to talk of Hearts & Eyes,
And Love-a-well-a-day.

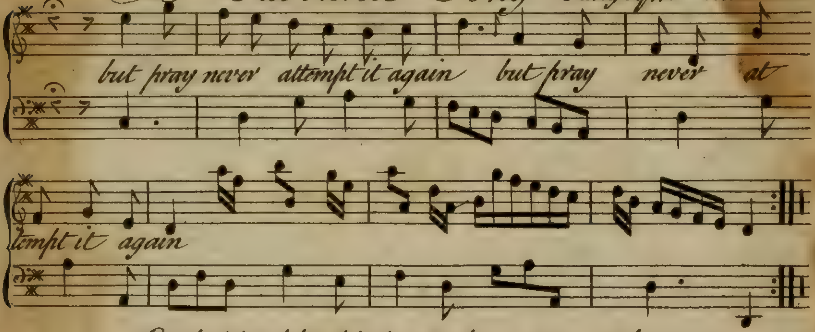
Kind nature now took Colins part,
My Eyes inform'd against my heart,
My Heart-a-well a day.
Strait glow'd with thrilling simpathy,
And echo'd back each gentle sigh,
Each Sigh-a-well a day.

Can Love, alas! by words be shewn,
He ask'd a proof, a tender one,
While I-a-well-a-day,
In silence blush'd a fond reply,
Can she that truly loves deny?
Ah no-a-well-a-day.

Colin's Success

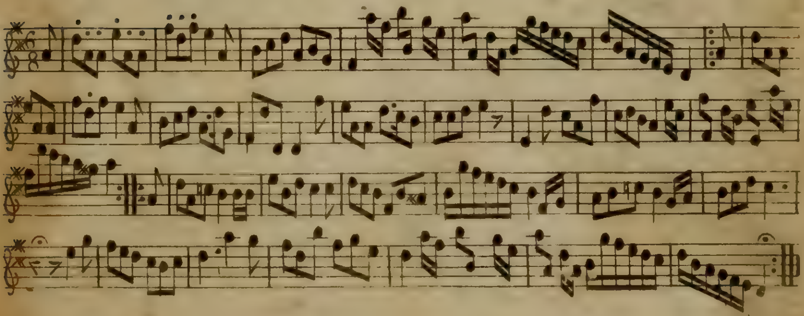


A Favourite Song. Sung by Mrs Chambers

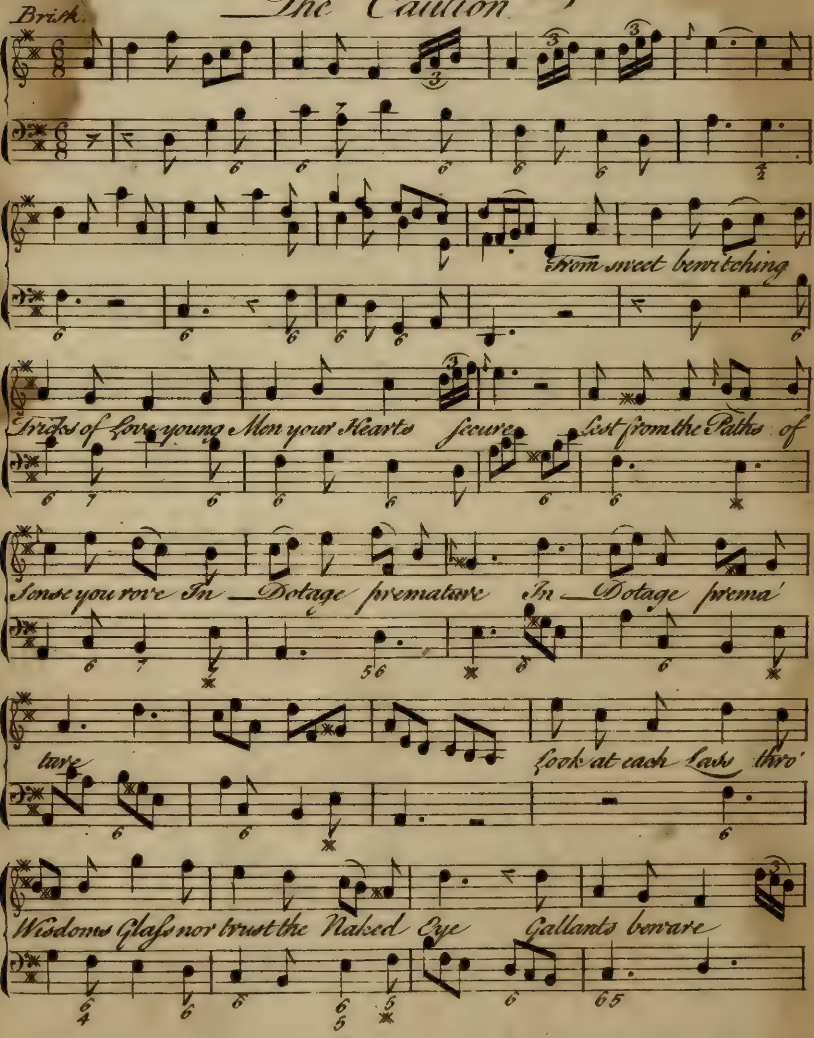


Embolden'd by this he ſat down at my ſide,
The favour ſo small to Obtain.
I know not how 'twas but he ſoften'd my Pride,
So I cry'd you may kiſs me again.
My Boſom grew warm, & my Heart beat in haste,
While Rapture impow'r'd the fond Swain,
And trust me ye fair for I held him ſo fast
That he cou'd not return back again.

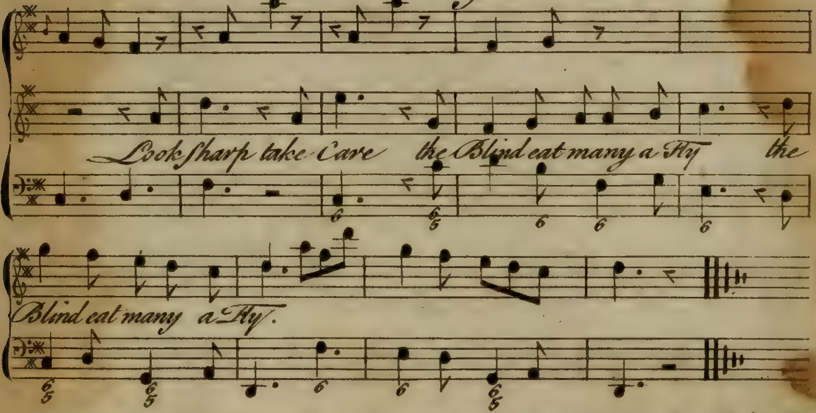
For the German Flute



The Caution


Brisk.
From sweet bewitching
Tricks of Love young Men your Hearts secure Lest from the Paths of
Sense you rove In Dotage premature In Dotage prema'
ture
Look at each Lass thro'
Wisdoms Glass nor trust the Naked Eye Gallants beware

Set to Musick by Mr. Arne

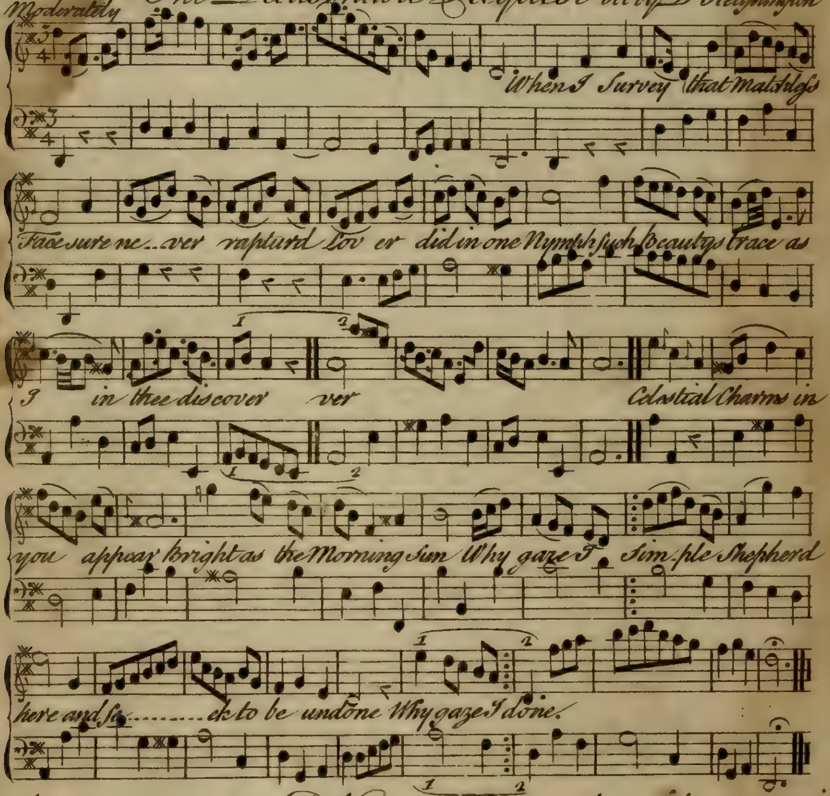


Not only on their Hands & Necks
The borrow'd White you'll find,
Some Belles, when Interest directs
Can even paint the mind;
Joy in Distress
They can express,
Their very Tears can lye;
Gallants, beware,
Look Sharp, take Care,
The blind eat many a Fly.

There's not a Spinster in ye Realm
But all Mankind can Cheat,
Down to the Cottage from ye Helm,
The Learn'd, the Brave, & Great;
With lovely Looks
And golden Hooks,
To intangle us they try;
Gallants, beware,
Look sharp, take Care,
The Blind eat many a Fly.

Cou'd we with Ink the Ocean fill,
Was Earth of Parchment made,
Was ev'ry single Stick a Quill,
Each Man a Scribe by Trade;
To write the Tricks
Of half the Sex,
Woud suck that Ocean dry;
Gallants, beware,
Look sharp, take Care,
The Blind eat many a Fly.

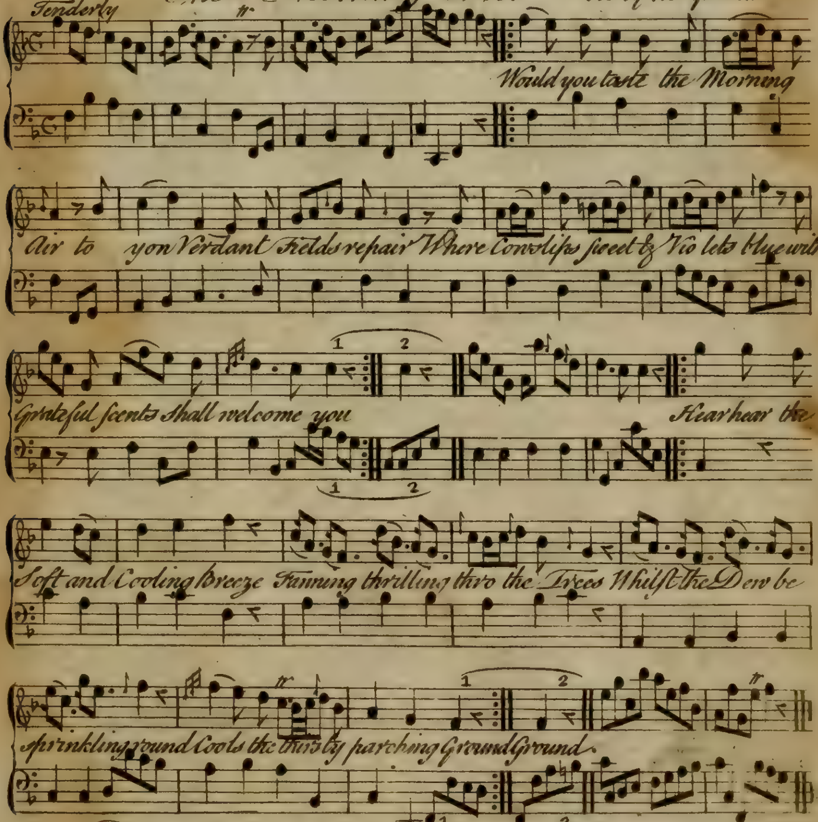
The Reasonable Request set by Dr. Heighington



But Nature ne'er design'd to Vex,
When she such skill employ'd:
Those Beauties are not to perplex,
But gave to be enjoy'd.
Then let your dimpl'd smiles confess
Complacency of mind,
And ev'ry soft desire express,
And as your fair be kind.

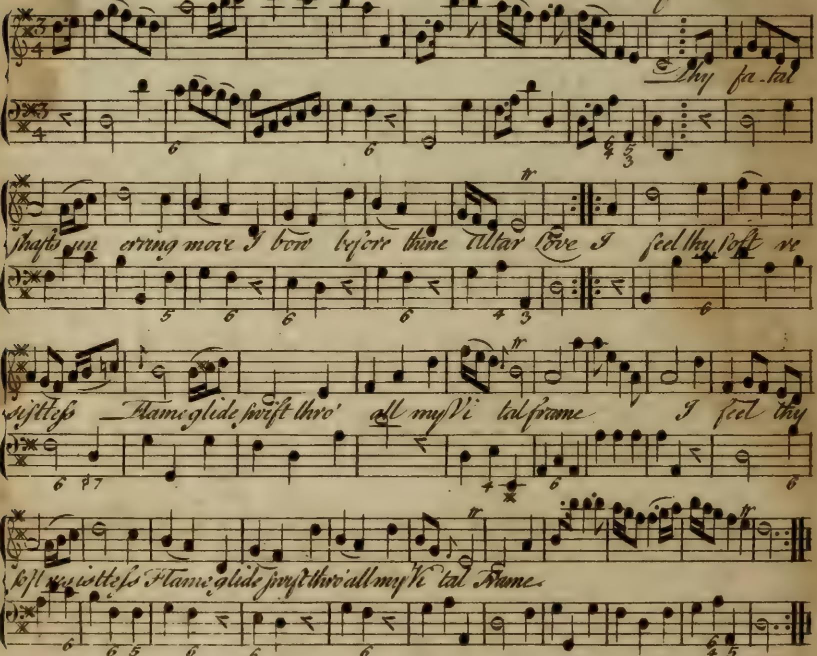
Then you replete with ev'ry Grace
Will show how you despise,
The little Arts Coquets embrace,
To catch ungarded Eyes:
So may you with Justice claim,
The loss they must deplore,
Unblemish'd manners gentlest fame
When Beauty is no more.

The Morning Air set by Mr Granom



Hark the Lark now soaring high
With her Eccho fills the Sky:
The Nightingal & Thrush,
Are warbling notes on evry Bush
Haste Fair Nymph, then hast away.
Taste these Joys without Delay.
Prove, and proving you will tell,
The Morning Joys do all excell.

A Favourite Air Set by Mr Oswald



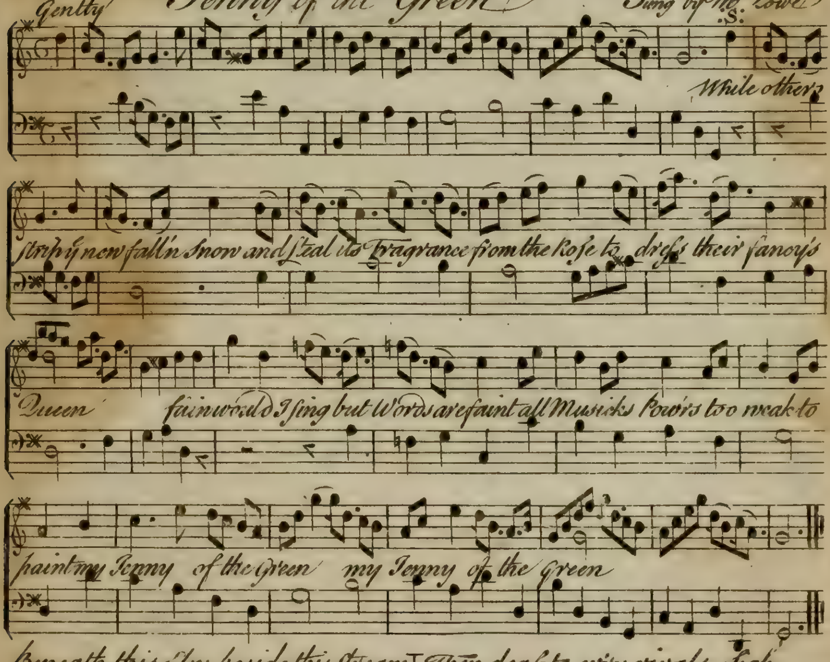
For while I gaze my Bosom glows,
My Blood in Tides impetuous flows,
Hope, Fear, & Joy alternate roll,
And floods of Transports whelm my soul,

My faultring Tongue attempts in vain,
In Soothing Murmurs to Complain,
My Tongue some secret Magick ties,
My Murmurs sink in broken Sighs!

Condemn'd to nurse eternal Care
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh
Unfriended live, unpitied Dye.

Jenny of the Green

Sung by Mr. Lowe



Beneath this Elm, beside this stream,
How oft I've tun'd y favrite theme,
And told my Tale unseen;
While faithful in the Lovers cause,
Th' Winds would murmur soft applause
To Jenny of the Green.

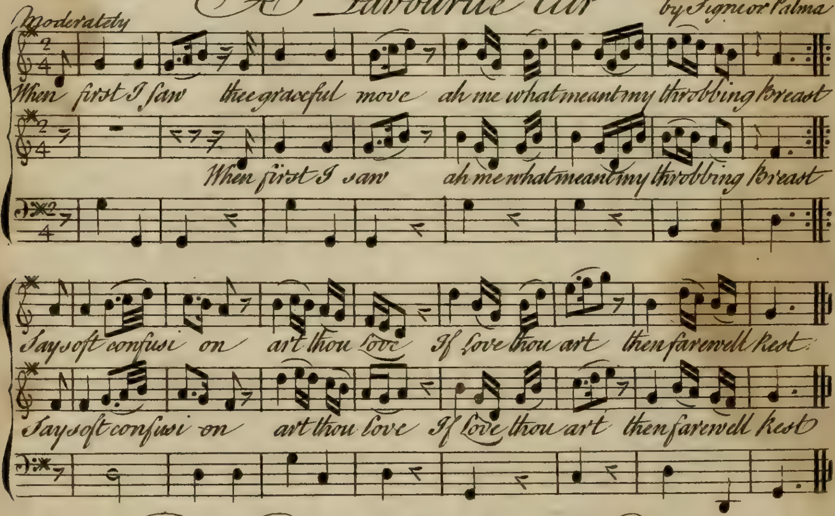
With Joy my Soul reviews the Day,
When deck'd in all the Pride of May,
She hail'd the Sylvan Scene,
Then ev'ry Nymph, that hop'd to please
First strove to catch the Grace & ease,
Of Jenny of the Green.

Then deaf to ev'ry rivals Sigh,
On me she cast her partial Eye
Nor scorn'd my humble Mien;
The fragrant Myrtle Wreath I wear,
That Day adorn'd the lovely Hair,
Of Jenny of the Green.

Through all the Fairy Land of Love,
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring Dove
The pride of gay fifteen,
Though now she treads some distant plain,
Tho far apart I'll meet again;
My Jenny of the Green.

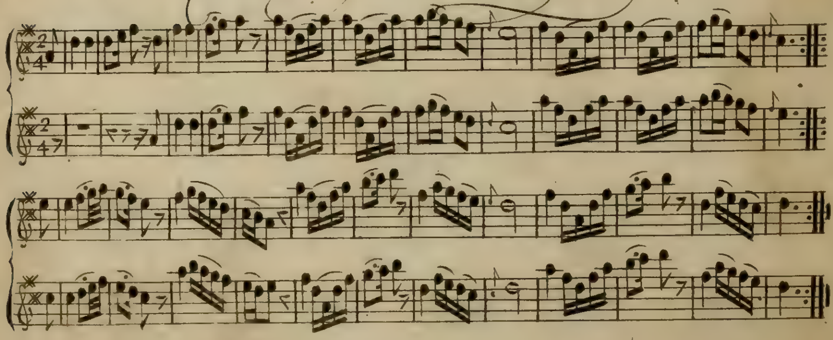
But thou old Time till that bless'd Night,
That brings her back with speedy Flight;
Melt down the Hours between:
And when we meet the Loss repay
On loit'ring Wing prolong my Stay,
With Jenny of the Green.

A Favourite Air by Signior Palma

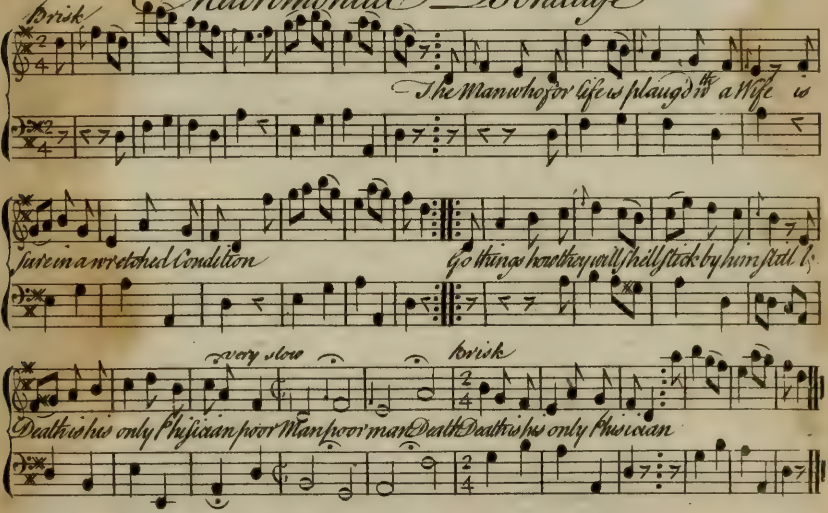


With gentle Smiles aswage the Pain,
Those gentle Smiles did first Create;
And though you cannot Love again,
In Pitty ah forbear to hate.

For two German Flutes

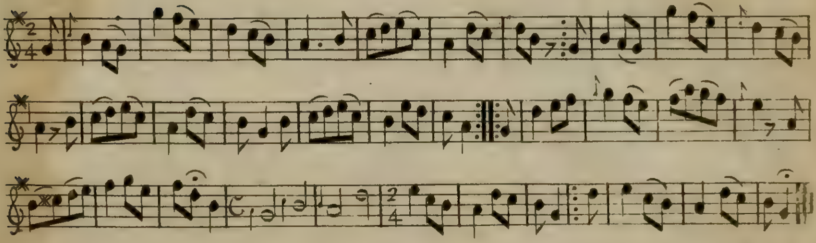


Matrimonial Bondage

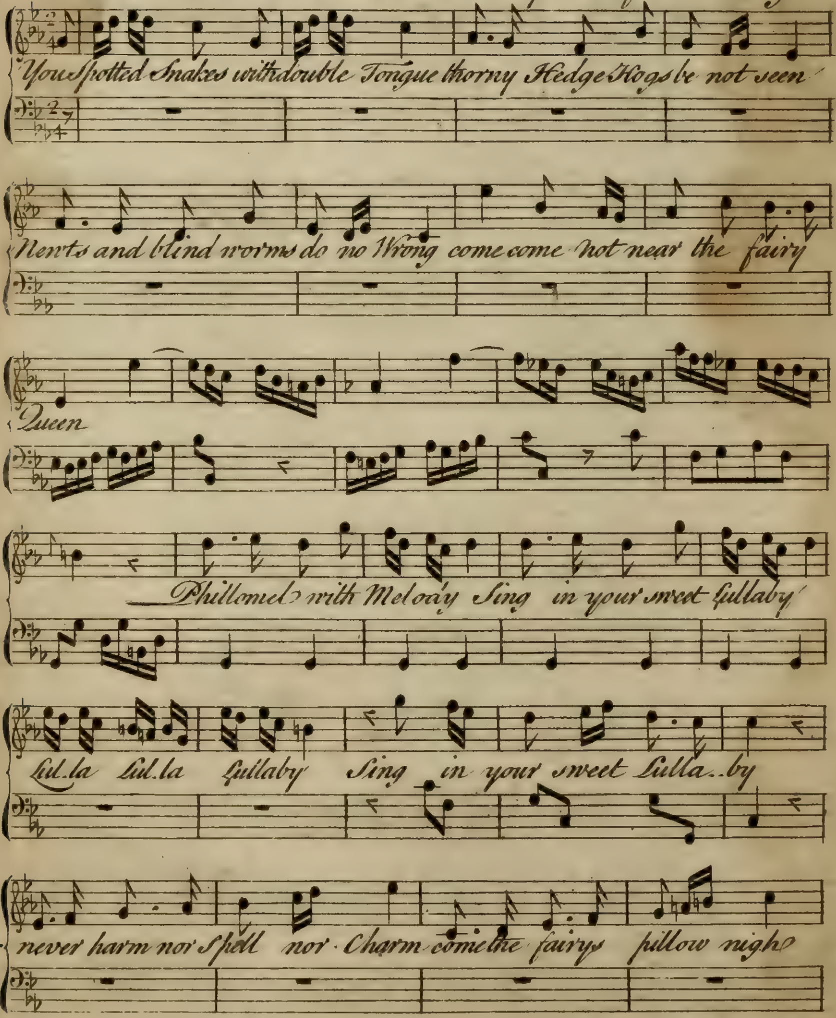


To Trifle and toy, may give a Man Joy,
When Passion is prompted by Beauty,
But where is the Bliss, of a Conjugal Kiss,
When Passion is prompted by Duty:
Poor Man, poor Man, when Passion &c.

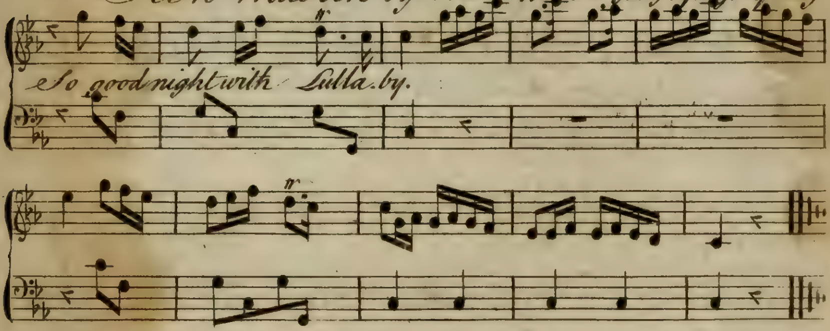
For the German Flute



A Favourite Air in the Opera of the Fairys

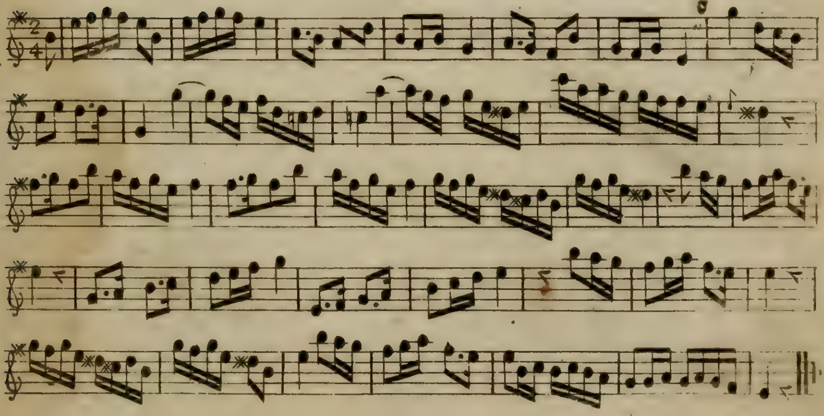


Set to Musick by Mr. Smith   Sung by Miss Young



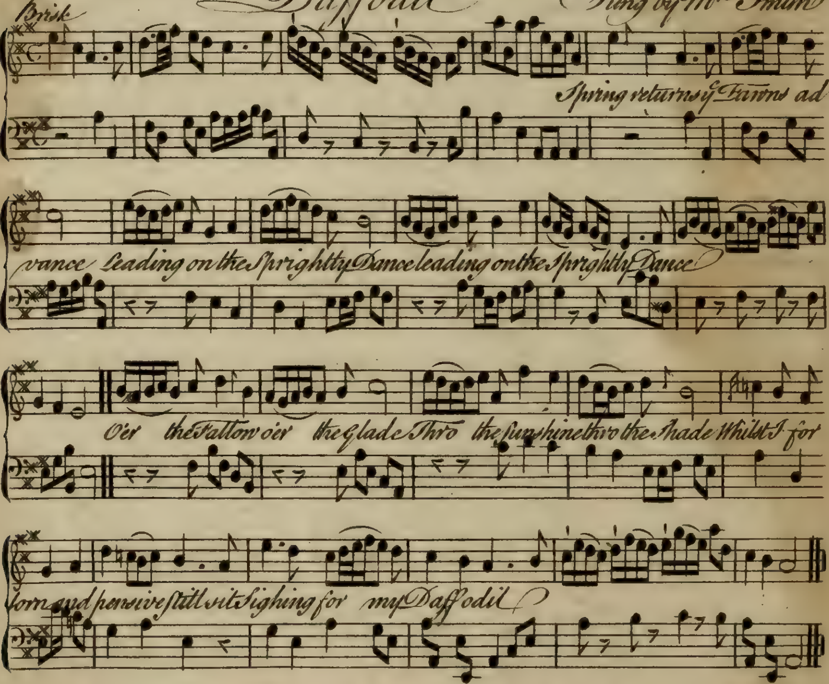
Weaving Spiders, come not here,
Hence, ye long legg'd, spinners hence.
Beetles black, Approach not near,
Worm, nor Snail, do no Offence.
Philomel with melody, sing In your sweet Lullaby.
Never harm, nor Spell, nor Charm,
Come the Fairys Lullow nigh.
So good night with Lullaby.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



Daffodil

Sung by Mrs Smith



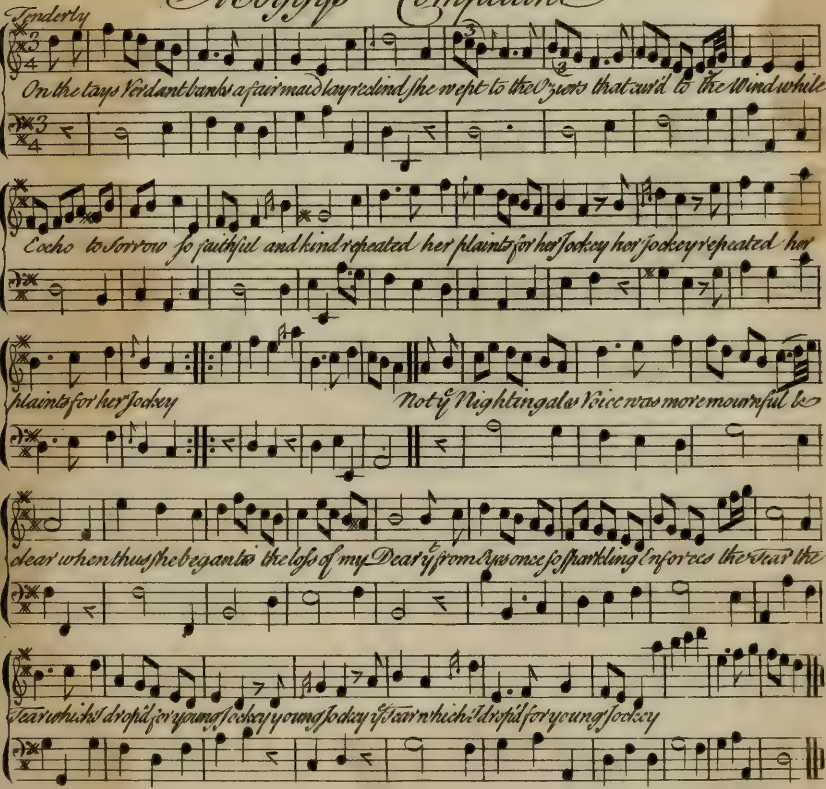
See the wanton Nymphs appear,
Smiling all, as smiles the Year,
Sporting print where e'er thy tread,
Daisie Ground or Primrose Bed.
Whilst I &c.

Now y Swain with watry Shoe,
Brushes by the Morning Dew;
With officious Love to bear;
Fresh blown Cowslips to his fair,
Whilst I &c.

Gentle Nymphs forsake the Mead;
To my Love for pity Plead,
Go ye Swains and seek y fair,
This my last Petition bear,
Whilst I &c.

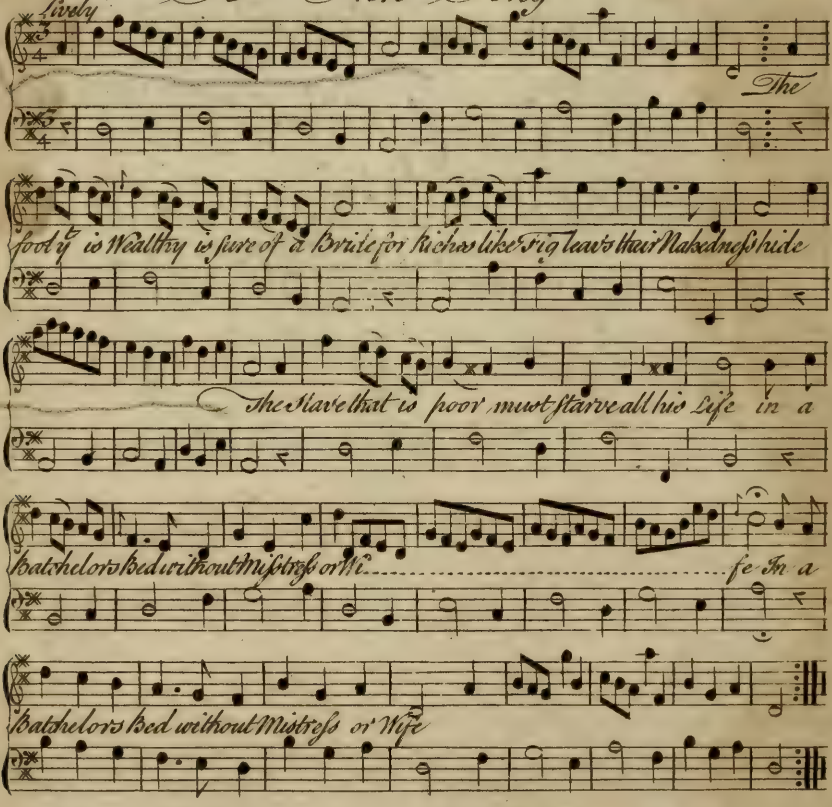
Sweetest Maid that e'er was seen;
Dance at Wake, or trip y Green;
See a lovesick sighing Swain;
Hear my Vows, relieve my pain;
Or with your Frowns for pity kill;
To Charming Cruel Daffodil.

Moggys Complaint



The Linnet his Mate chuses out of ye Throng,
And when he has won her sits all the day long,
Still Proud of his conquest repeating his Song,
Not so did Inconstant young Jockey:
He swore 'twas my Beauty his Heart that had won,
And his Flame was as pure as the light of ye Sun,
But the Maid that believes is as surely undone,
For false and deceitfull's young Jockey.

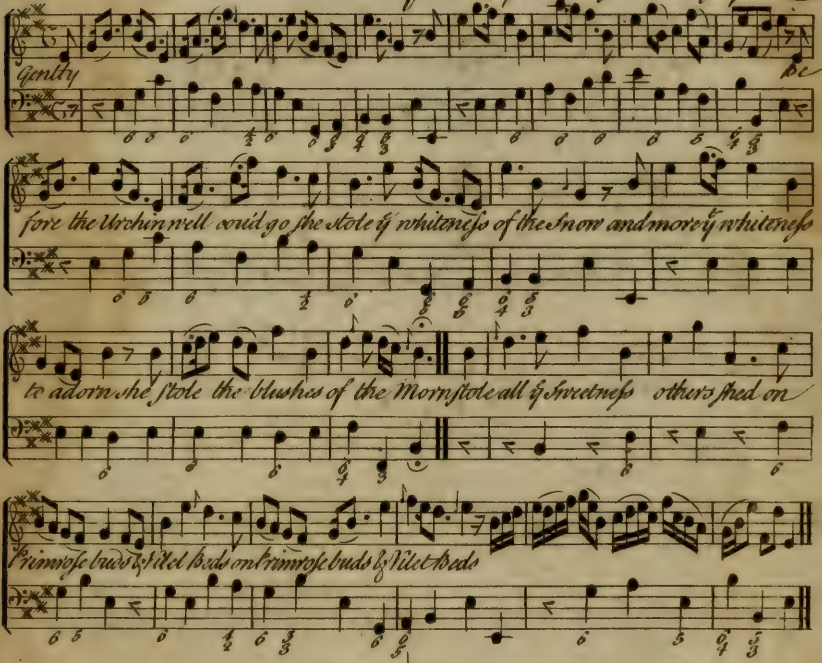
A New Song



In the good Days of Yore,
They ne'er troubl'd their Heads,
In Settling of Jointers
Or making of Deeds,
But Adam, and Eve
When first enter'd Course,
E'en took one another
For better for worse.

Then prithee dear Cloe,
Ne'er aim to be great
Let Love be thy Jointer,
Ne'er mind an Estate
You ne'er can be poor
Who have all those Charms,
And I shall be rich
When I've you, in my Arms

The Fair Thief Set by Mr Worgan & Sung by Mr Lowe

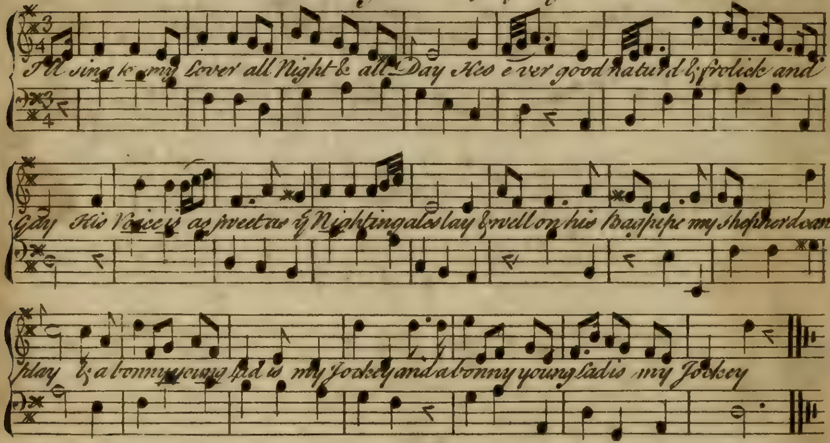


Still to reveal her artfull wiles,
She stole the Graces silken smiles,
She stole Aurora's balmy Breath,
And pilfer'd Orient pearl for Teeth
The Cherry dipt in Morning dew
Gave moisture to her Lips & hue.

These were her Infant spoils a store
And she in time still pilfer'd more.
At twelve she stole from Cyprus Queen,
Her Air & Love commanding mein,
Stole Juno's Dignity and stole,
From Pallas sense to charm ye Soul.

Great Jove approv'd her Crimes and Art,
And t'other Day she stole my heart,
If Lovers Cupid are your Care,
Exert your vengence on this Fair,
To trial bring her stolen Charms,
And let her Prison be my Arms.

Jockey. Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vauxhall



He says that he loves me, I'm witty & fair,
And praises my Eyes, my lips and my Hair;
Rose, Violet, nor Lilly, with me can compare,
If this be to flatter; tis pretty I swear. And a bonny &c.

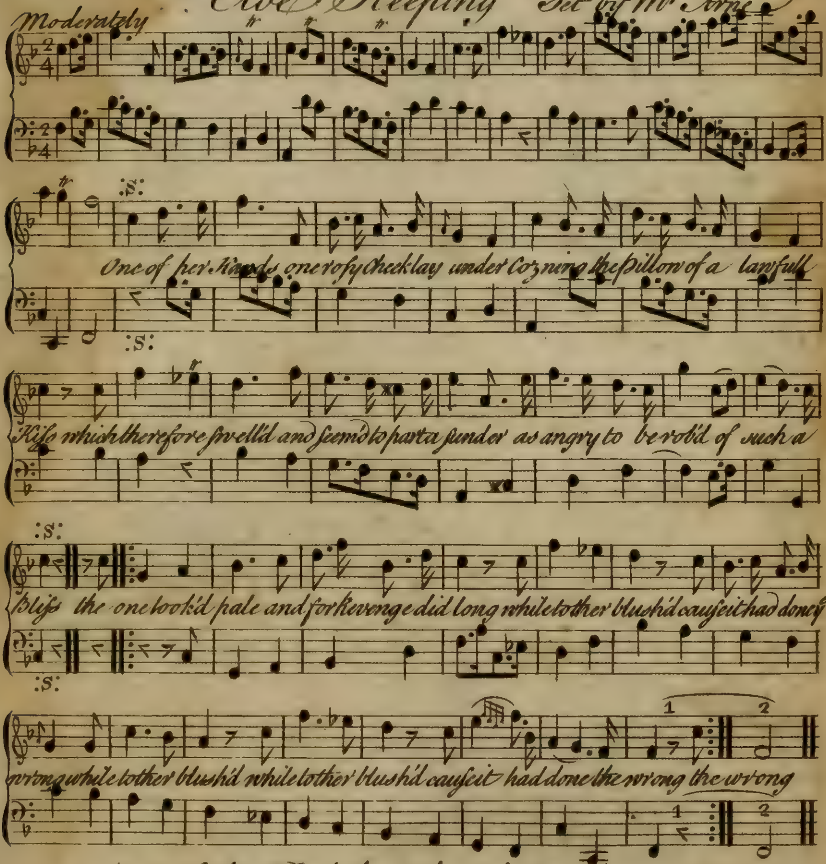
He kneel'd at my Feet & with many a Sigh,
He cry'd! O my dear will you never comply;
If you mean to destroy me, why do it I'll dye,
I trembled all over and answer'd not I. And a bonny &c.

Around the tall May-Pole he dances so neat,
And Sonnets of Love the dear Boy can repeat;
He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet,
His looks are so kind, and his Kisses so sweet. And a bonny &c

At Even when the Sun seeks repose in the West,
And May's tuneful choirists all skim to their Nest,
When I meet on the Green ye dear Boy I love best
My Heart is just ready to burst from my Breast. And a bonny &c.

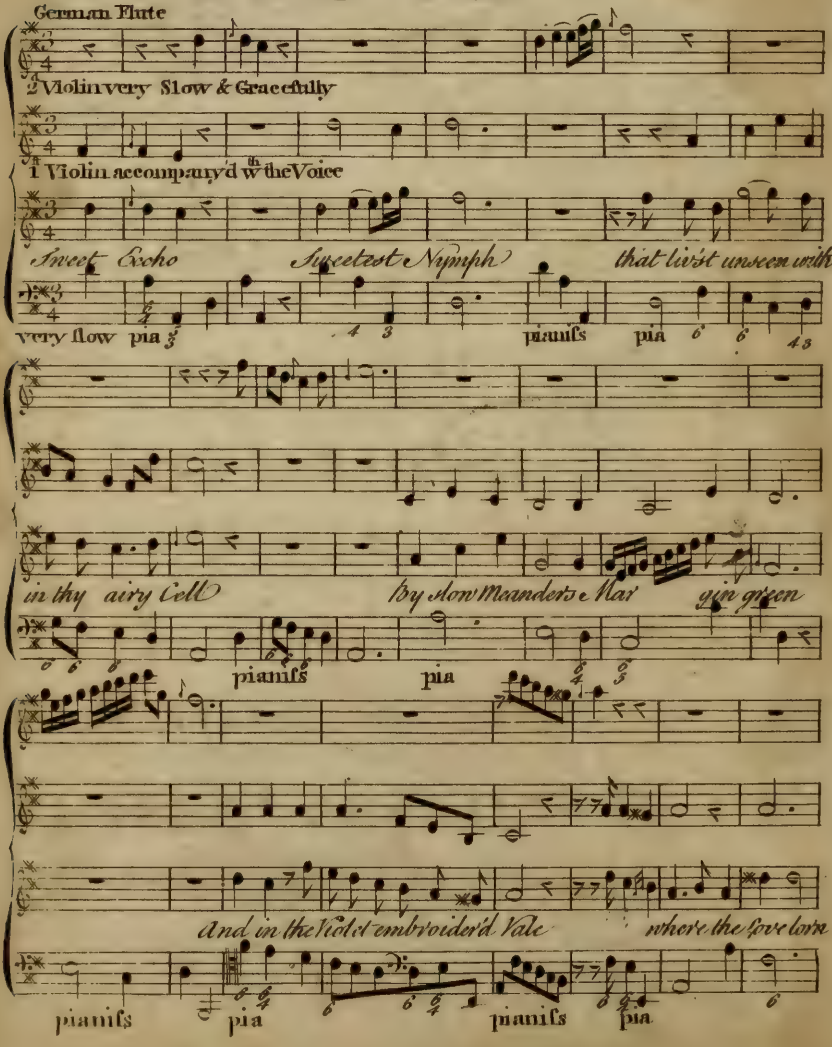
But see how ye Meadows, are moisten'd with Dew,
Come, come my dear Shepherd I wait but for you;
We live for each other, both constant & true,
And taste ye soft Raptures no Monarch e'er knew. And a bonny &c.

Cloe Sleeping Set by Mr. Arne

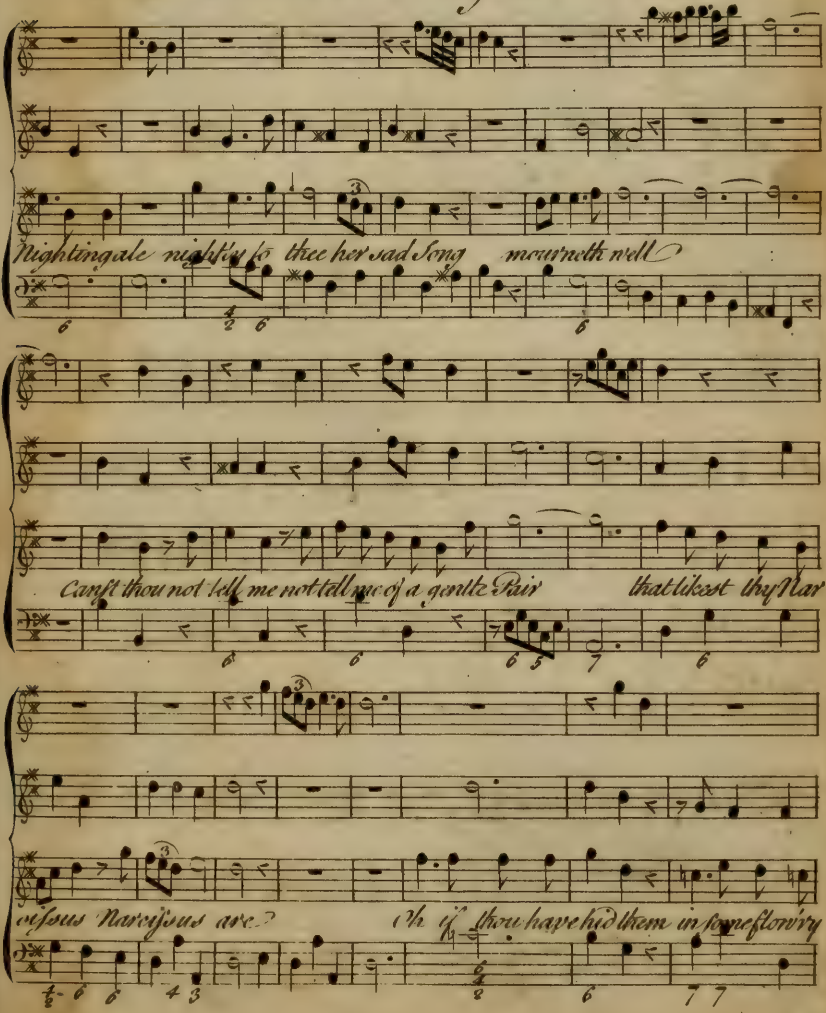


Out of the Bed the Other fair Hand was,
On a green Sattin Quilt, whose perfect white
Look'd like a Daisie in a field of Grass,
And appear'd like unmelt Snow unto y Sight,
So lay this pretty fair-one, safe to keep
Her lovely Form, that there lay fast a sleep.

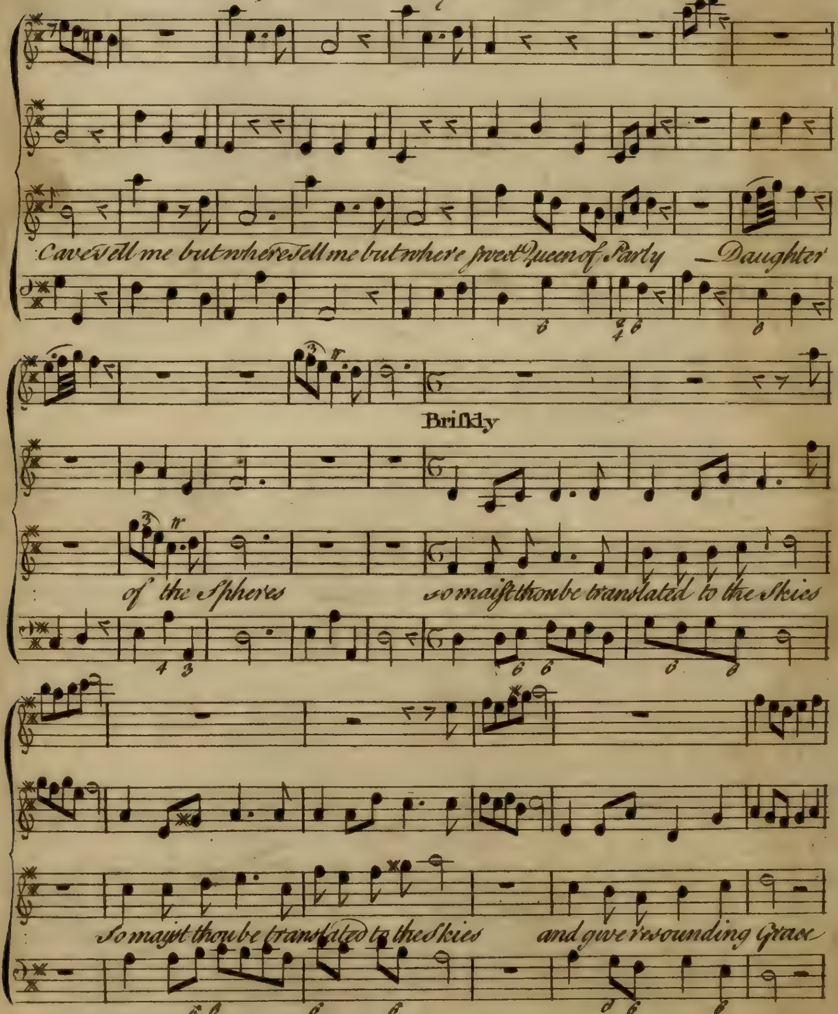
Sweet Eccho


German Flute
2 Violin very Slow & Gracefully
1 Violin accompany'd wth the Voice
Sweet Eccho Sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen with
very slow pia
pianiss
pia
in thy airy Cell By slow Meanders Mar gin green
pianiss
pia
And in the Violet embroider'd Vale where the Love lorn
pianiss
pia
pianiss
pia

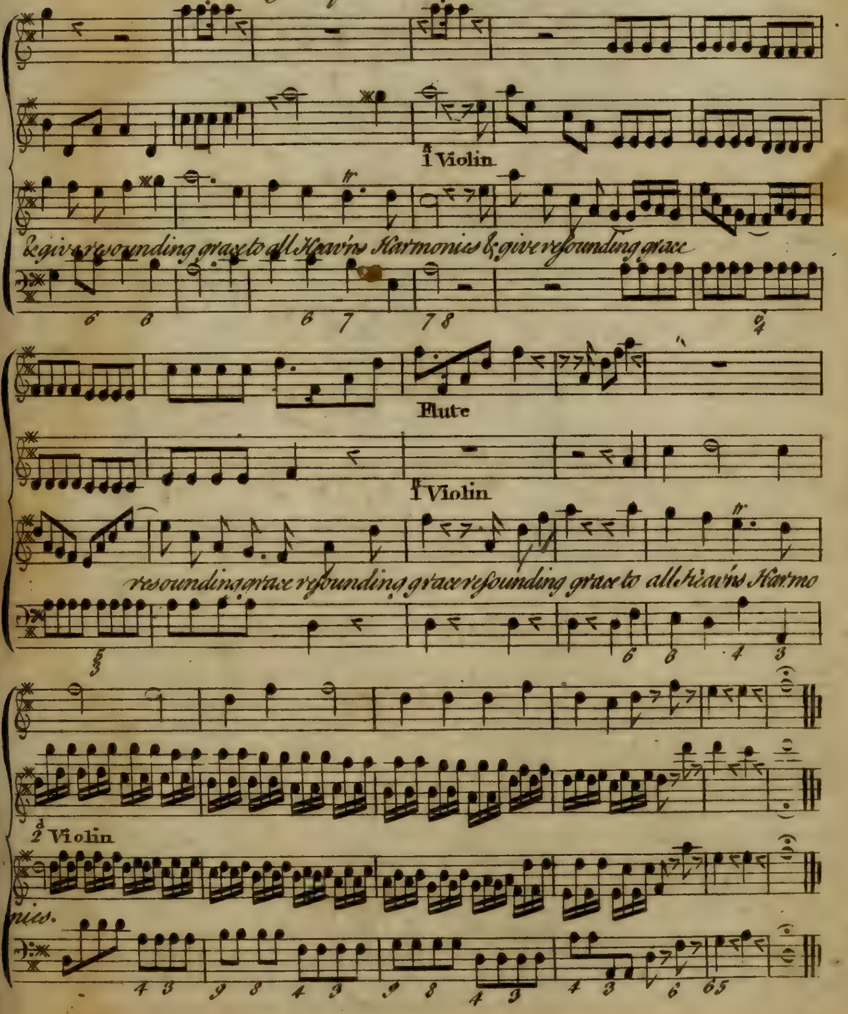
A Favourite Song in Comus



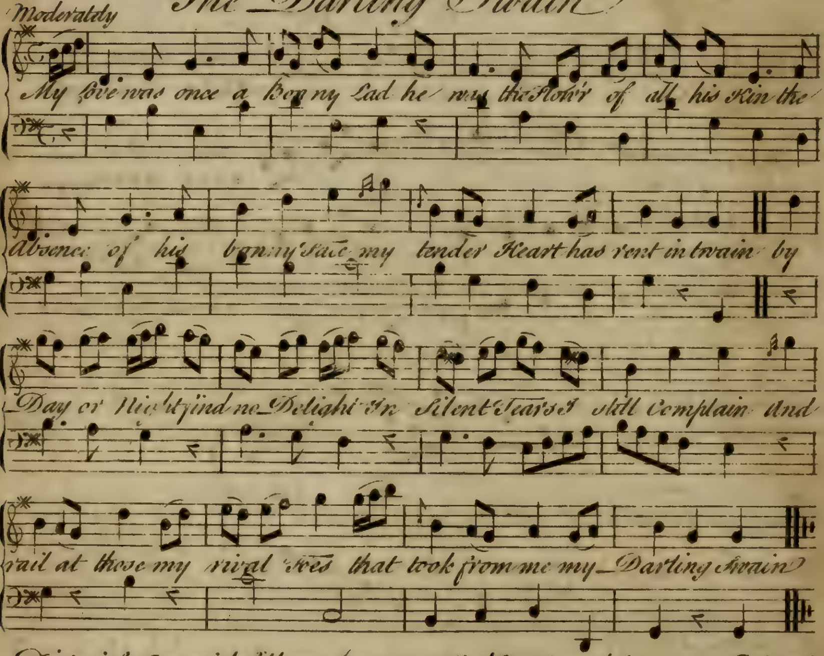
Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



Sung by Mrs Arne



The Darling Swain



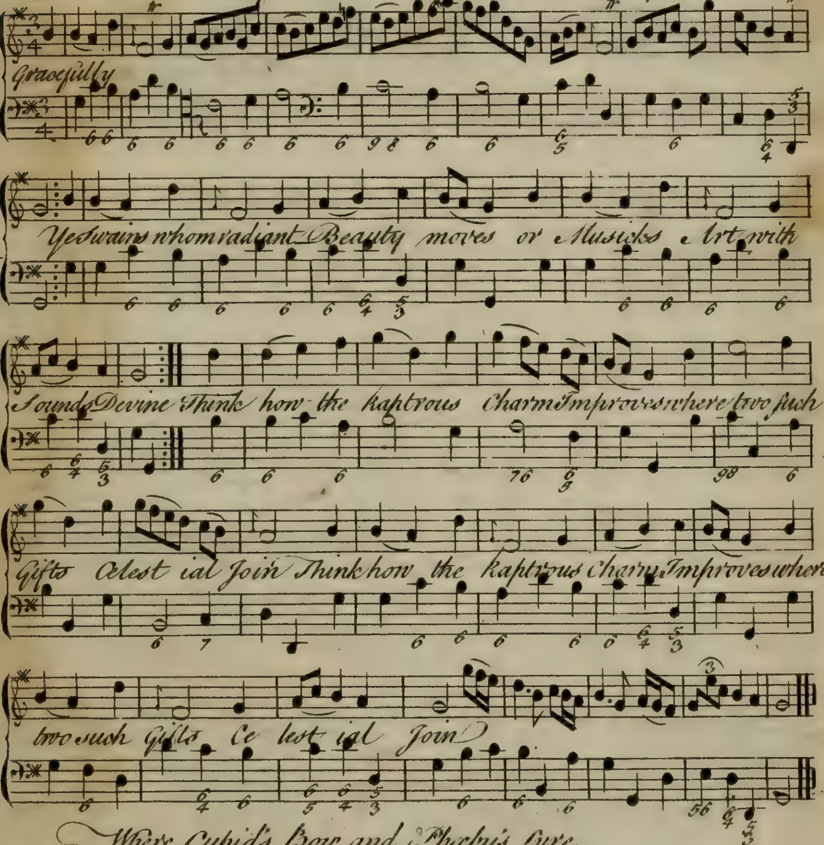
Dispair & Anguish fills my Breast,
Since I have lost my blooming Rose,
I sigh and mourn while others rest,
His absence yields me no Repose.
To seek my Love I'll range and rove,
Thro' ev'ry grove & distant Plain,
I ne'er will cease but spend my Days
Till I hear from my darling Swain.

I need not strange at Nature's Change
Since Parents shew'd such Cruelty,
Therefore my love from me to range
And knows not to what Destiny
The pretty Kids & tender Lambs
Shall cease to Sport upon the Plain,
But they lament in Discontent,
For th' absence of my darling Swain.

Kind Neptune let me you Intreat,
To send a fair & pleasant Gale,
Your Dolphins sweet upon me wait,
For to convey me on your Sail;
May Heavens bless me with success,
While crossing on the raging Main,
And send me o'er to the same Shore,
To meet my lovely darling Swain.

All Joy & mirth at our Return,
Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay,
The Bells shall ring & Birds shall sing,
To grace & Crown our Nuptial day
Thus blest to Charms in my loves arms,
Once more my Heart I will obtain;
I'll range no more to a distant Shore,
But will enjoy my darling Swain.

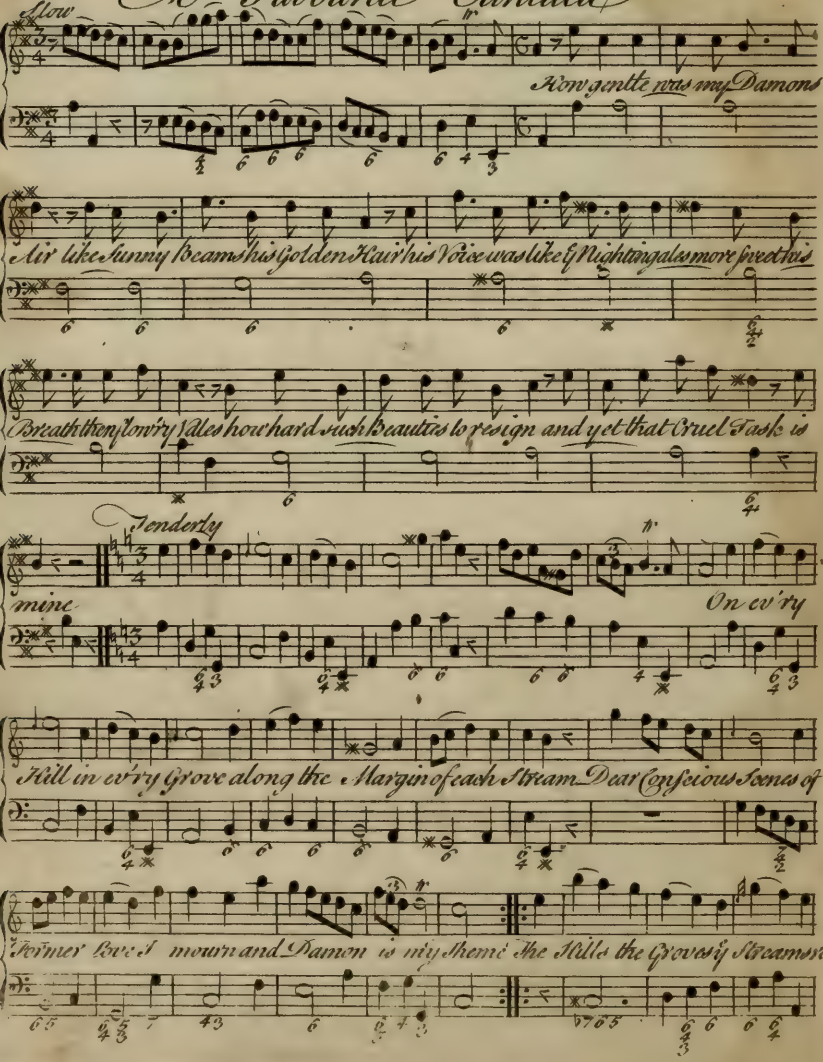
Beauty and Musick, set by Mr Rameau



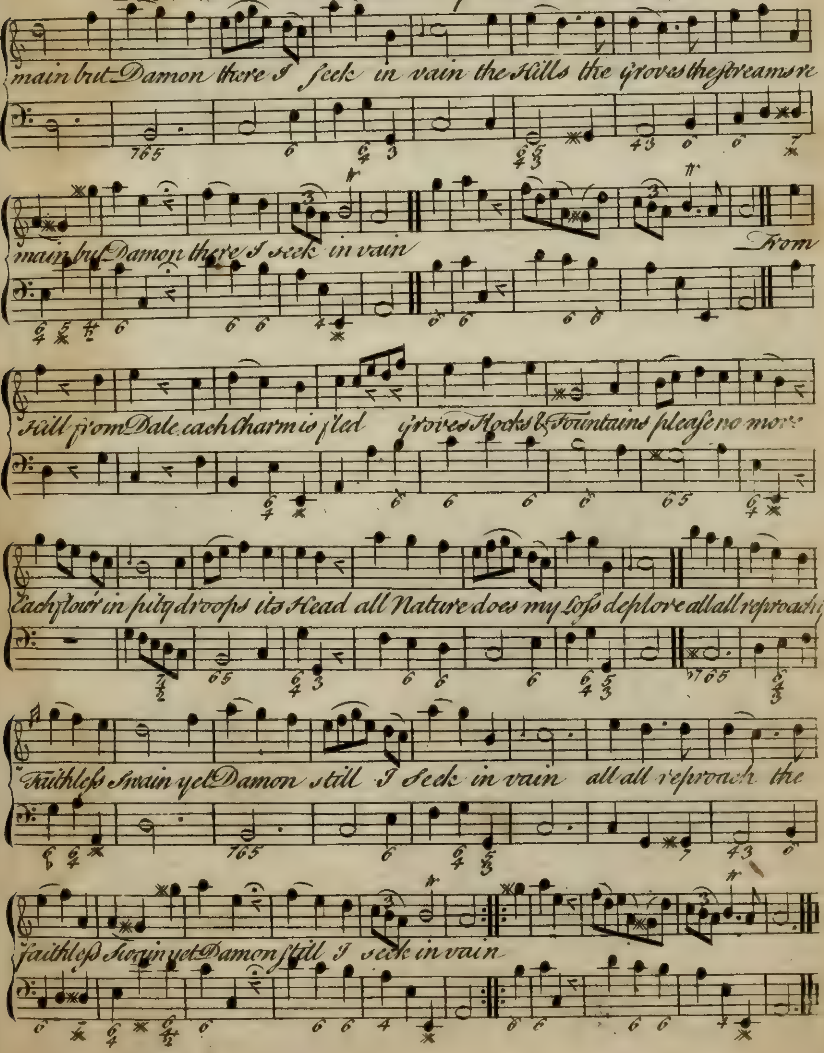
Where Cupid's Bow and Phœbus Lyre,
In the same powerfull hand are found,
Where lovely Eyes inflame Desire,
While trembling Notes are taught to wound?

Enquire not who's the matchless fair,
That can this double Death bestow,
If young Harmonia's Strains you hear,
Or view her Eyes too well you'll know.

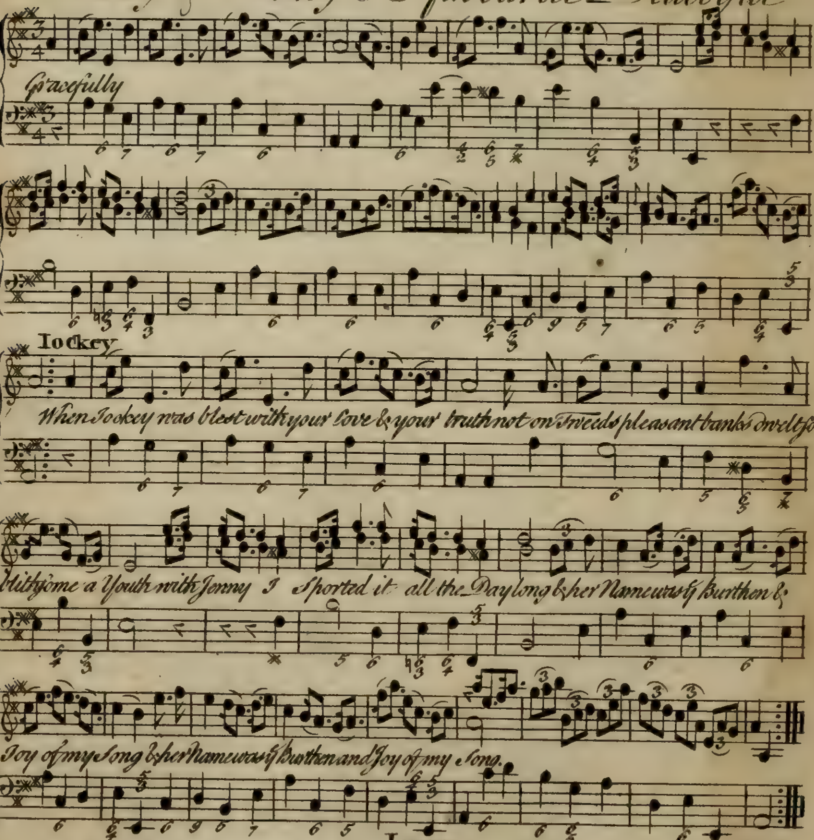
A Favourite Cantata



Set to Musick by Mr Arne



Jockey & Jenny A favourite Dialogue



Ienny

Ere Jockey had ceas'd all his kindness to me.
There liv'd in the Vale not so happy a she.
Such pleasures with Jockey his Jenny had known.
That he scorn'd in a Cot the Fine Folks of the Town.

Iockey

Ah Jockey what fear now possesses thy mind.
That Jenny so Constant to Willy's been kind;
When dancing so gay with the Nymphs on y plain.
She yeilded her hand & her heart to y Swain.

Set by Mr Worgan & Sung at Vaux Hall

Jenny

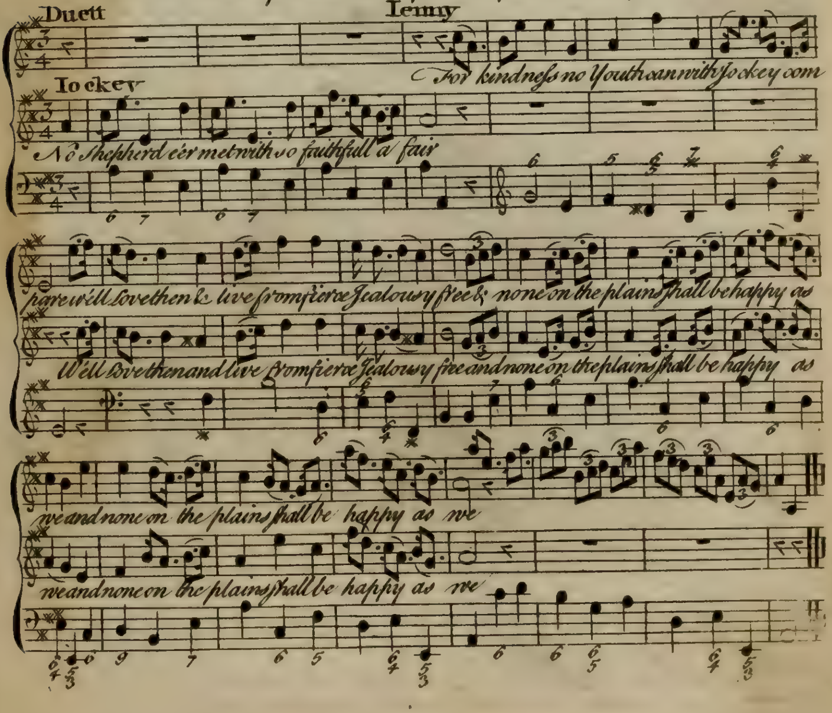
You falsly upbraid but remember the Day,
With Lucy you toy'd it beneath ye new Hay,
When alone with your Lucy, the Shepherds have said,
You forgot all the Vows that to Jenny where made.

Jockey

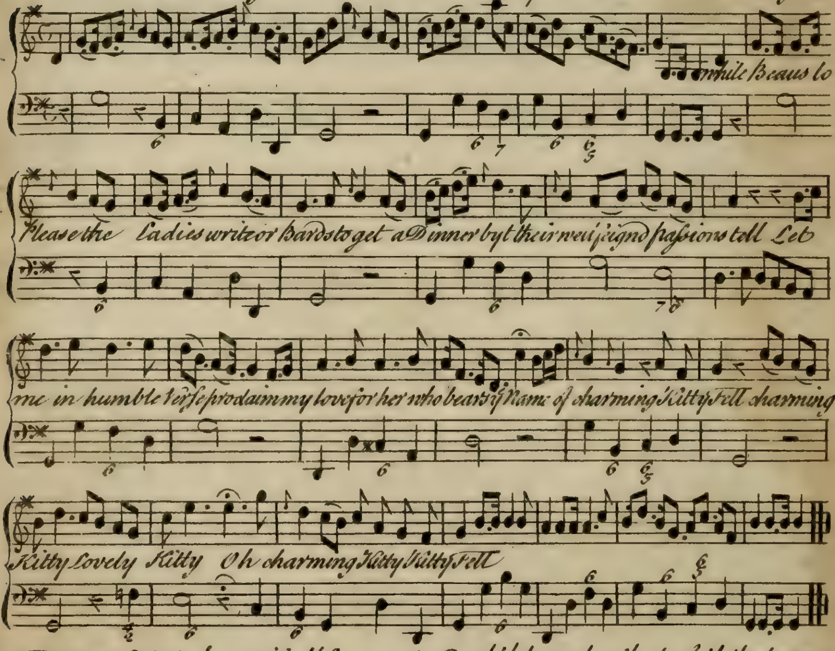
Believe not sweet Jenny, my Heart stray'd from thee,
For Lucy ye wantons a Maid still for me;
From a Lass that's so true your fond Jockey ne'er rov'd,
Nor once coud forsake the kind Jenny he lov'd.

Jenny

My heart for young Willy ne'er panted & sigh'd,
For you of that heart where the Joy & the Pride,
While Tweeds waters glide shall your Jenny be true,
Nor love my dear Jockey a Shepherd like you.



Kitty Fell — Sung by Mr Beard at Ranelagh



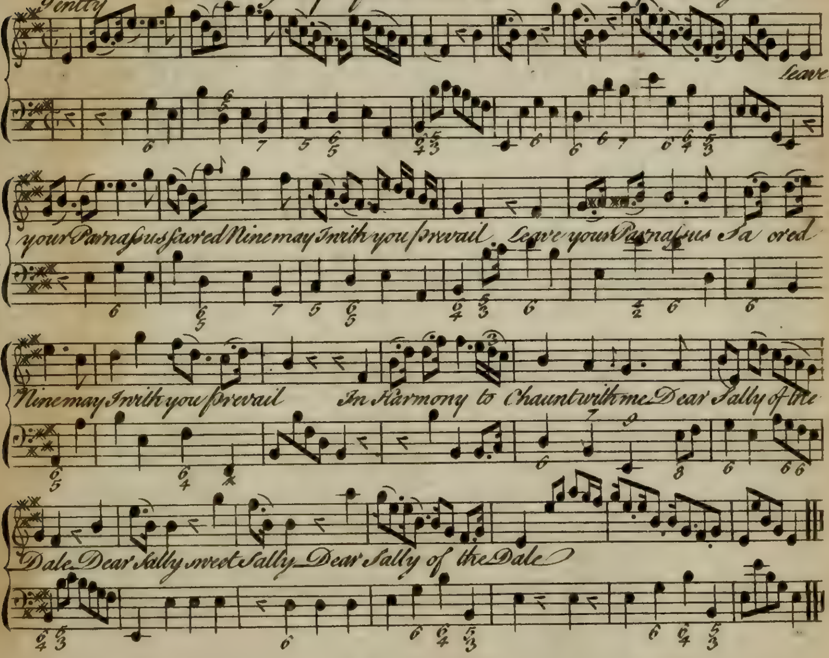
That Kitty's beautifull & young,
That she has Danc'd, that she has sung
Alas! I know full well:
I feel, and I shall ever feel,
The dart more sharp than pointed steel,
That came from Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, Lovely Kitty,
Oh charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

Of late I hop'd by Reason's aid,
To cure ye wounds that Love had made,
And bad along farewell:
But t'other Day she cross'd ye Green,
I saw, I wish I had not seen,
My charming Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, Lovely Kitty,
Oh charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way,
To Church, she cry'd I cannot stay;
Why dont you hear the Bell.
To Church Ch'd take me with ye there,
I pray'd she woud not hear my Prayr:
Ah! cruel Kitty Fell.
Cruel Kitty, charming Kitty,
Ah' cruel Kitty, Kitty Fell.

And now I find tis all in vain,
I live to Love, & to Complain,
Condemn'd in Chains to dwell
For tho she casts a scornful Eye
In Death my faultring Tongue will cry
Adieu dear Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, Cruel Kitty,
Adieu sweet Kitty, Kitty Fell.

Sally of ye Dale — Set by Mr Jos Jackson



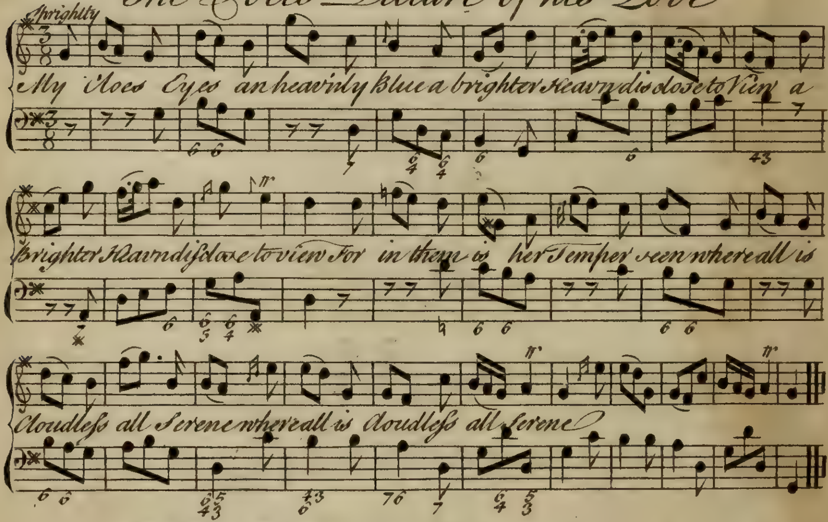
Her lovely Form & pleasing Mien
Her matchless Charms unveil:
Majestick Grace adorns ye face
Of Sally of the Dale &c.

Next view her gently rising Breast
Which does new sweets exhale
Each courts ye Bliss to gain a Kiss.
From Sally of the Dale &c.

By Reason's Force and Energy
She can Mankind assail:
True Eloquence attracts the Sence
In Sally of the Dale &c.

She reigns the Mirrour of her Age
Whose Power ne'er will fail;
None can express the Happiness
Of Sally of the Dale &c.

The Poets Picture of his Love



My Cloe's Cheeks, where Flowers mix,
With Hopes, and Fears, my Love perplex.
For in those leav's her Soul's expressd,
The Doubts and Wishes of her breast.

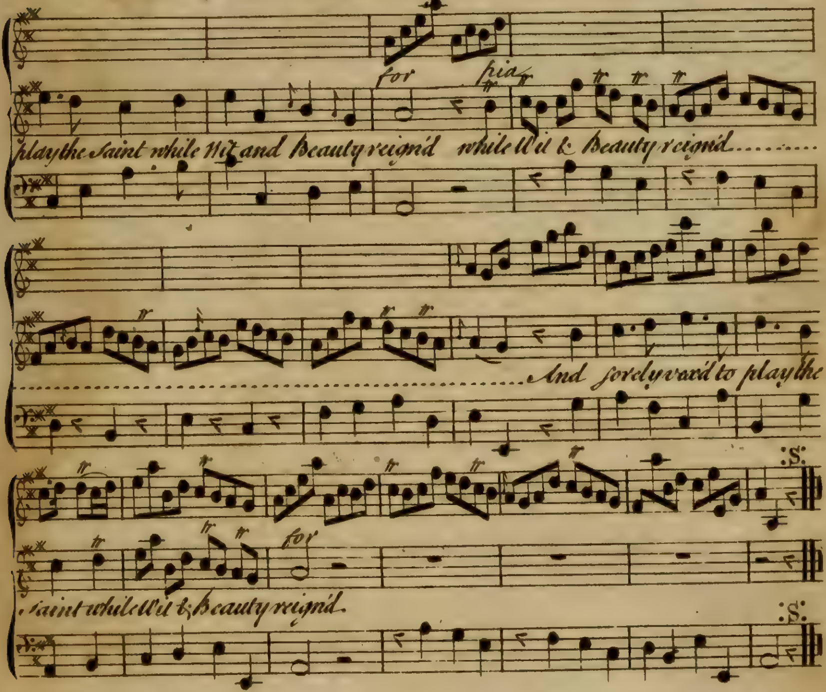
My Cloes Breast than Snow more fair
Than Snow more cold inspires Despair
For that its little Guest conceals
Yet all thats pure and chaste reveals.

My Cloes Lips as Cherries red
Have oft with Hope my Fancy fed
For these in honied words dispence
Good Humour heightn'd with good Sence.

My Cloes Breaths as Roses sweet
Where pains & Pleasures gratefull meet
For Wit does with her Sence conspire
At once the Flower and the Briar.

My Cloes Hair with Art entwind
Calls all her Beauties to my mind
For forming Fancy paints her there
Of various Charms one perfect Fair.

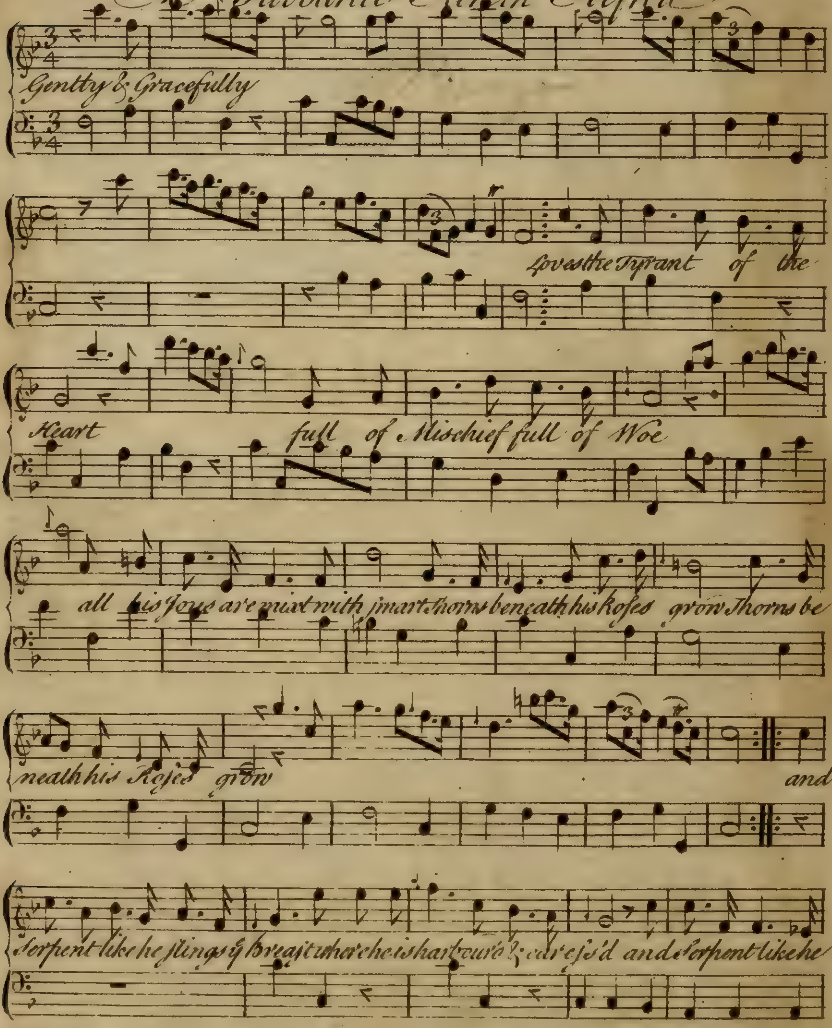
Set to Musick by Mr Arne



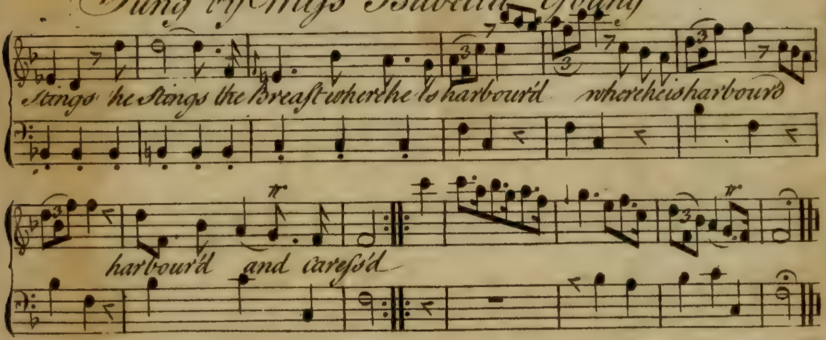
Must Lady Jenny frisk about:
And visit with her Cousins,
At Balls must she make all you
And bring home Hearts by do'zens
What has she better, pray than I,
What hidden Charms to boast,
That all Mankind for her should die
While I am scarce a Toast.
Am scarce - - - - - a Toast
That all Mankind for her should die,
While I am scarce a Toast.

Dear, dear Mamma, for once let me,
Unchain'd my Fortune try,
I'll have my Earl as well as She,
Or know the Reason why.
Fond Love prevail'd Mamma gave way
And Kitty at heart's Desire,
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And set the World on Fire.
On Fire - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And set the World on Fire.

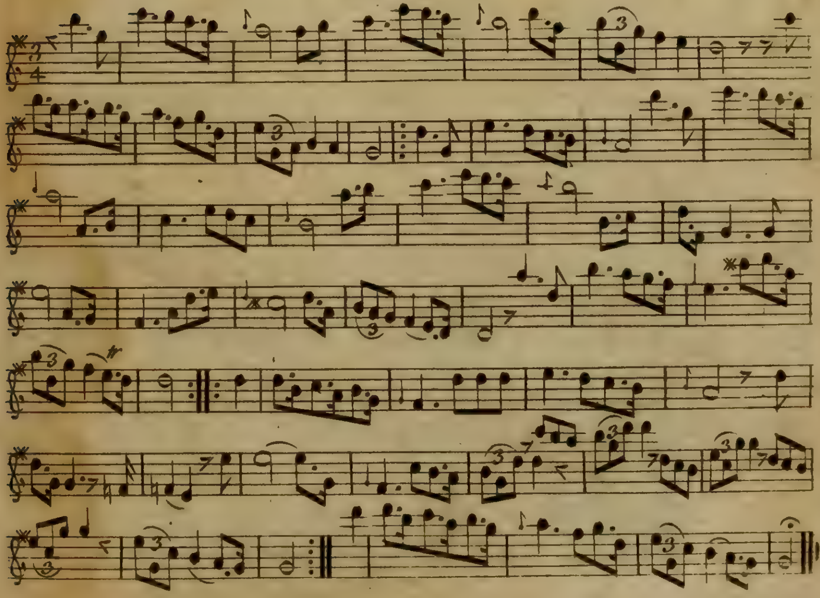
A Favourite Air in Alfred



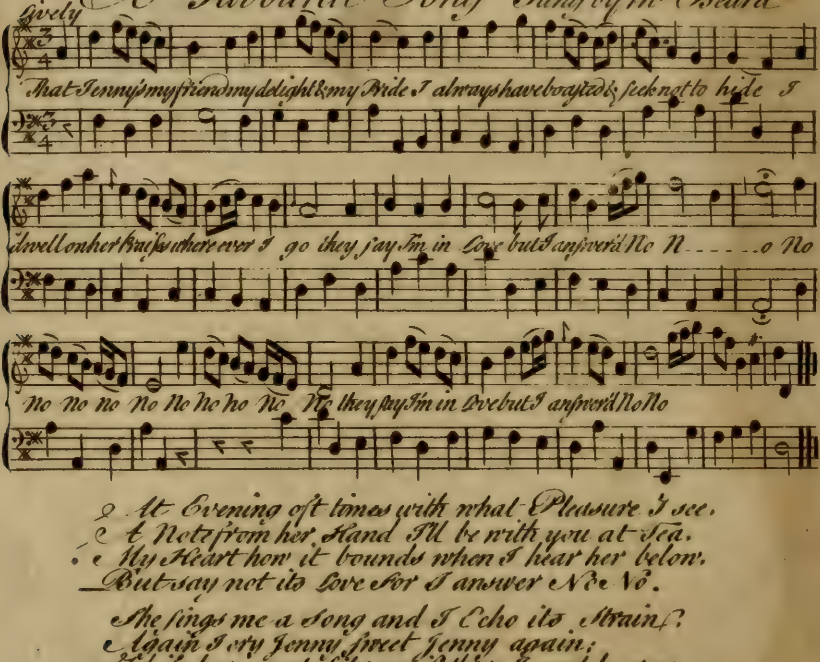
Sung by Miss Isabella Young



For the German Flute



A Favourite Song Sung by Mr Beard



2 At Evening oft times with what Pleasure I see.
A Note from her Hand I'll be with you at Tea.
My Heart how it bounds when I hear her below.
But say not its Love for I answer No No.

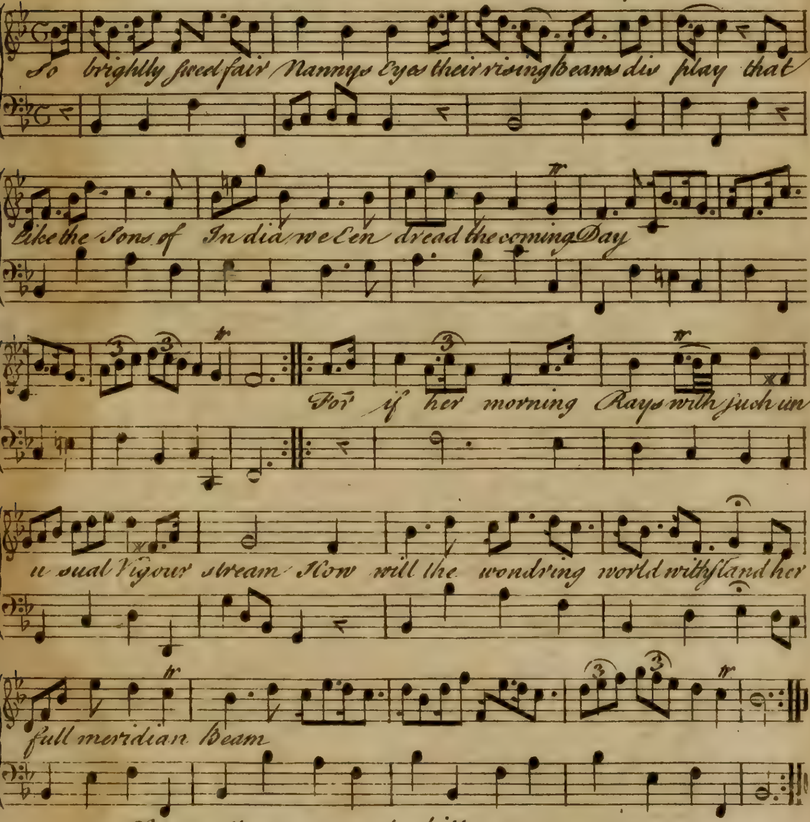
She sings me a Song and I Echo its Strains?
Again I cry Jenny sweet Jenny again;
I kiss her sweet Lips as if there I could grow.
But say not its Love for I answer No No:

She tells me her Faults as she sits on my Knee,
I chide her and Swear she's an Angel to me;
My Shoulder she taps and still bids me think so,
Who know's but she Loves tho' she answer No No.

But such is my Temper so dull am I grown,
I ask not her Heart, but would Conquer my own.
Her Bosom's soft peace, should I seek to o'erthrow,
And try to perswade tho' I answer No No.

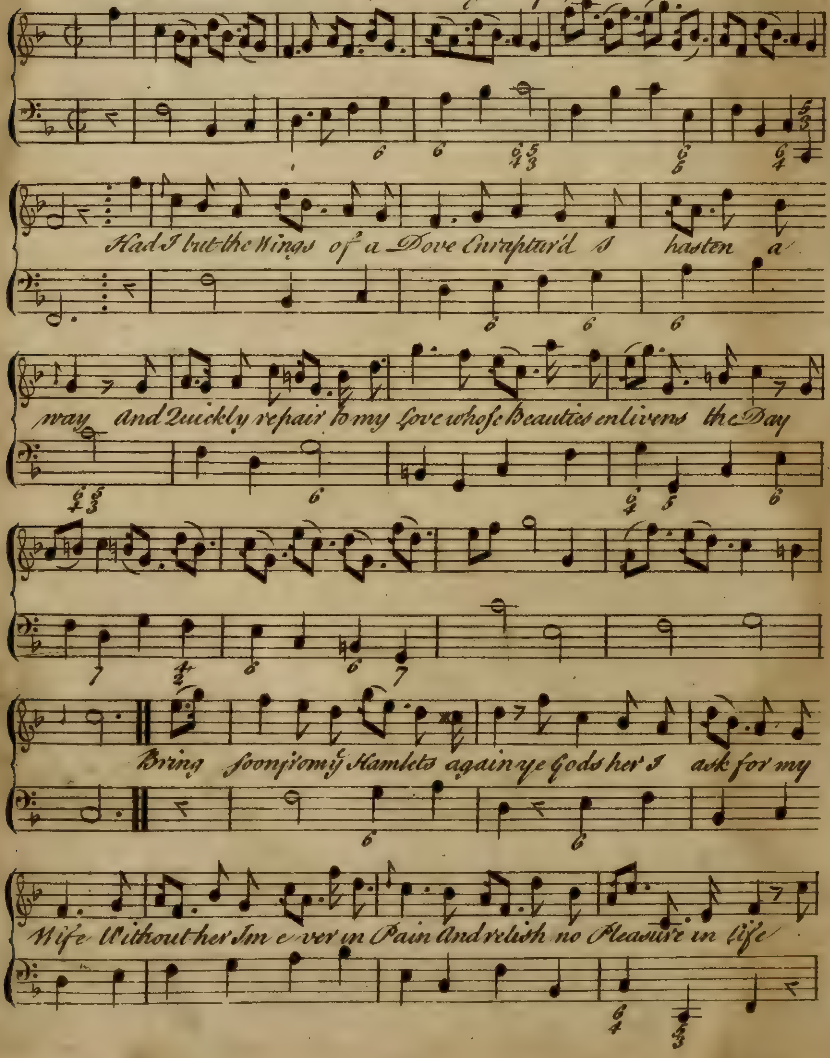
From Beauty and Wit, and good humour how I,
Should Prudence advise & Compel me to fly,
Thy bounty O Fortune make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her or still I'll say No

A Favourite Air   Set by Mr Hawdon

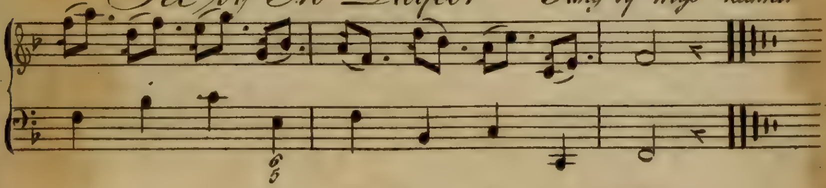


If now She Innocently kills,
With an unaiming Dart,
Who shall resist her, when with skill
She levels at the Heart,
Since with such smile, the pretty Nymph,
Now captivates the sence;
What when Her (Beautys at the height),
Will be it's Influence.

Had I but the Wings of a Dove

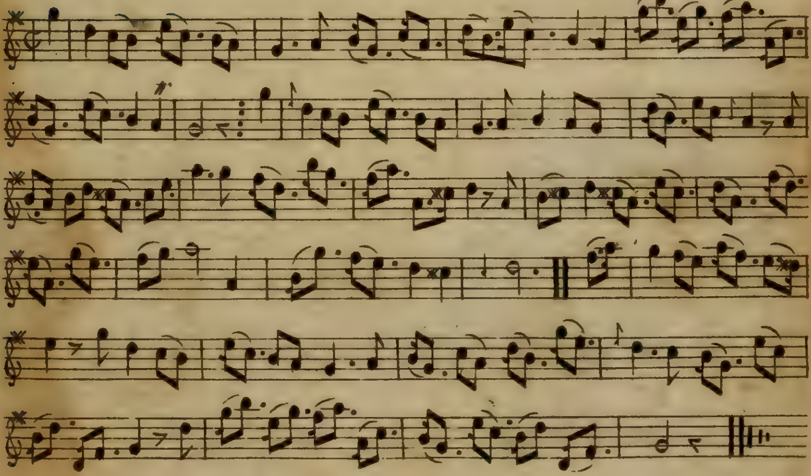


Set by Mr. Taylor   Sung by Miss Falkner

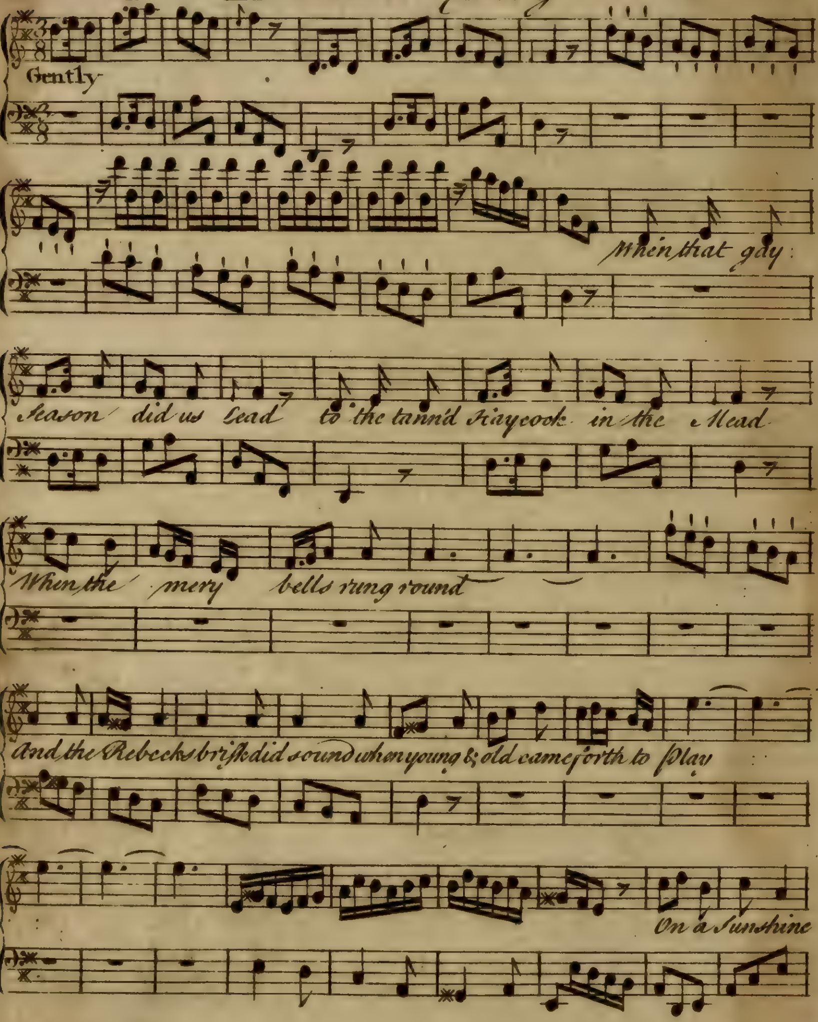


Ah cruel Decree of hard Fate,
To keep me so long from my fair;
Come pity my desolate State,
And banish all thoughts of despair,
With her oh! What Scenes I enjoy,
Of mirth, and good Humour all Day,
Such blessings as never will cloy,
Nor cease till our Souls leave the Clay.

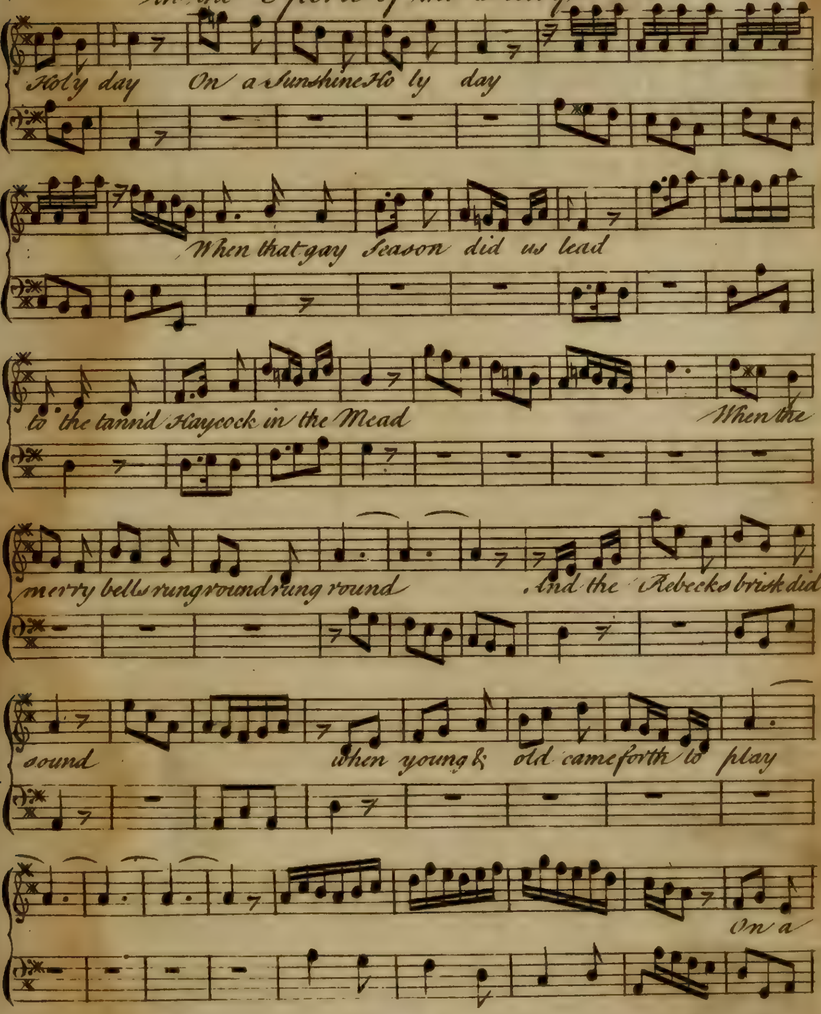
FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE.



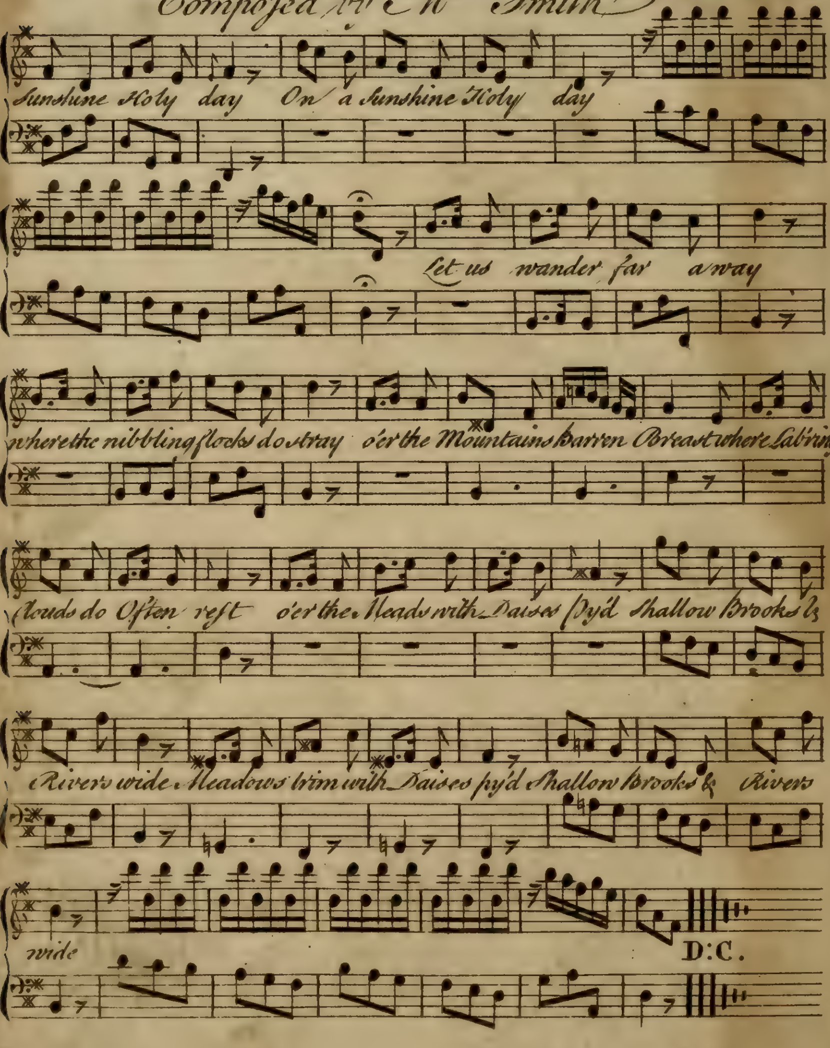
A Favourite Song



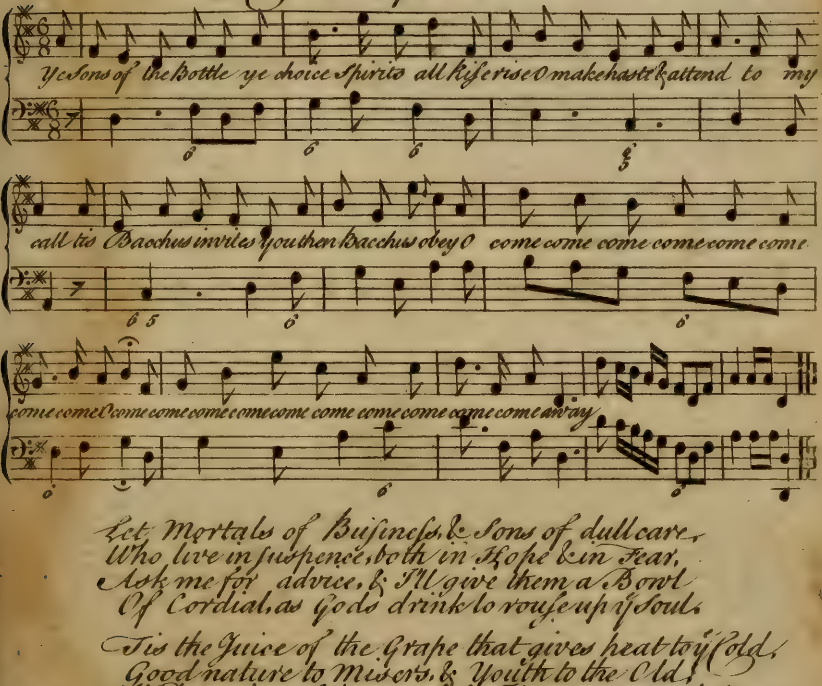
in the Opera of the Fairys



Composed by Mr Smith



The Choice Spirits



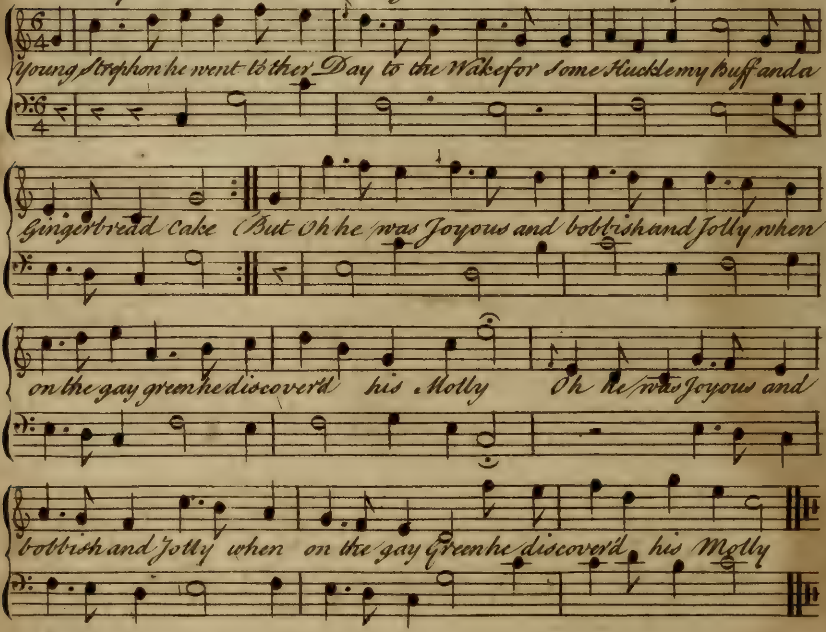
Let Mortals of Business, & Sons of dull care,
Who live in suspence, both in Hope & in Fear,
Ask me for advice, & I'll give them a Bowl
Of Cordial, as Gods drink to rouse up ye Soul.

Tis the Juice of the Grape that gives heat to ye Cold,
Good nature to Misers, & Youth to the Old;
Without its Assistance soft Pleasure would cloy,
Wine prompts us & fires us to Love & to Joy.

Wine makes the Maid kinder & willing to kiss,
Till at length she consents & consummates your bliss.
Sweet Venus is wont e'er she leaps into Bed,
To take a full Glass to enliven her Head.

Then ye good Fellows all to my Table repair,
And empty ye Bottles that stand for you there;
Who flinches his Bumper, or puts by his Glass,
Is not fit for a Wench I pronounce him an Ass.

Strephon and Molly a new Ballad set by Mr Arne

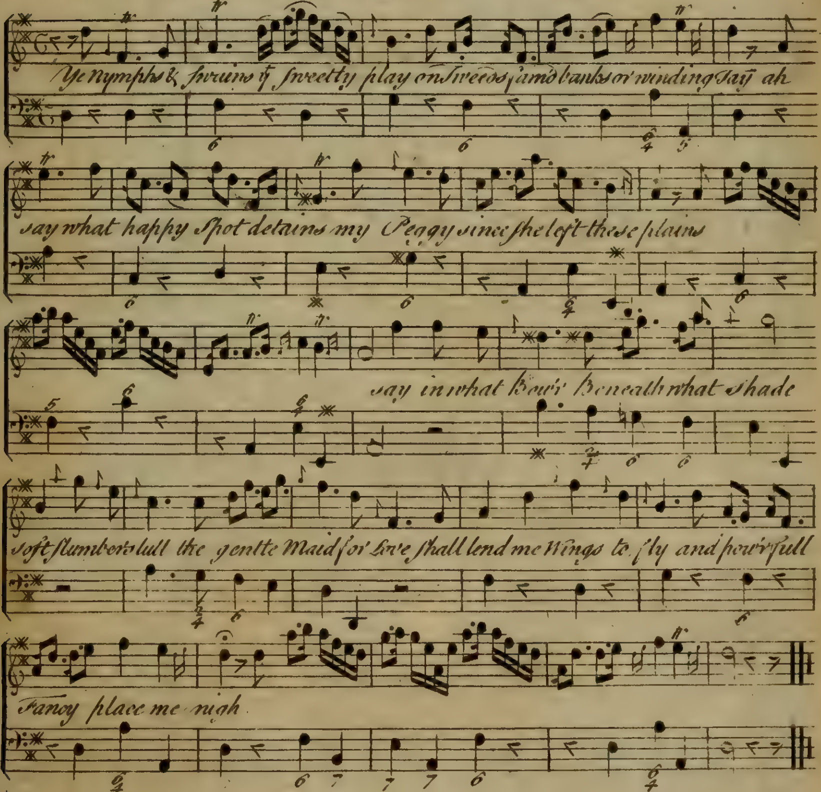


Brisk Molly came tripping along the gay Green,
As fine as a Horse, or a Gingerbread Queen,
Young Strephon went to her, & made a low bow,
And he look'd, if so be, as he coudn't tell how.

With that they began without any Pother,
Of talking of this, and of that, and of tother,
And though she woud pish, & woud cry let me go,
Yet he press'd her likewise, & he squeez'd her also.

Come all ye young Youths of Saint Lawrence's Parish,
Who love ev'ry Thing that is finish and rarish,
Be Joyous and bobbish, and buxom and Jolly,
Sing Molly & Strephon & Strephon and Molly.

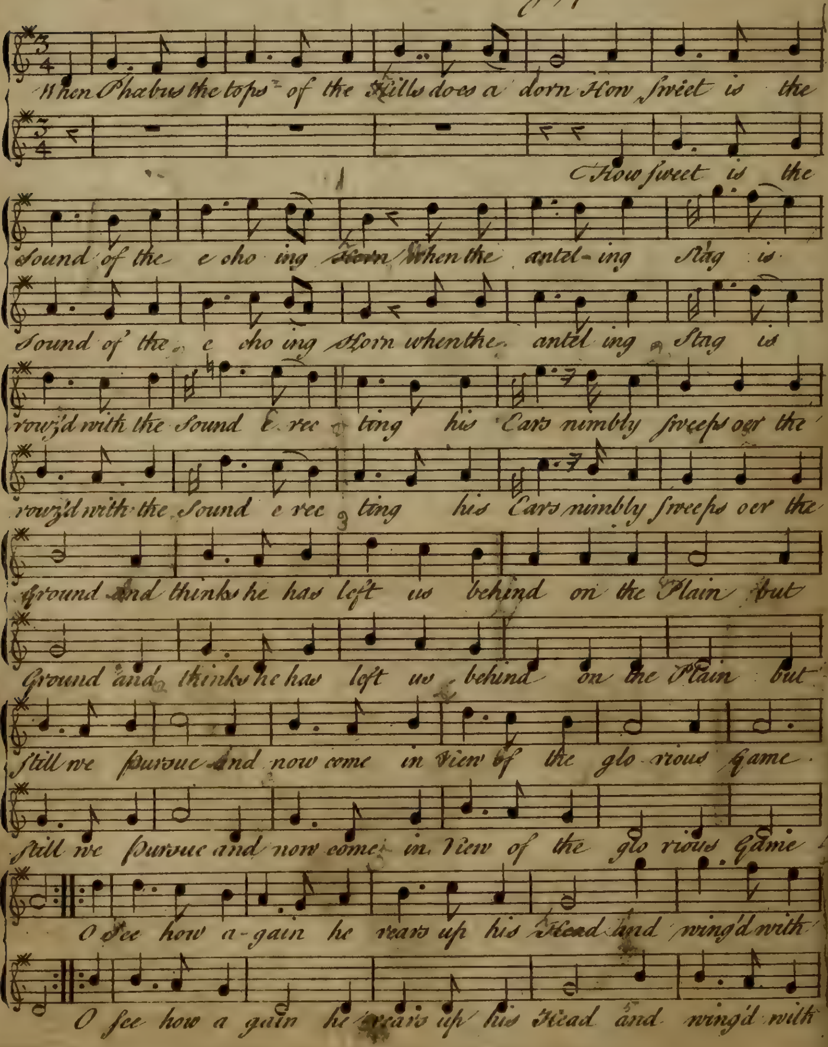
Ye Nymphs & Swains set by Mr Baildon



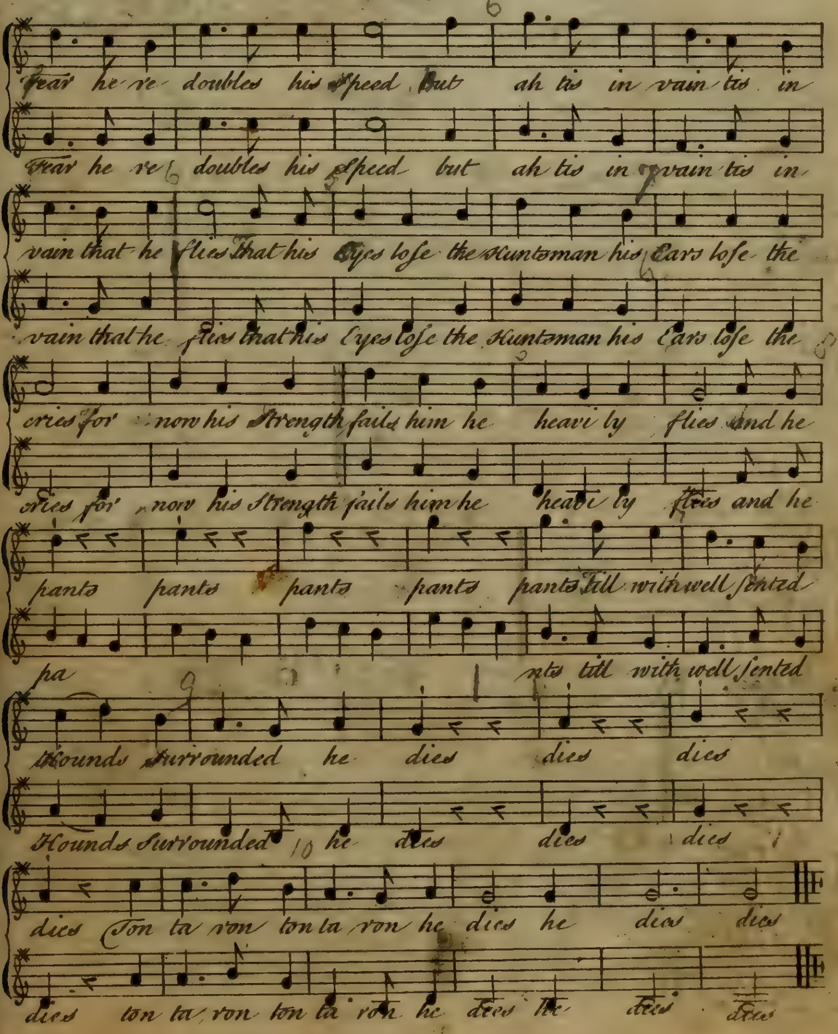
Alas! the blissfull scene how chang'd,
Where once we both with Pleasure rang'd;
Not half so fair y Lilly springs,
Not half so sweet the Linnet sings:
Haste then thou Lovely fair once more
O haste to bless the Southern Shore;
And Aprils Clouds shall smile as gay,
As all y sunny Pride of may.

Yet rather may the Fates deny,
The Beauties to my longing Eye;
If time a cruel change has wrought,
On Tweed a sweeter Lesson taught;
But should thy faithful Shepherd find,
His lovely Peggy still is kind;
Then Absence shall thy Charms improve,
And I with double Rapture love.

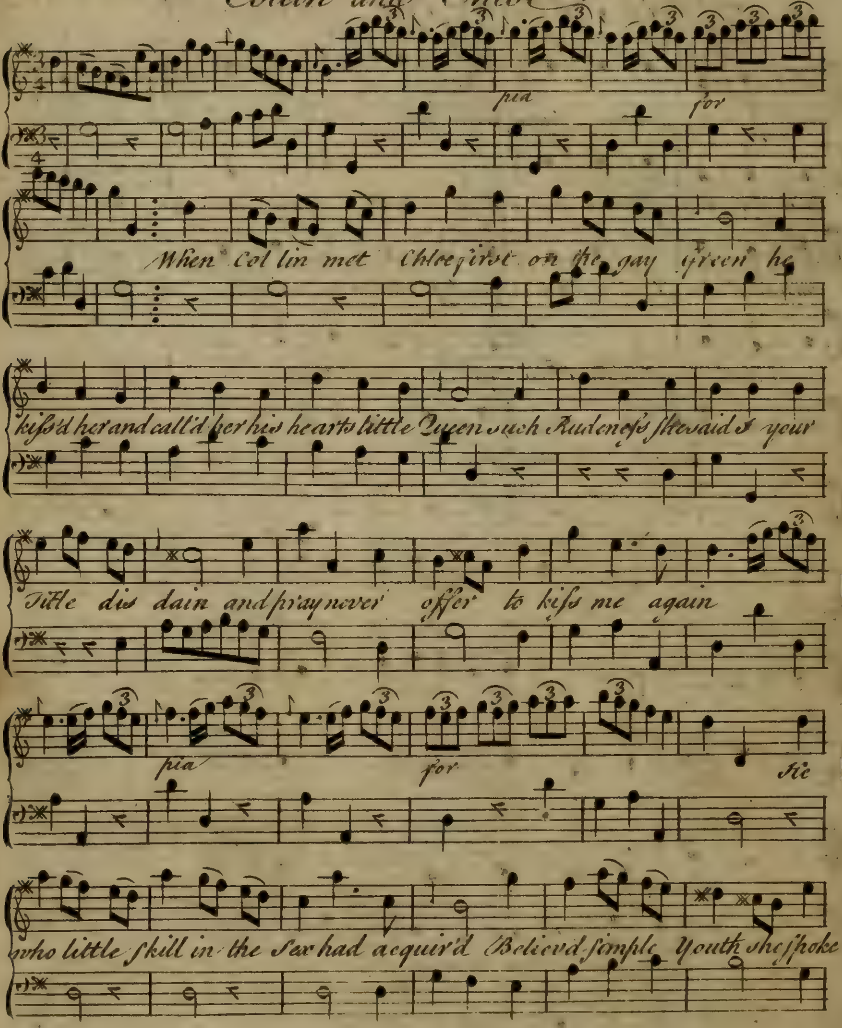
A Favourite Song for two Voices



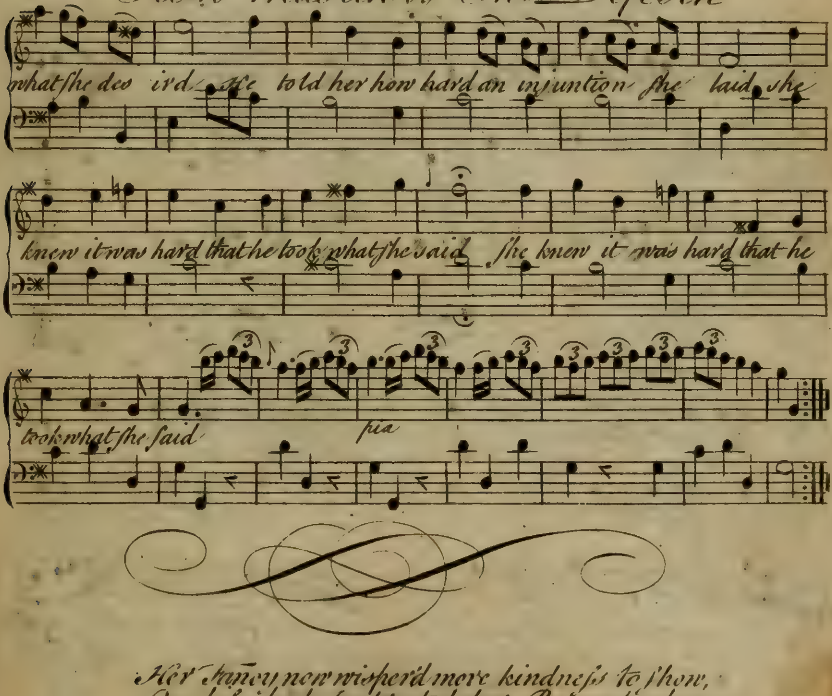
Set to Musick by Mr Handell



Collin and Chloe



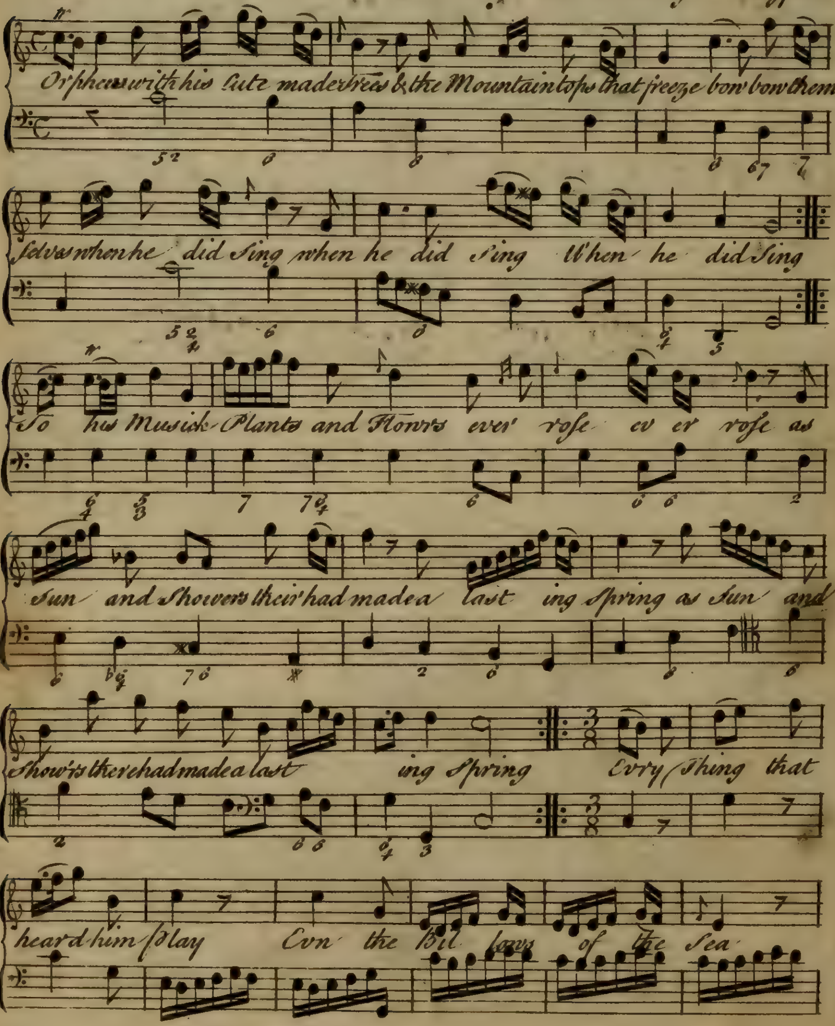
Set to Musick by Mr. Defesch



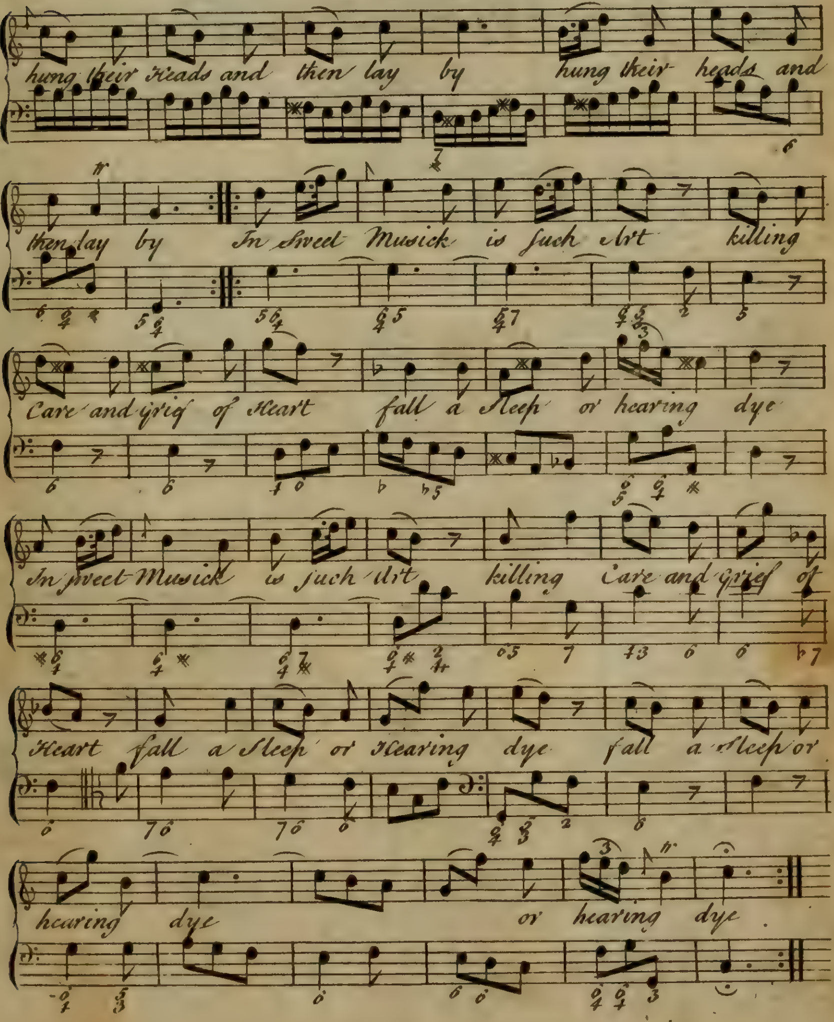
Her Fancy now wisperd more kindness to show,
One kiss had Instructed her Bosom to glow,
Her Heart thus y Shepherd ensnar'd by a whim,
She thought he lov'd her, she was sure she lov'd him.
He'd let his flocks rove for her sake all y Day,
And say such soft things as all true Lovers say,
But as she'd forbid him her Lips where forgot,
Cou'd this be call'd Courtship I really think not.

At length by good luck he took courage & cry'd,
Will Chloe consent to be Collin's sweet Bride;
She grew in a Passion, but cool'd by degrees,
Yet made him no answer but yes if you please.
And now she's a Wife she's no longer a Prude,
The station has sooth'd her to what she thought rude,
For now when a Kiss she receives from her swain,
Her Heart beats with Rapture to Kiss him again.

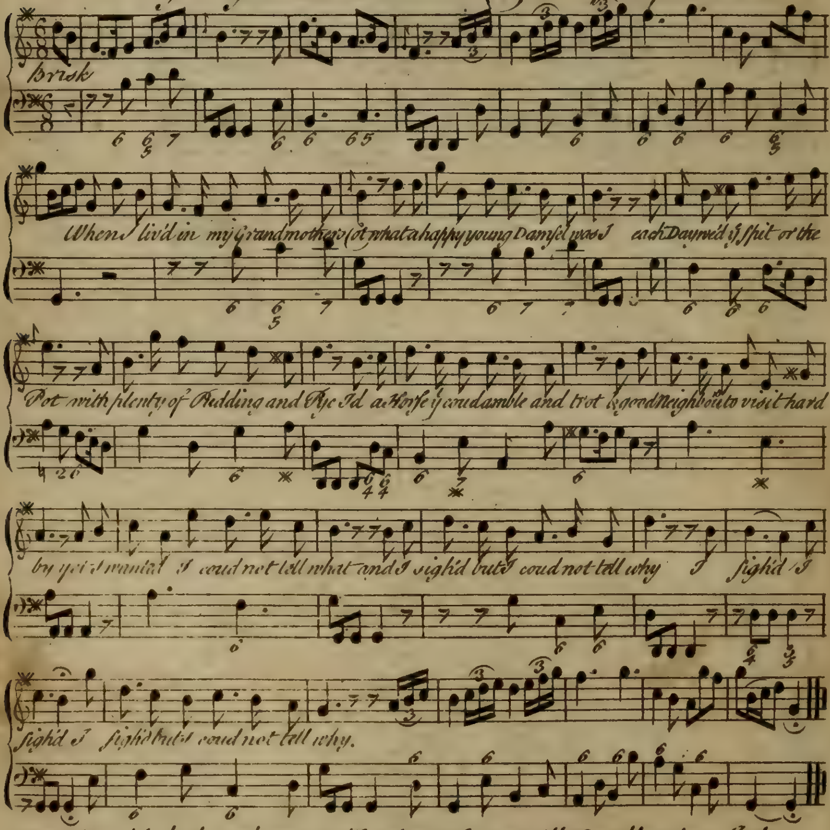
A Favourite Song. the Words by Shakespear



Set to Musick by Dr Green



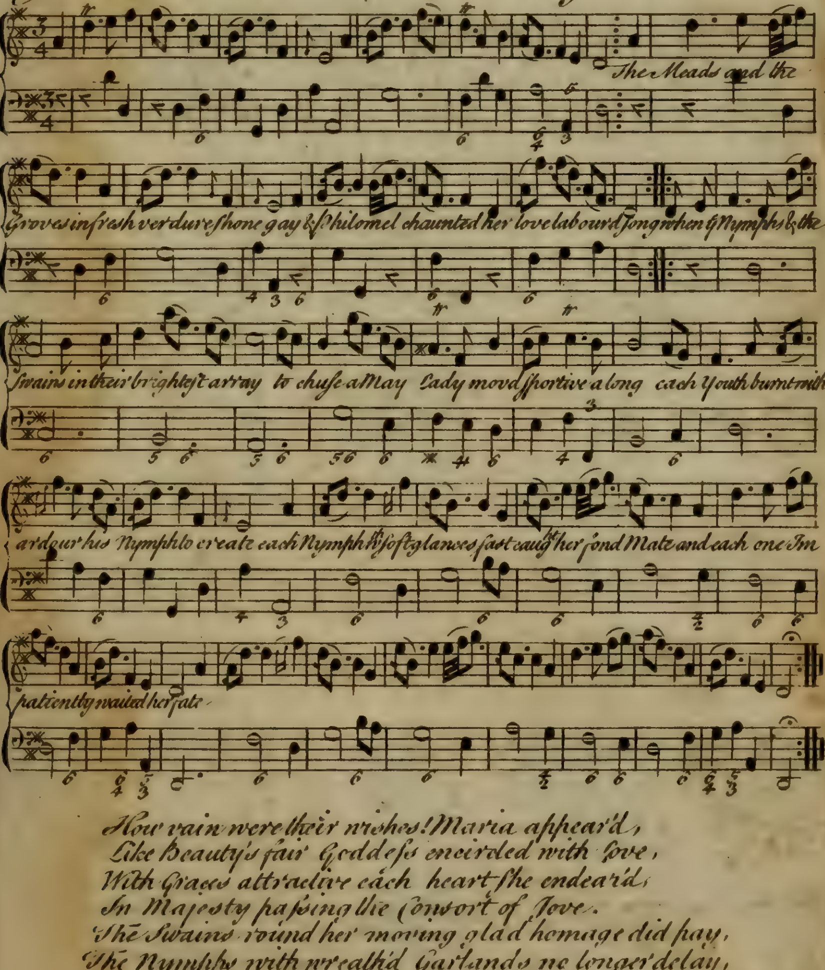
My Grandmother's Cot set by Mr. Arne



My Daddy he bought me a Knot,
With a Fan, & a new-fashion'd Fly,
A pair of Silk Shoes too I got,
To wear when ÿ Weather was dry,
Yet to pine all ÿ Day was my lot,
And in Bed ever restless to lye;
For I wanted I coud not tell what,
And I sigh'd but I coud'nt tell why.

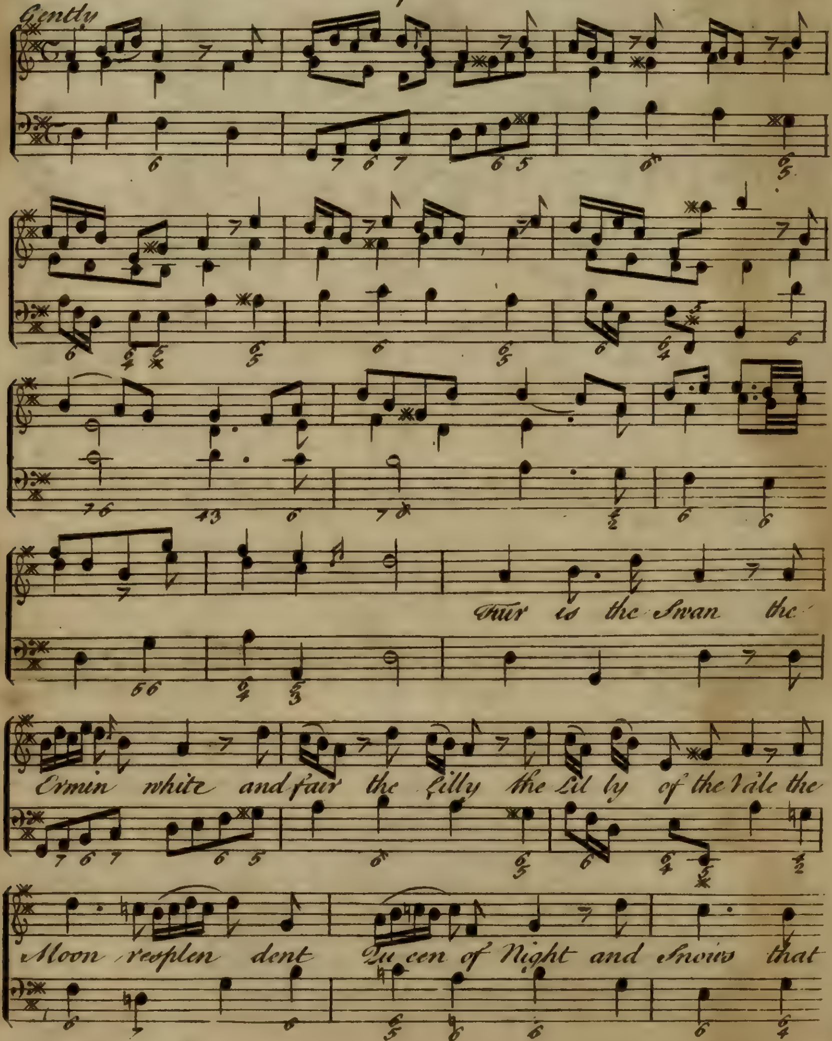
For Councill I car'd not a Jot,
Resolv'd some new Project to try,
And I thought I should die on ÿ spot,
If a pretty young fellow pass'd by,
At last a brisk Husband I got,
Twas ÿ Man I had long in my Eye,
He gave me I must not tell what,
And I lov'd him but need not tell why.

A Favourite Air in an Organ Concerto

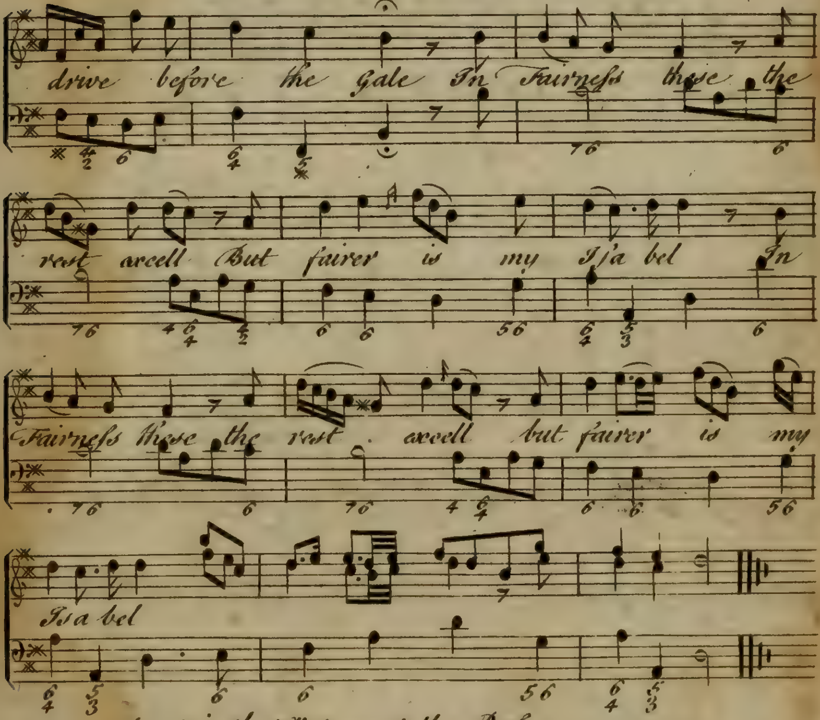


How vain were their wishes! Maria appear'd,
Like Beauty's fair Goddess encircled with Love,
With Graces attractive each heart she endear'd,
In Majesty passing the Consort of Jove.
The Swains round her moving glad homage did pay,
The Nymphs with wreath'd Garlands no longer delay,
To Crown Beauty's paragon Queen of the May.

The Charms of Isabel



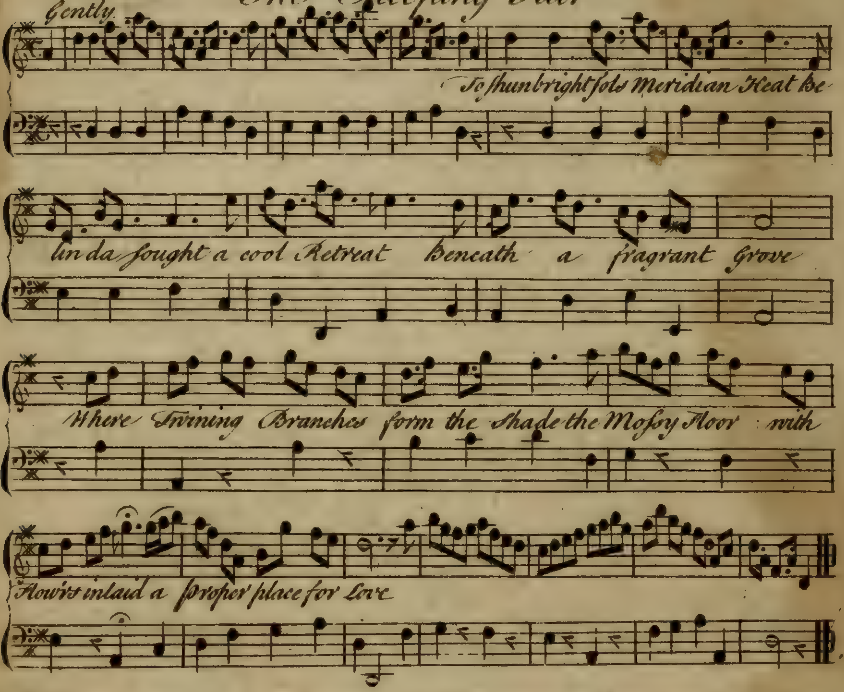
Set to Musick by Mr Arne



Sweet is the Vilet, sweet the Roses
And sweet the Morning breath of May,
Carnations rich their sweets disclose,
And sweet the winding Woodbines stray:
In sweetness these the rest excell,
But sweeter is my Isabel.

Constant the Poets call the Dove,
And amorous they the Sparrow call,
Fond is the Sky Lark of his Love,
And fond the Feather'd Lovers all
In fondness these the rest excell,
But fonder I of Isabel.

The Sleeping Fair



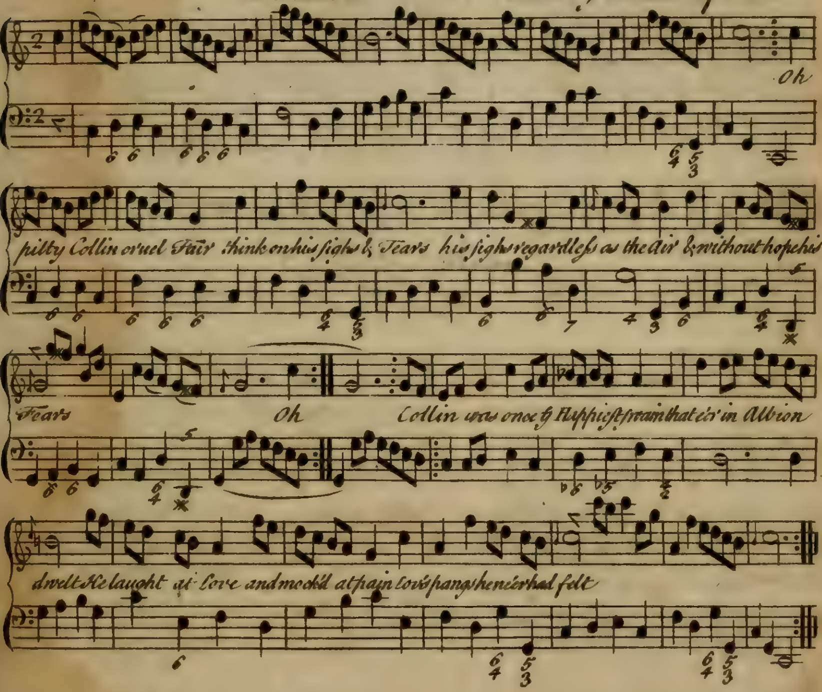
Beneath the thicket of the Grove,
A Silent Stream does gently move,
Gives freshness to the Glade;
Upon the Flow'ry Bank reclin'd,
In careless Indolence of Mind,
The Blooming Fair was laid.

The wanton Zephers round her play'd,
Refreshing Breezes cool the Maid,
Opprest with Balmy Sleep;
The Beauties of her Snowy Breast
Like Clusters courting to be prest,
Yet Love a secret keep.

A Blush o'er spread her lovely Face,
Whilst Boys like Cupid's guard ye place
And fan her with their Wings,
Her fragrant breath perfum'd ye Air,
All Nature then did gay appear,
Each feather'd Warbler Sings.

Less fair y^e Paphian Queen appear'd
When from y^e Watry Bed she rear'd
With Majesty divine,
Refulgant Beauty dazling Bright,
With wonder seiz'd my aching sight
I gaz'd & wish'd her mine.

Collin Set by Mr. Defesch

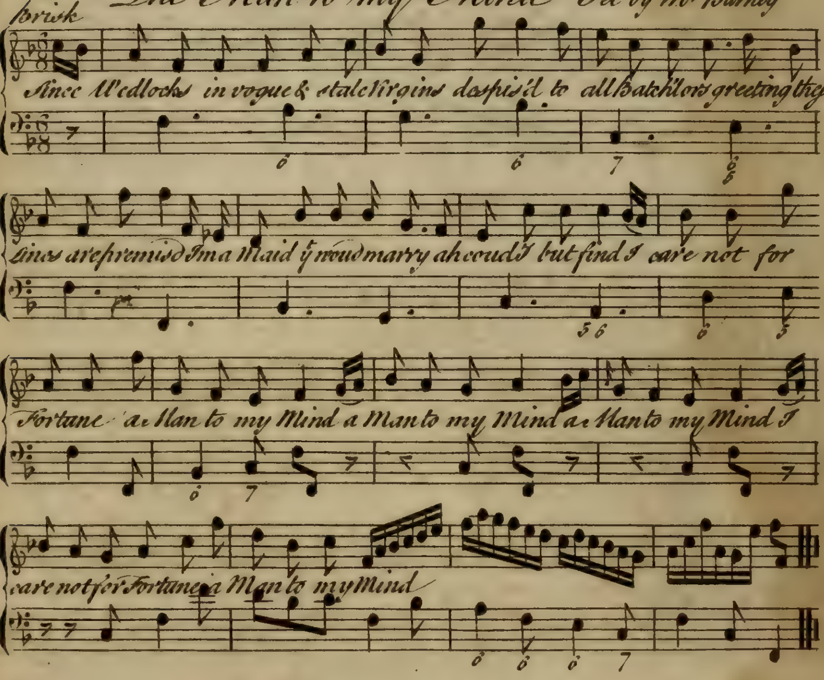


The Neighbouring Nymphs had often try'd
With Love to lure the Swain,
But he as oft their suit deny'd,
For Love return'd Disdain,
But ah! how chang'd his former state
With folded Arms he Walks.
Upbraids y God, and curses fate,
And like a Madman talks.

Nor can soft Musicks flatt'ring Charm
Give now the least delight.
No more the Bowl his Bosom warm,
Or Rural sports invite,
Relent fair Maid, eer Colin dies,
Let him not mourn in vain,
His hopeless Love, regardless pangs,
And unrewarded pain.

Oh think Myrtillo, on his Grief,
And on your cruel hate;
Reward his Love, and bring relief,
Before it is too late.

The Man to my Mind Set by Mr Burney



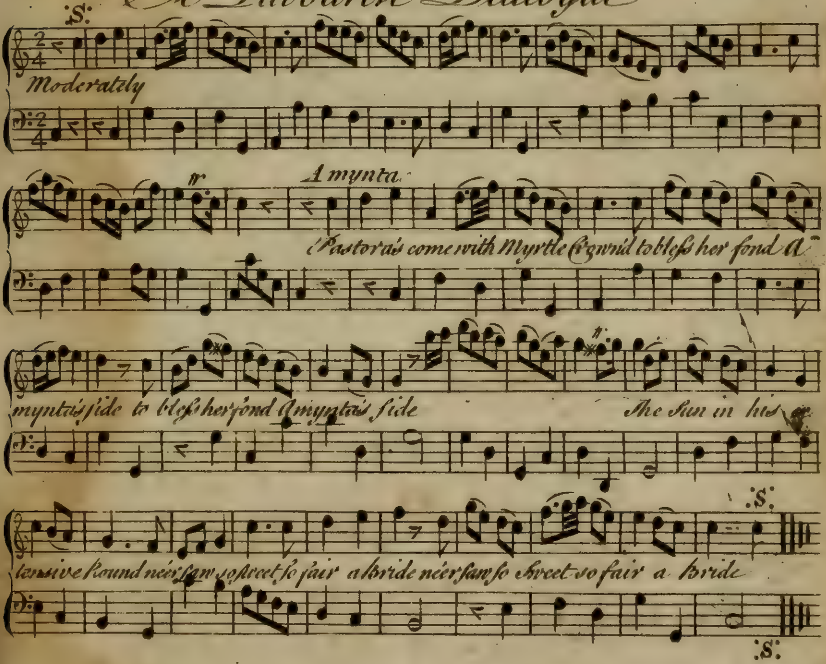
Not the fair weather'd Fop, fond of Fashion and Dress,
Not the Squire, that can relish no Joys but the Chace,
Nor the free thinking Rake, whom no Morals can bind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my Mind.

Not the ruby fac'd Sot, who topes world without end,
Nor the drone that can't relish his Bottle and freind,
Nor the Fool that is too fond nor the Churl that's unkind,
Neither this that nor t'other's the Man to my Mind.

Not the Rich with full Bags, without Breeding or Merit,
Nor the Flash that's all Fury without any Spirit,
Nor the fine Master Fribble, the Scorn of Mankind,
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my Mind.

But the Youth whom good Sense & good nature inspire,
Whom the Brave most esteem, & the Fair shoud admire,
In whose Heart love & truth are with Honour conjoynd
This, this and no other's the Man to my Mind.

A Favourite Dialogue



Pastora
If to be true is sweet and fair,
Pastora with Lucinda vies,
And sweeter she then is the Air,
That fleets beneath Arabian skies

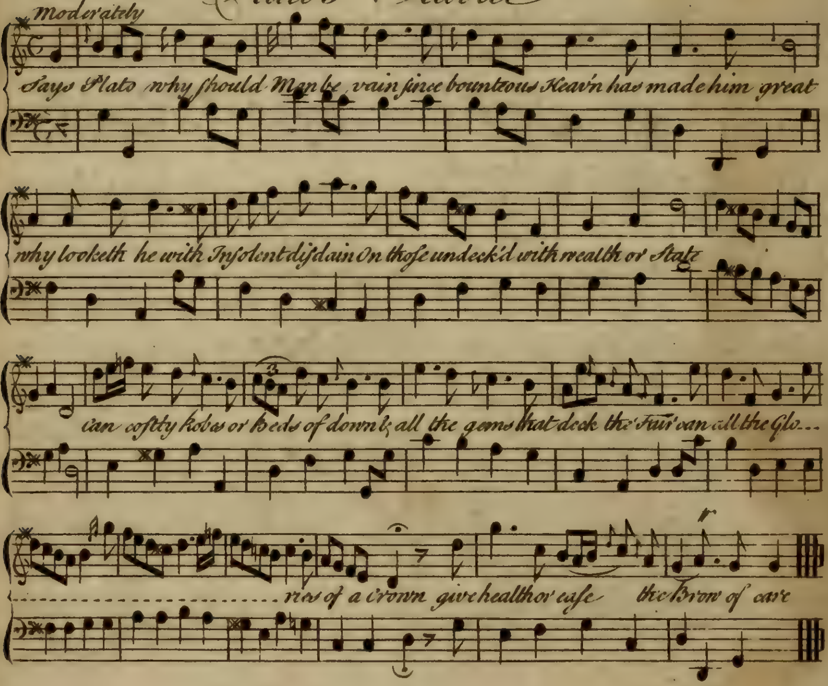
Amynta
The Fields, y Groves, each Hill & Vale,
Have witness'd to my faithful Vow,
Long had I sigh'd my Amirous tale
But ev'ry cares requited now.

Pastora
Without a blush I here repeat,
What to the Nymphs I told before,
For the my tender Heart does beat,
Possess'd of thee I ask no more.

Amynta
Thus with this Wreath I Crown thy brows
And with this Kiss my Love I seal,
And may I when I break my Vows,
The pangs of Tortur'd lovers feel.

Pastora
Shoud I ungratefull to my Swain,
Afflict him with Domestic Strife
May I be driven from the Plain
By ev'ry Virtuous Maid & Wife.

Plato's Advice

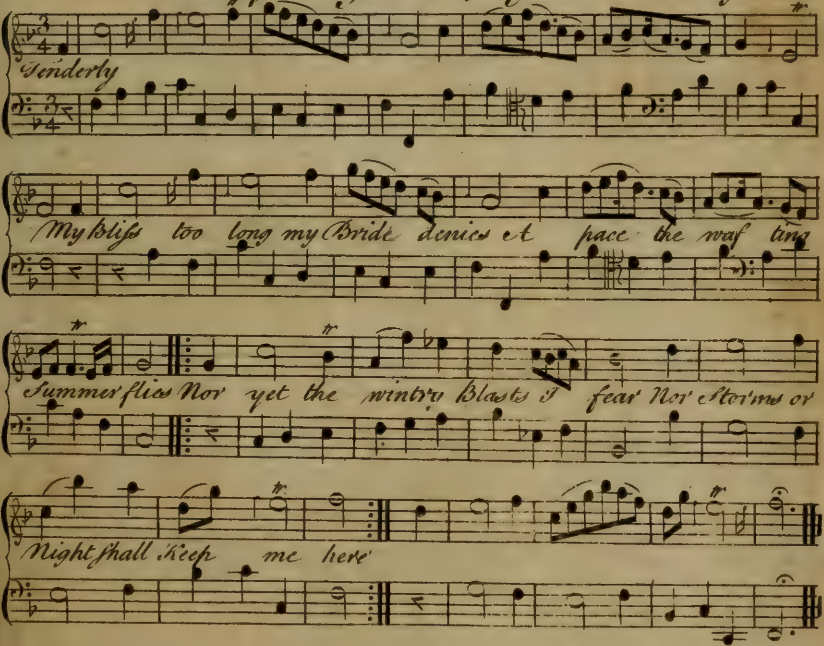


The Scepter'd King the Burthen'd Slave,
The humble and the haughty dye,
The Rich, the Poor, the base, the Brave,
In Dust without distinction lye;
Go search the Tombs where Monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest Titles wore,
Their wealth and glory is bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the Meteor thro' the Skies,
And spreads along a gilded train,
When shot tis gon its Beauty dies,
Disolves to common Air again
So tis with us my Jovial Souls
Let friendship reign while here we stay,
Lets Crown our Joys with flowing Bowls,
When Jove he calls we must away.

My Bliss too Long

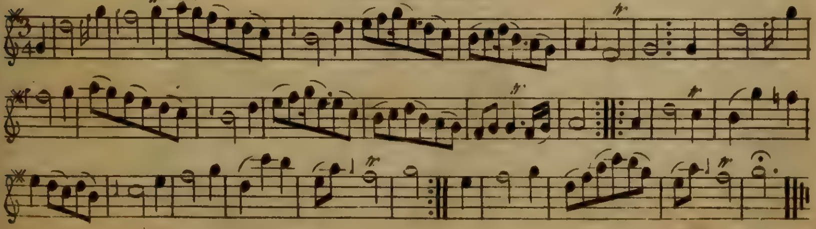
Set by Mr. Arne



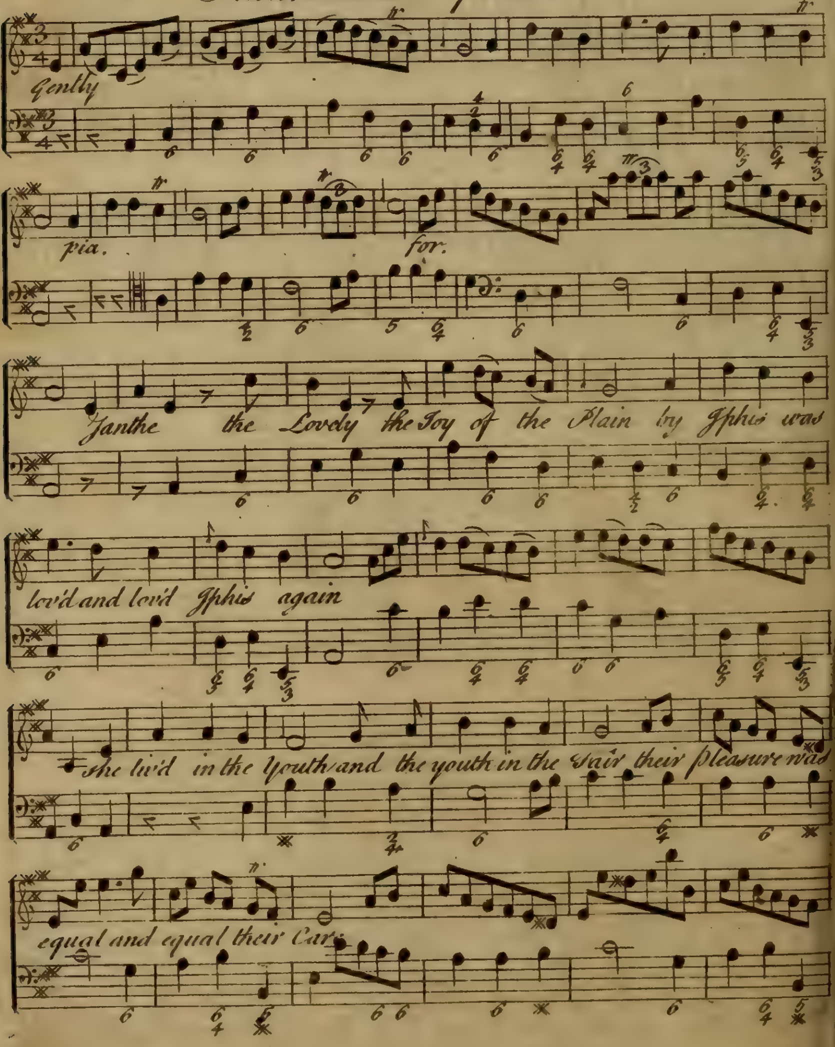
What may for Strength with Steel compare,
Oh Love has fetters Stronger far;
By bolts of Steel are Limbs confin'd,
But Cruel Love inchains the Mind.

No longer then Perplex thy Breast,
When Thoughts Torment ye first are bast,
Tis mad to go, tis Death to stay,
Away my Jesse hast away.

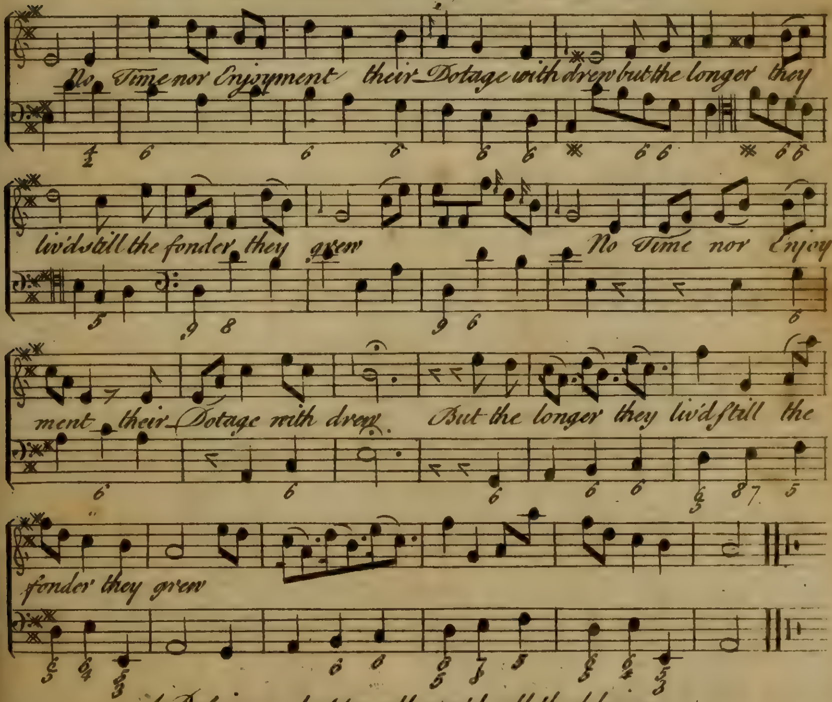
German Flute



Ianthe and Iphis



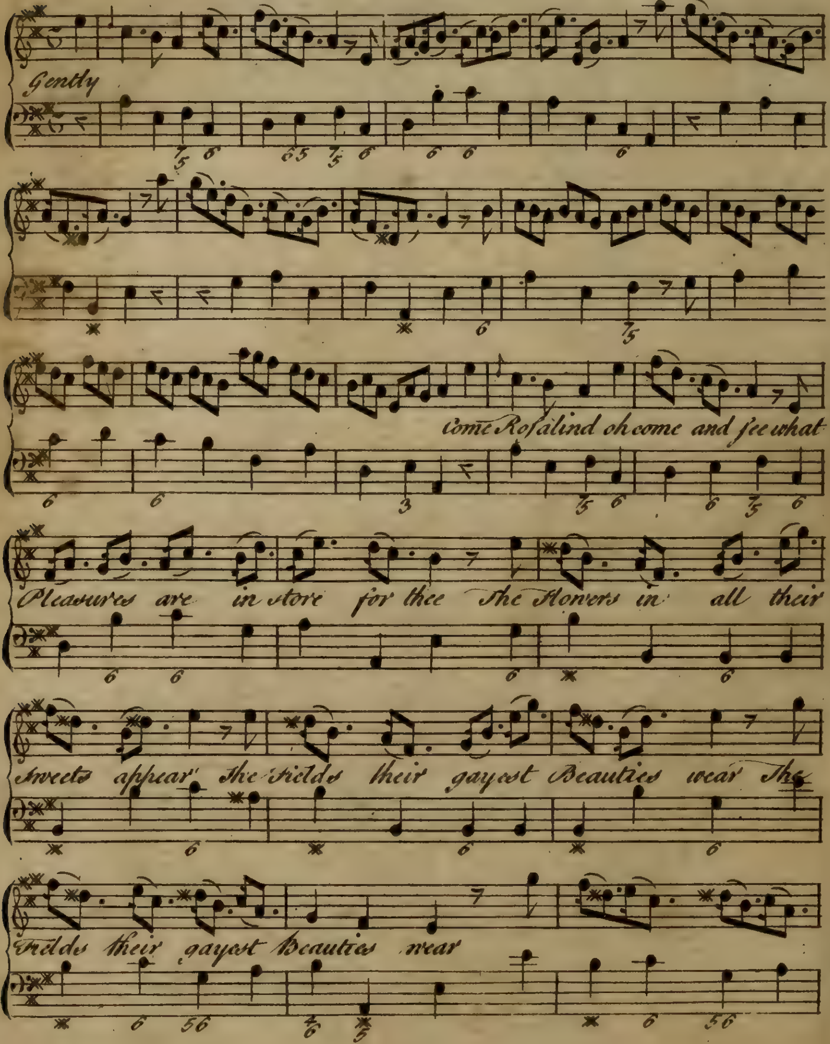
Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



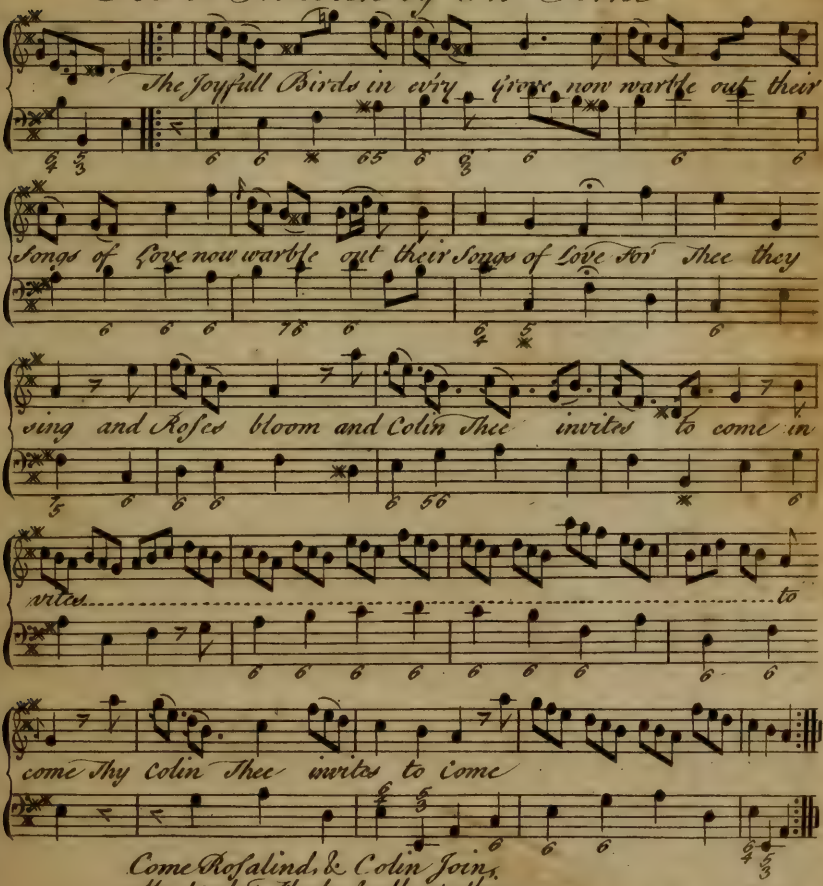
A Paſsion so happy allarm'd all the plain,
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd ỹ Swain,
Some swore 'twoud be pity their Loves to invade;
That the Lovers, alone for each other were made,
But all all Consented that none ever knew,
A Nymph yet so kind or a Shepherd so trüe.

Love saw them with pleasure, and vow'd to take Care,
Of the faithfull, the tender, the innocent Pair:
What either did want he bid either to move:
But they wanted nothing but ever to Love,
Said all that to please them his Godhead coud do,
That they still might be kind, & they still might be true.

Colins Invitation

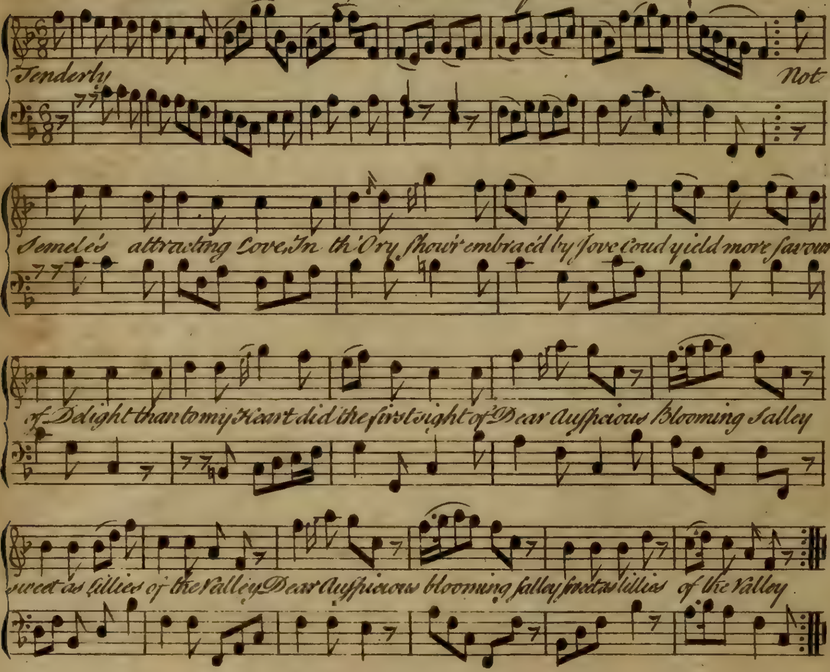


Set to Musick by Mr Arne



Come Rosalind, & Colin Join,
My tender Flocks & all are thine,
If Love and Rosalind be here,
'Tis May & Pleasure all the Year,
Come see a Cottage and a Swain,
Thou canst my Love nor Gifts disdain,
Leave all behind nor longer Stay,
For Colin calls then haste away.

Blooming Salley



Joves guilty Passion him may Lead.
From Semele to Ganymede.
Long as the Solar Rays endure.
My constant flame shall blaze most pure
For dear &c.

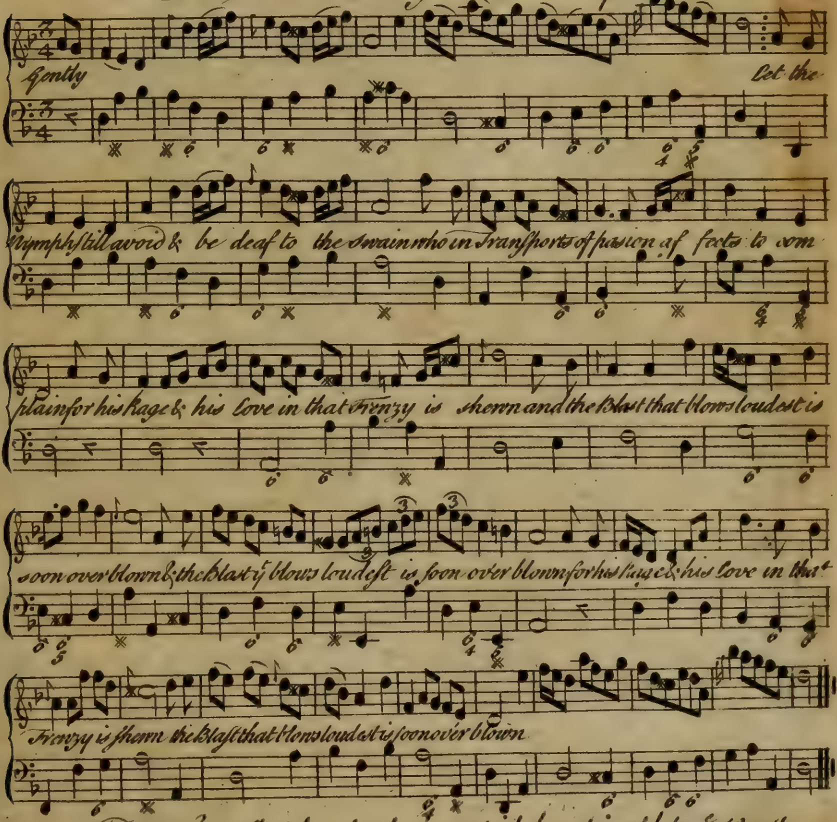
I live but when the Fair is near.
And breathe but in that Atmosphere
Where ev'ry Grace & ev'ry Sweet
Concenter'd in my Sally meet.
dear &c.

Her life is form'd on Wisdoms plan.
With Caution trus'ts her Heart to Man.
The Lover that with her Succeeds.
Must be the swain whose merrit pleads
dear &c.

Her Person or her Vertues more.
Might tempt an Angel to adore.
Those Vertues prompt her to approve
The Softer Dialect of love.
dear &c.

My Guardian Genius teach me now.
My Passions lead, & tell me how.
I to her Arms approv'd may fly,
Or agoniz,ing I shall die. for dear &c.

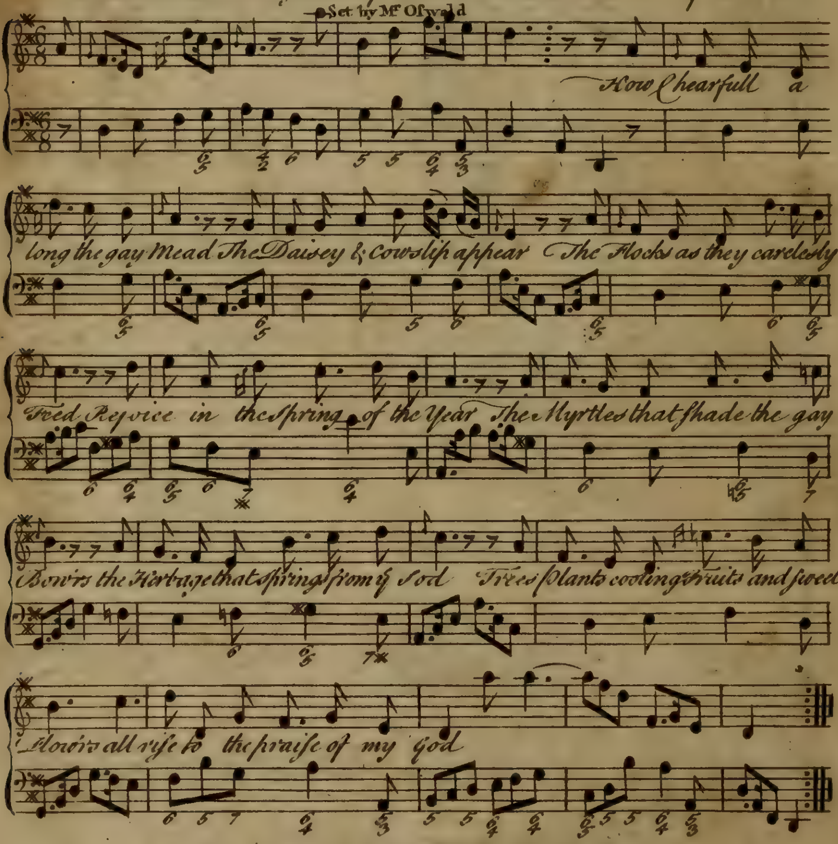
A New Song Set by Mr. Oswald



But the Shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to ye Heart,
Will Submissive adore, and rejoice at the Smart,
Or in plantive soft Murmurs his Bosom felt woes
Like the Smooth gliding Current of Rivers will flow.

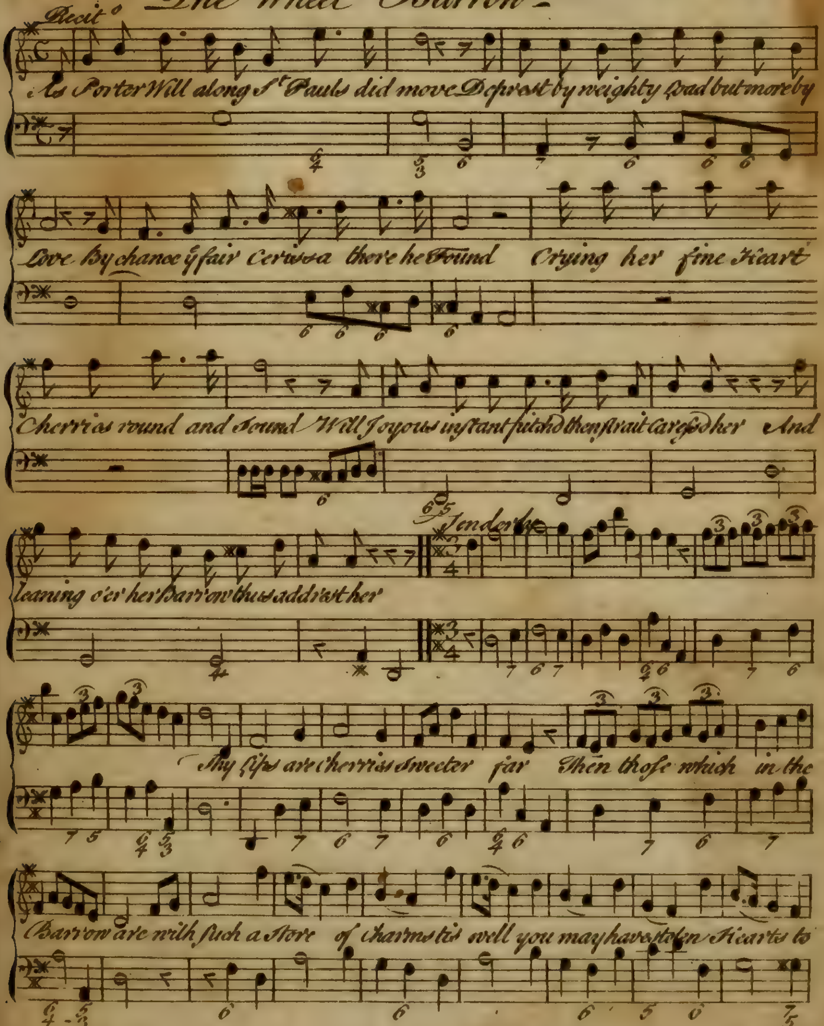
Tho' Silent his Tongue he will plead with his Eyes,
And his Heart own your Sway in a Tribute of Sighs,
But when he accosts you in Meadow or Grove,
His Tale is so tender—he Cooes like a Dove.

A Favourite Hymn of Eve in the Oratorio of Abel

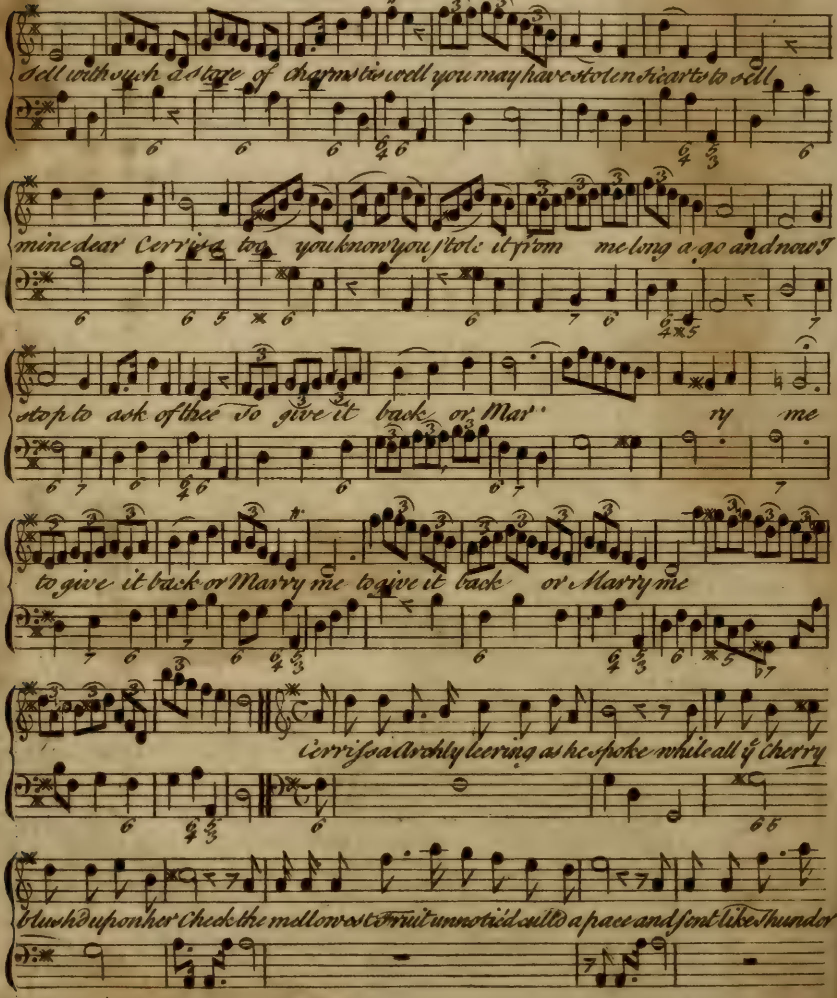


Shall Man the great Master of all,
The only Insensible prove,
Forbid it fair — Gratitude's call,
Forbid it devotion and Love,
The Lord who such Wonders cou'd raise,
And still can destroy with a Nod,
My Lips shall incessantly Praise,
My Soul shall be wrapt in my God.

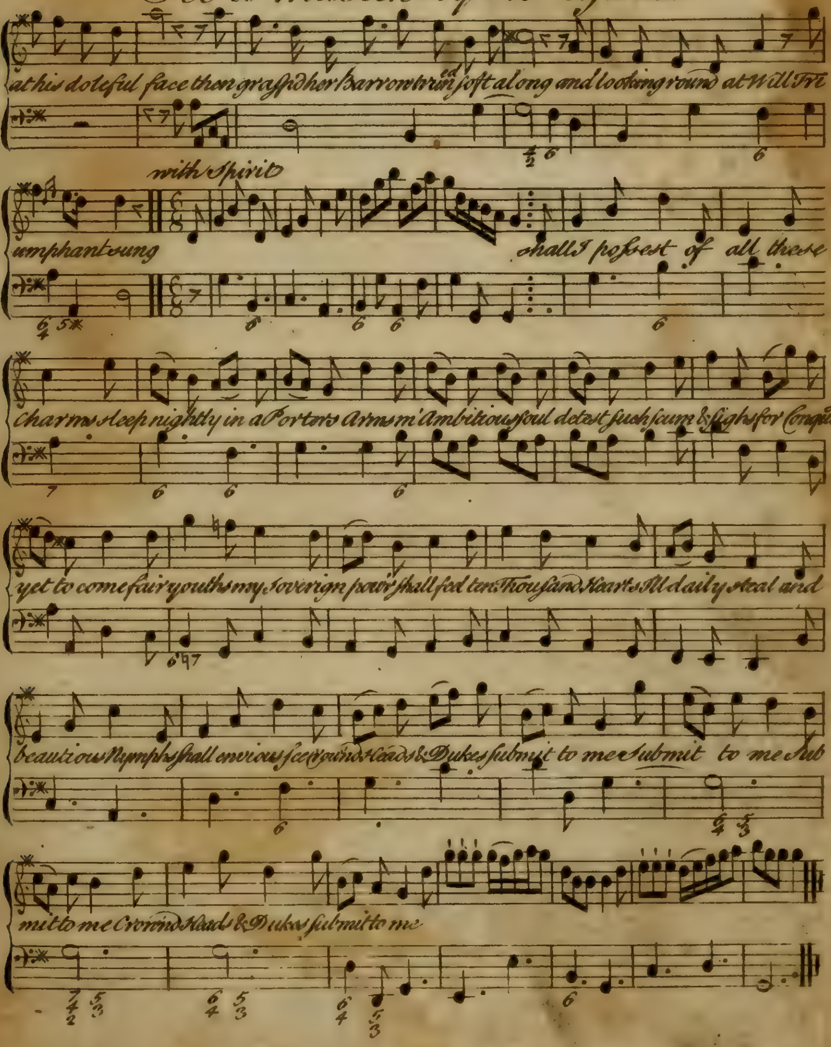
The Wheel Barrow



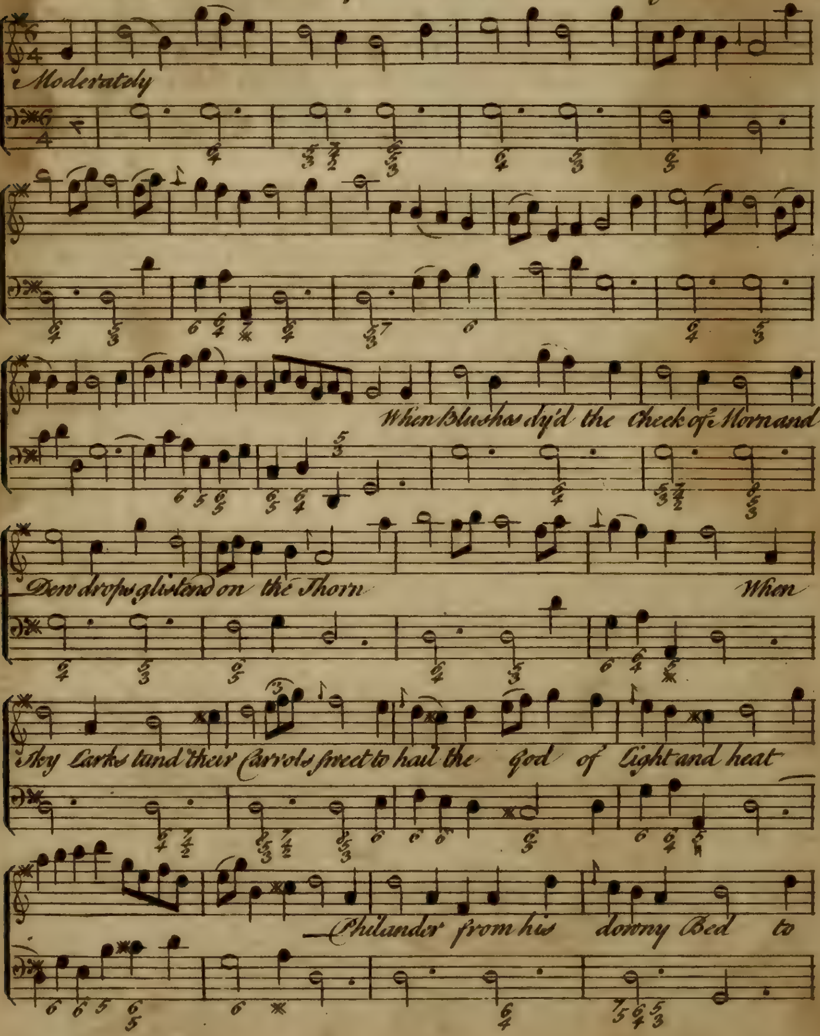
A Favourite Cantata



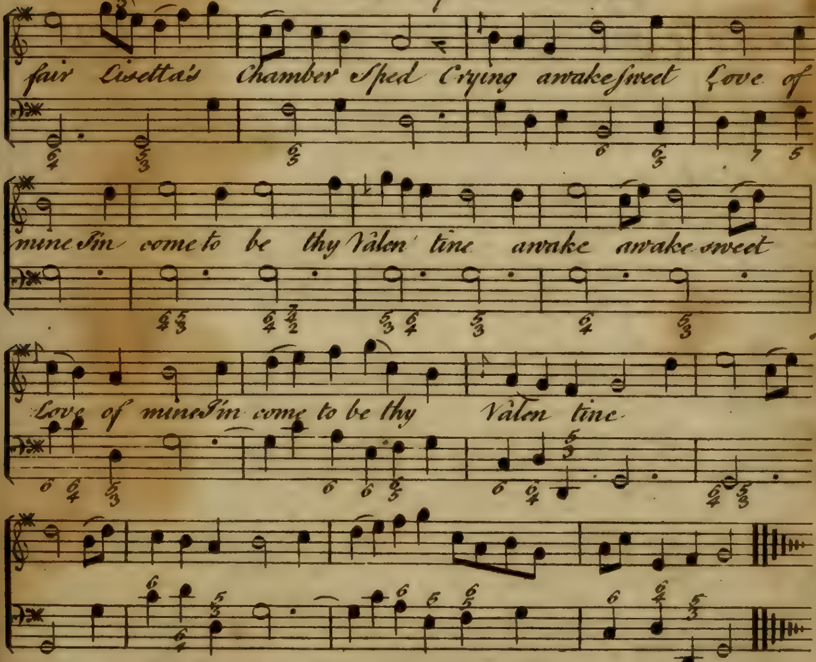
Set to Musick by Mr Oswald



Valentine's Day a Favourite Song



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne

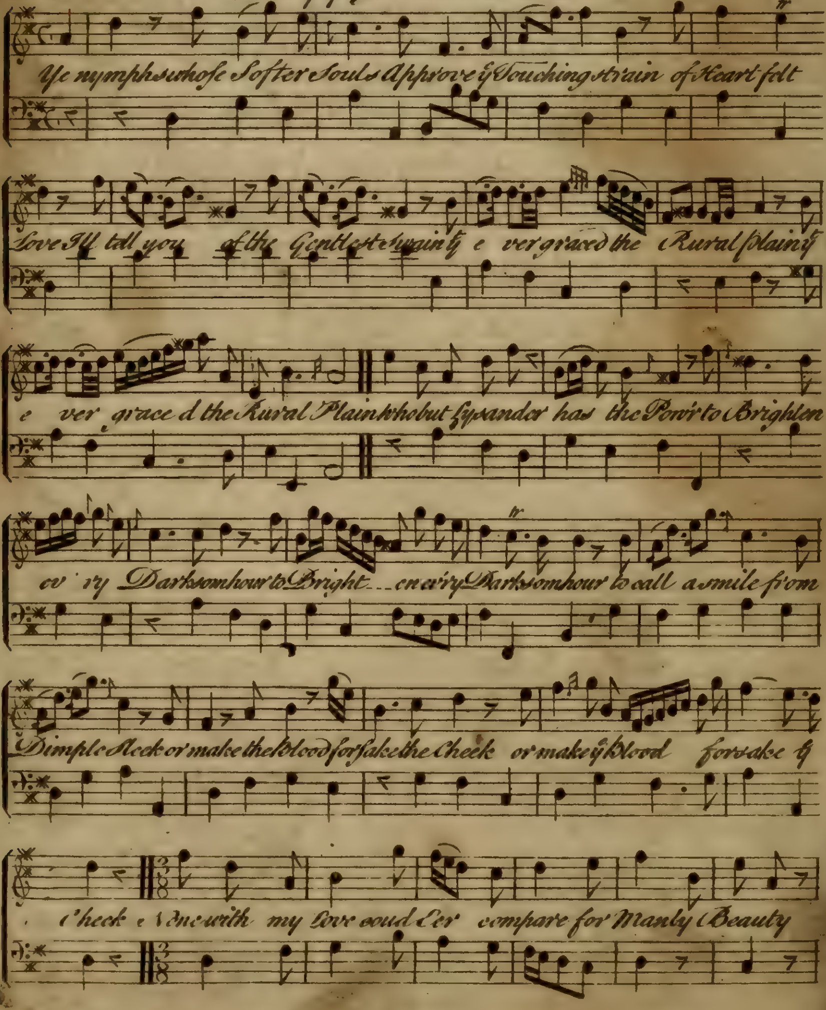


Soft Love, that balmy sleep denies,
Had long unveil'd her brilliant Eyes,
Which that a kiss she might Obtain,
She Artfully had clos'd again,
He sunk thus caught in Beautys trap,
Like Phœbus into Thetis Lap,
And near forgot that his design,
Was but to be her Valentine.

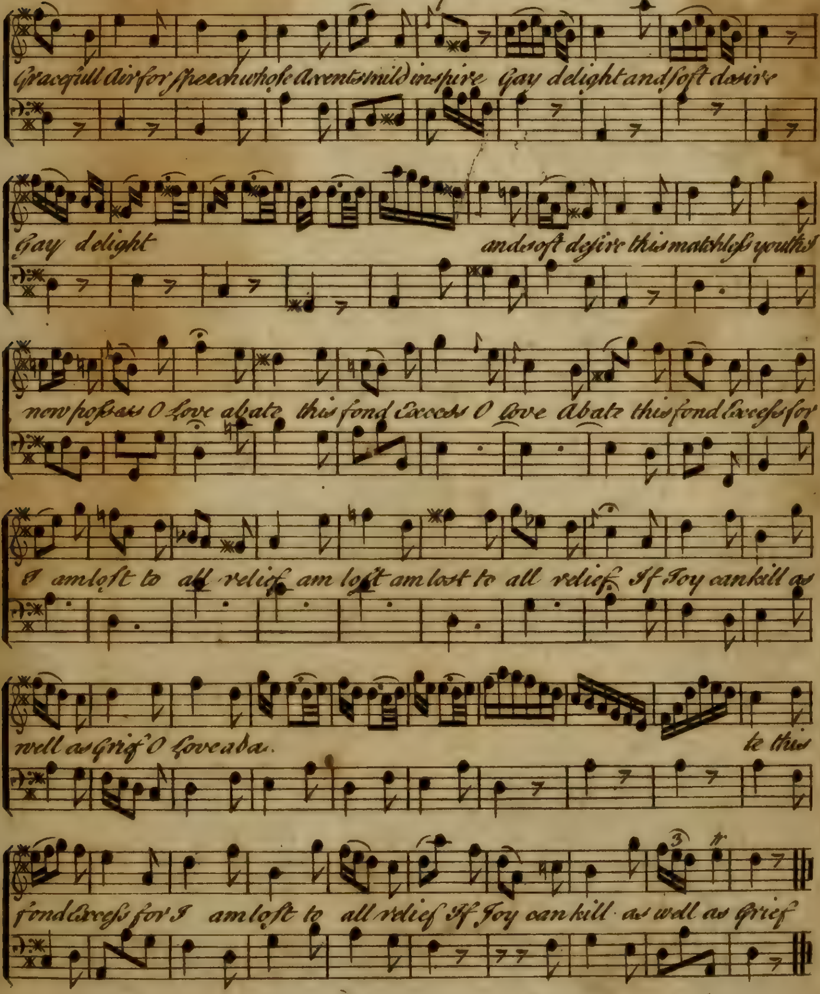
She starting, cry'd, I am undone,
Philander, charming youth begon,
For this time to your Vows sincere,
Make Vertue, not your self appear,
No sleep has clos'd these watchful Eyes,
Forgive the simple fond Disguise
To genrous Thoughts your Heart incline
And be my faithfull Valentine.

The brutal Passion sudden fled,
Fair Honour gouvern'd in its stead,
And both agreed, eer Setting Sun
To Join two Vertuous Hearts in One,
Their beauteous Offspring soon did prove,
The sweet effects of mutual Love,
And from that Hour, to Lifes decline,
She bless'd the Day of Valentine.

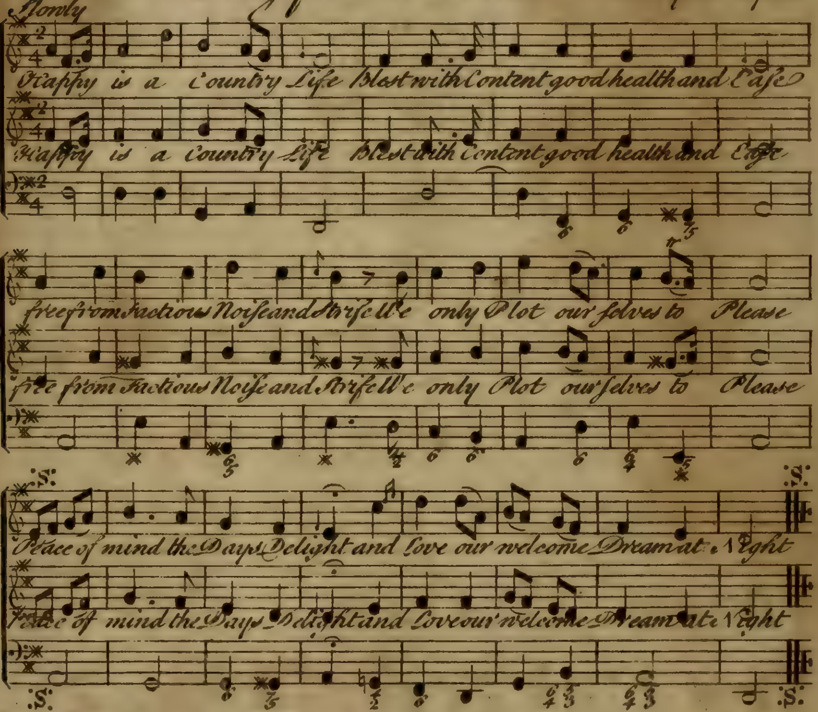
The Happy Bride



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



A Song for two Voices   Set by Mr Wynne



Hail green Fields and Shady Woods,
Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure;
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Vertue only is Secure;
Free from Vice, here free from Care,
Age is no pain, and youth no Snare.

The End of the First Volume.

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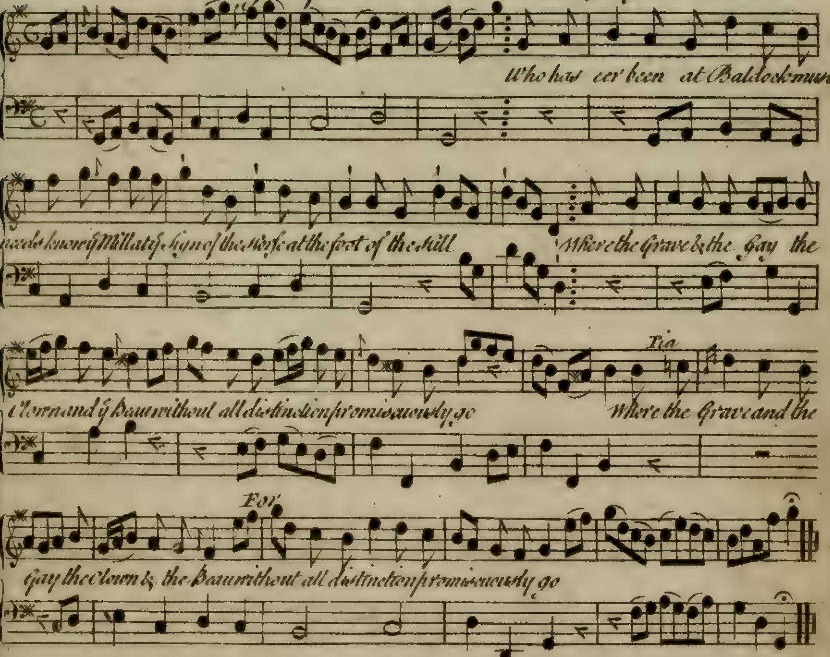
The Lass of the Mill Sung by Mr Beard

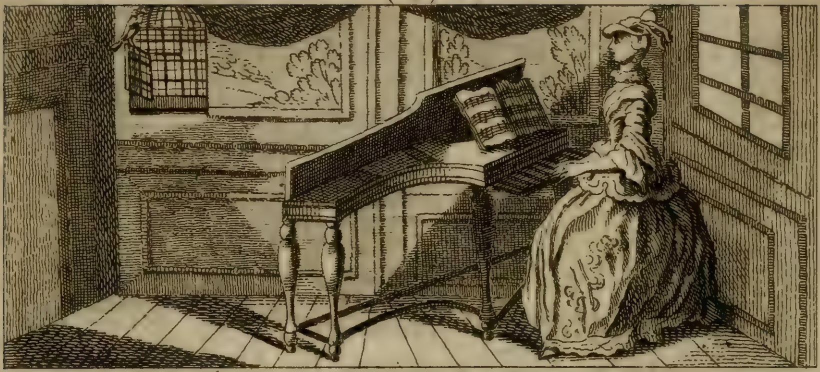


The Man of the Mill has a Daughter so Fair
With so pleasing a shape & so winning an Air
That once on the ever green Bank as I stood
I'd swore she was Venus just sprung from the Flood.

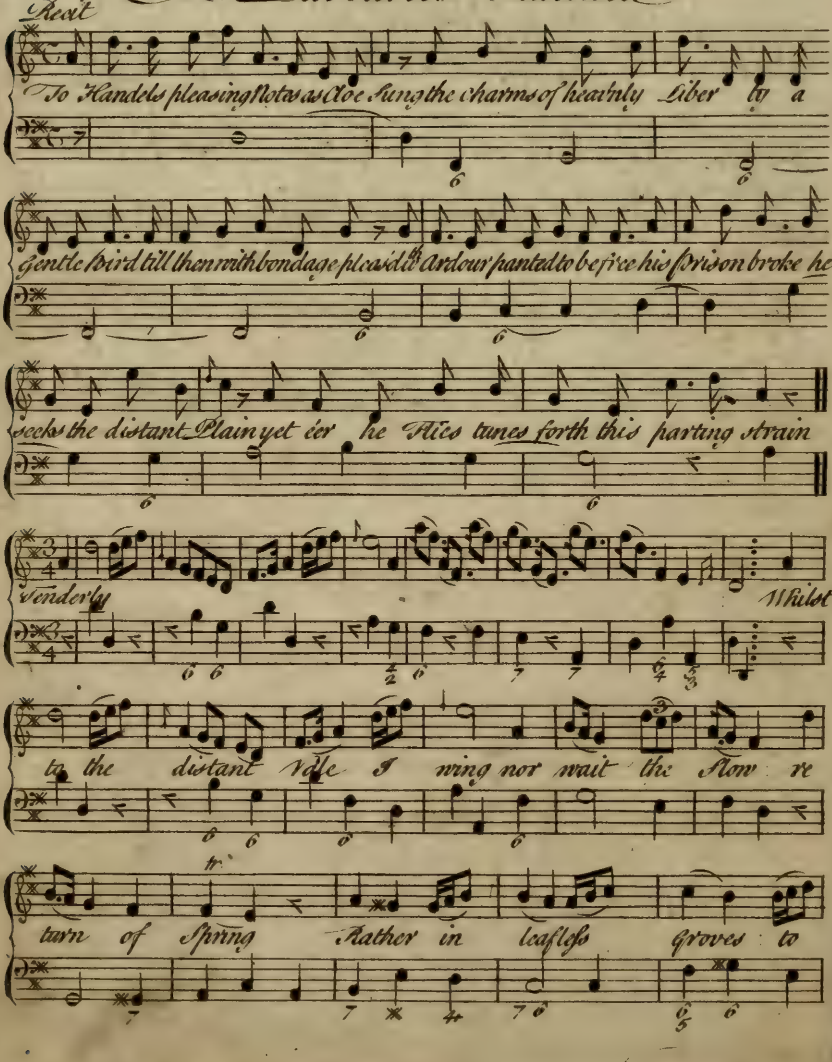
But looking again I perceiv'd my mistake
For Venus tho Fair has the Look of a Rake
While nothing but Virtue and Modesty fill
The more beautiful Looks of the Lass of the Mill.

Prometheus stole Fire as the Poets all say
To enliven that Mass which he modell'd of clay
Had Polly been with him the Beams of her Eyes
Had sav'd him the Trouble of robbing the Skyes.

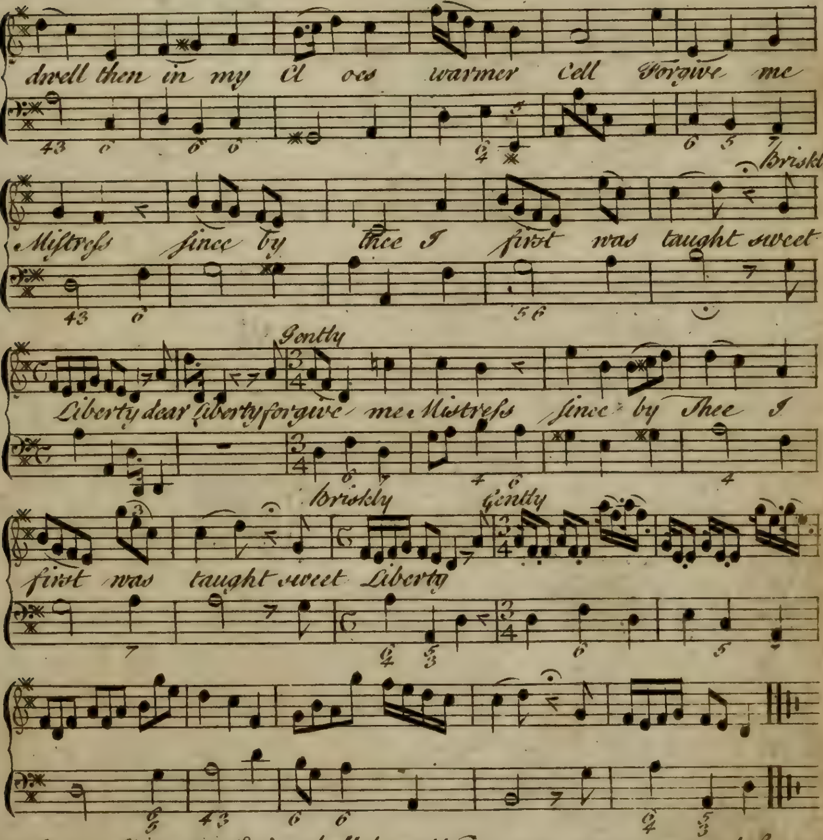
Since first I beheld this dear Lass of the Mill
I can ne'er be at quiet but do what I will
All the Day and all Night I sigh & think still
I shall dye if I have not this Lass of the Mill.



A Favourite Cantata



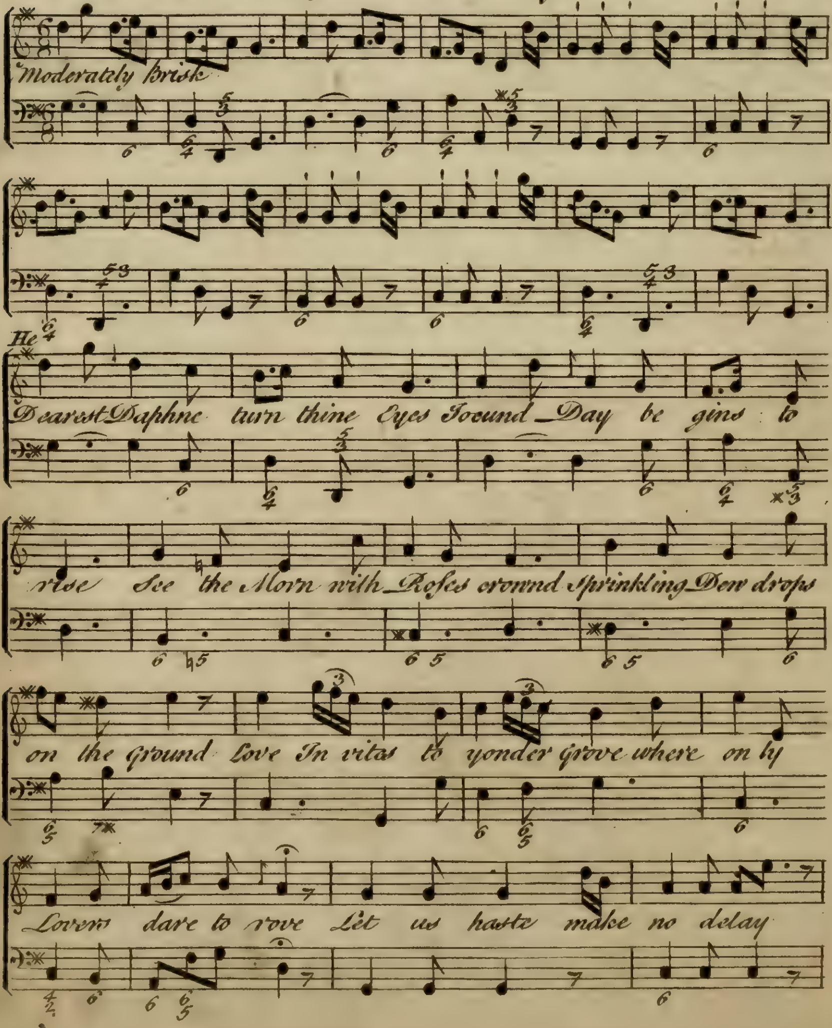
Set to Musick by Mr Oswald



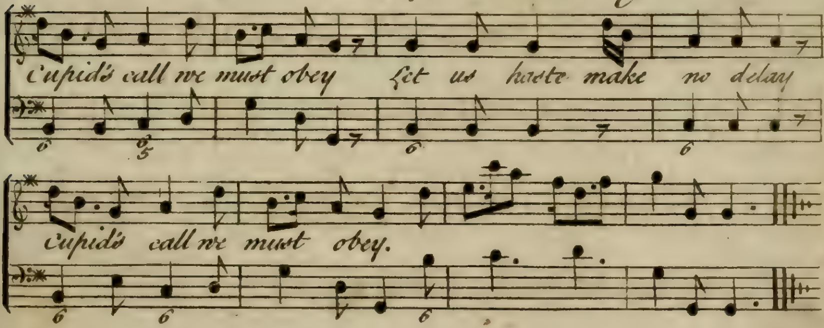
Soon as ye welcome spring shall chear
With genial Warmth ye drooping year
I'll tell upon the topmost Spray
Thy sweeter Notes Improv'd my lay
Whilst in my Prison taught by thee
To warble forth sweet Liberty

Waste not on me an useless care
That kind concern let Strephon share
Slight are my sorrows slight my ills
To those that he poor Captive feels
Who kept in hopeless bonds by thee
Yet strives not for his Liberty

A new Dialogue in Harlequin Sorcerer



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne Junr.



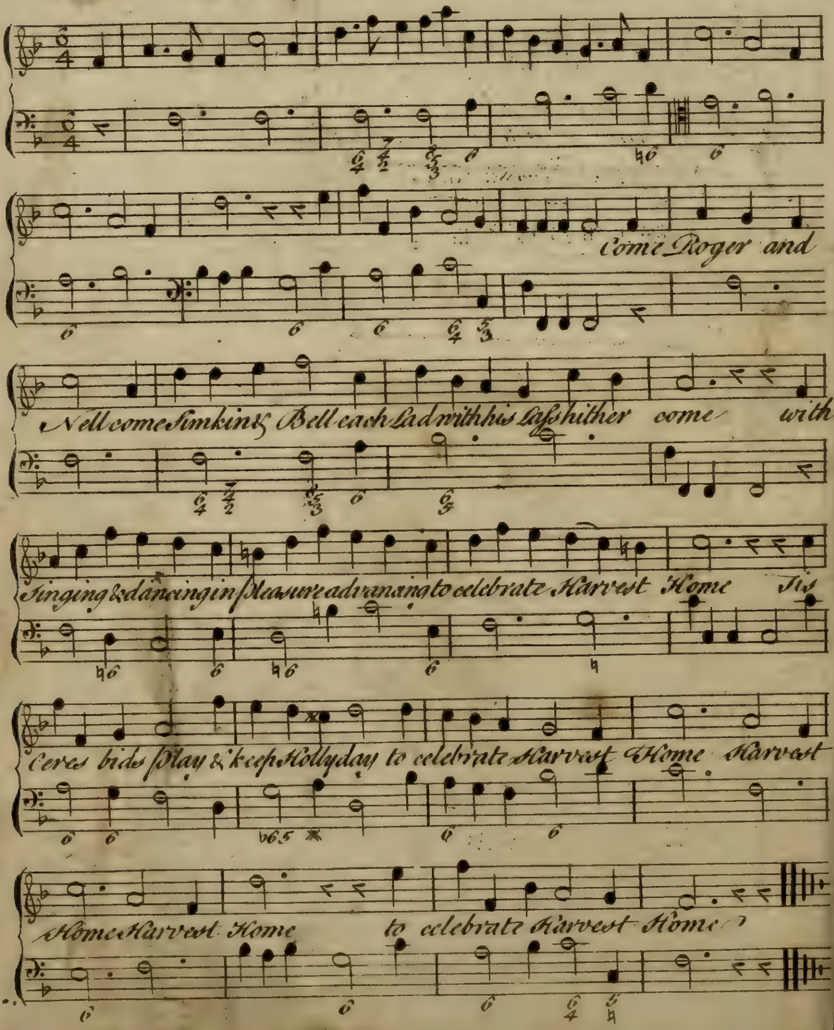
She
Ah Philander I'm Afraid.
There poor Laura was betray'd,
By young Strephons subtile wiles
Soothing words, & artfull smiles,
Simple Maids are soon undone,
When there simple Hearts are won
Press me not I must away,
And Honour strict commands obey.

He
Gentle Daphne fear not you
I'll be ever kind and true
Think no more on Laura's fate.
View yon Turtle & its Mate
See how freely they Impart
The Impulse of each others Heart
Like them my Fair lets sport & play
Nature prompts us to obey.

She *Shepher'd I perceive your aim,*
You and Strephon are the same,
You Like him woud me betray,
Shoud I trust what e'er you say.

He *If Daphne doubts let Hymens bands,*
This Instant Join our willing Hands.
The Invitation I obey,
And Love with Honour will repay.

Harvest Home

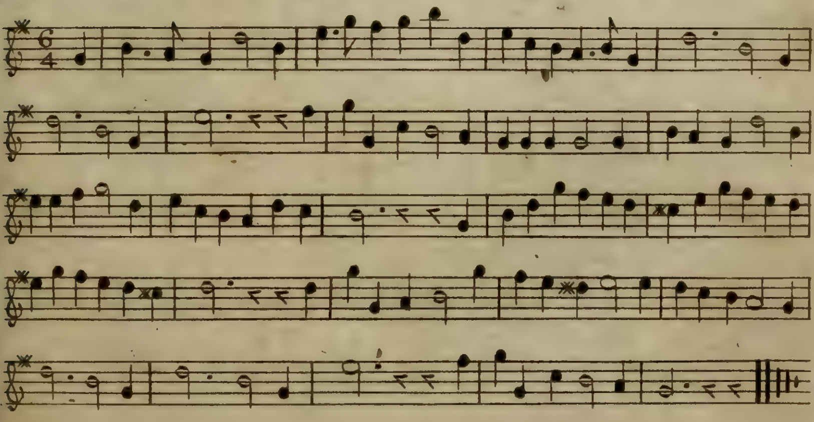


Sung by Mr Lowe in the Sorcerer

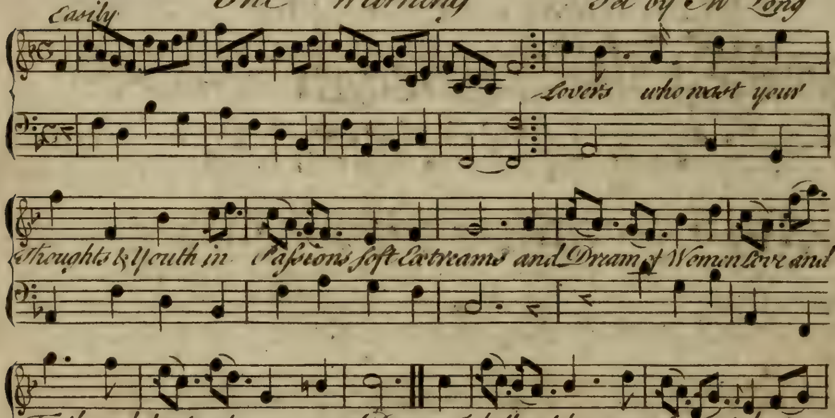
Our Labour is o'er, & our Barns in full store,
Now swell with rich Gifts of the land,
Let each Man then take, for the Prong & the Rake,
His Can and his Lass in his hand,
Chorus. For Ceres bids Play. &c.

No Courtiers can be so happy as we,
In Innocence Pastime & Mirth,
While thus we Carrouse with our Sweet-heart or Spouse,
And rejoice o'er the Fruits of the Earth,
Chorus. When Ceres bids Play. &c.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



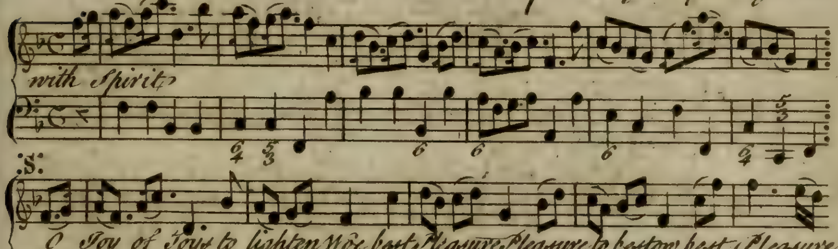
The Warning Set by Mr Long



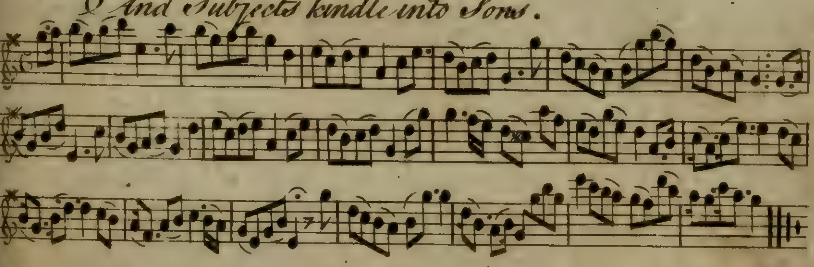
Then Learn betimes y^e Love which Crowns,
Our Cares is all but Wiles,
Compos'd of false Fantastick Frowns
And soft desemling smiles,
With Anger which sometimes they fain
They cruel Tyrants Prove,
And then turn Flatterers again,
With as affected Love.

As if some Injury were meant,
To those they kindly Us'd,
Those Lovers are the most content,
That have been still refus'd.
Since each has in his bosom nurs'd,
A false and fawning Foe,
Tis Just & wise by strikeing first,
To scape the Fatal Blow.

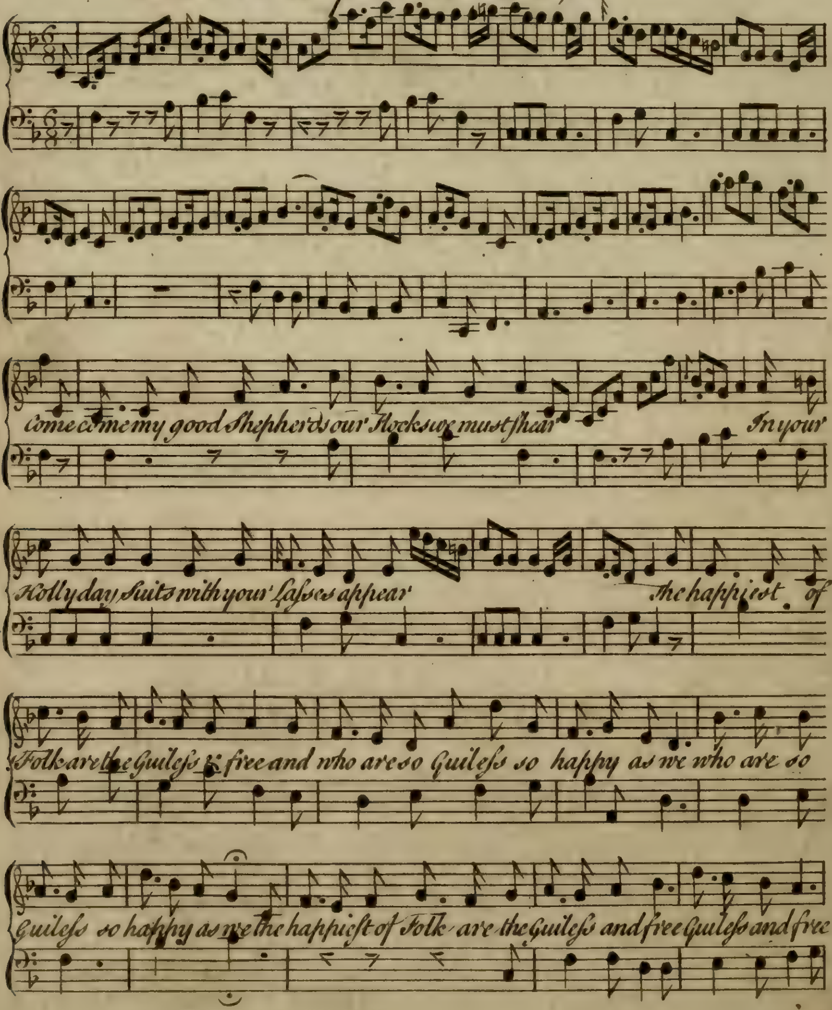
A Favourite Air in Alfred, set by Mr. Oswald



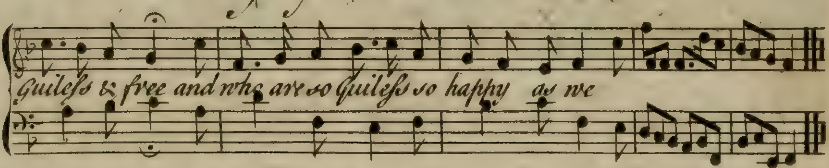
For him ten Thousand bosoms beat,
His name consenting Crowds repeat;
From Soul to Soul the Passion runs,
And Subjects kindle into Sons.



The Sheep Shearing



Sung by Mrs Cibber

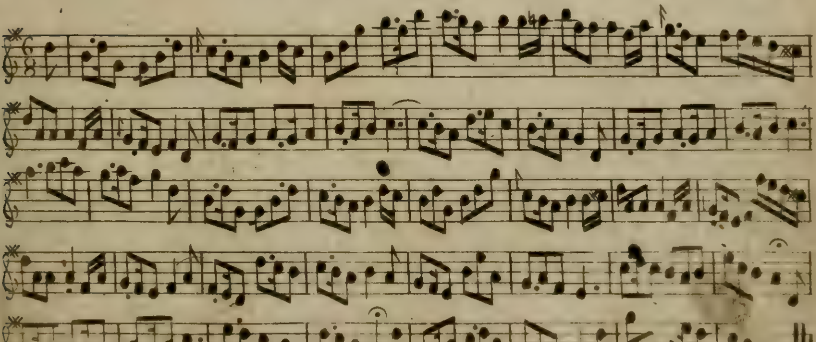


We harbour no Paſsions, by Luxury taught,
We practice no Arts, with Hypocrisy fraught;
What we think in our Hearts, you may read in our Eyes,
For knowing no Falsehood, we need no Disguise.

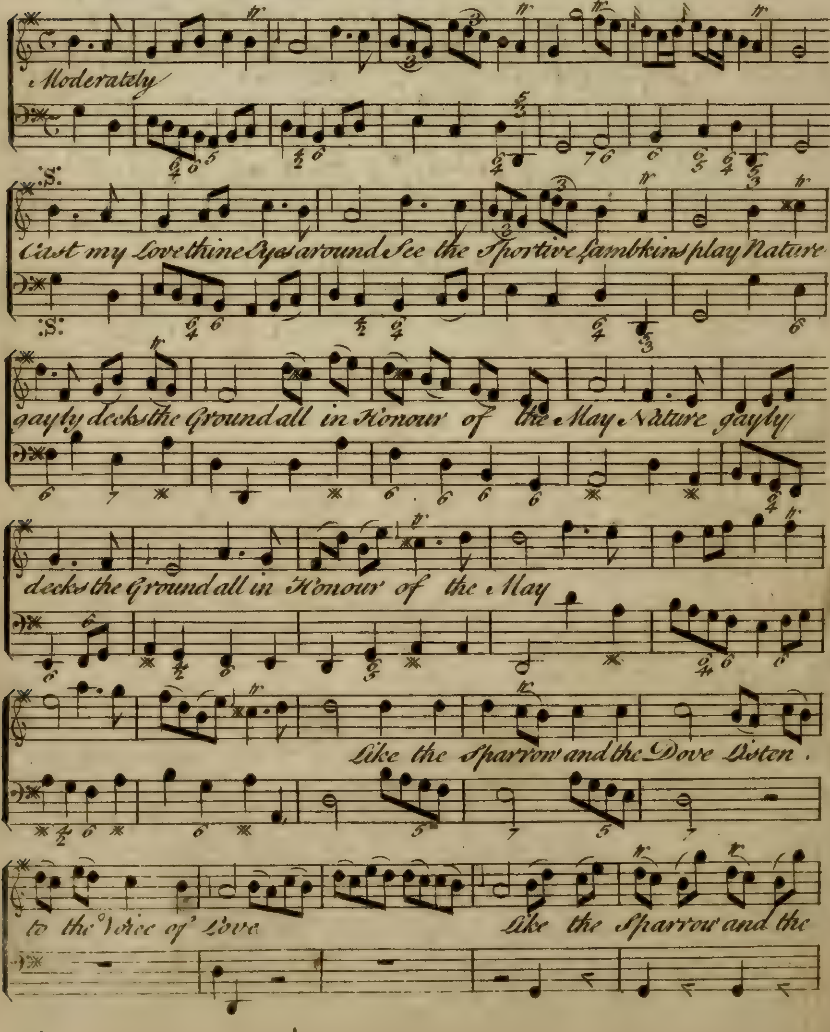
By mode & Caprice are the City-Dames led
But we as the Childern of nature are bred;
By her Hands alone, we are Painted and drest,
For the Roses will bloom when there's peace in ye breast.

That Giant Ambition, we never can dread,
Our roofs are too low, for so lofty a Head,
Content, & sweet Chearfulneſs, open our Door,
They smile with the simple, & fead with the Poor.

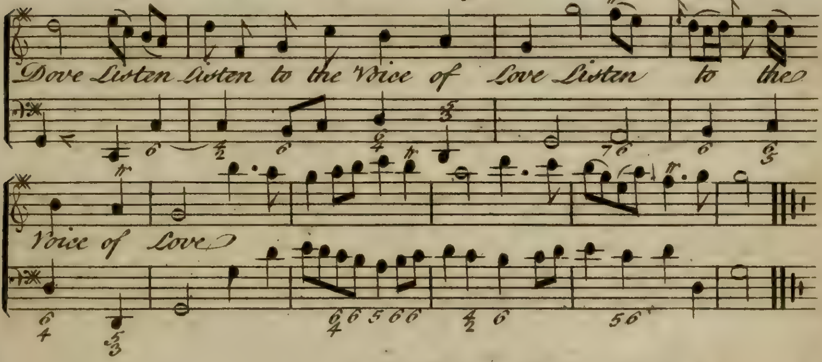
When Love has poſseſs'd us, that Love we reveal,
Like the Flocks that we feed, are the paſsions we feel,
So harmleſs & simple we sport & we play,
And leave to fine Folk, to deceive and betray.



Damon and Florella



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



Florella

Damon thou hast found me long,
Listning to thy soothing Tale,
And thy soft persuasive Song,
Often held me in the Dale;
Take O Damon while I live,
All which Vertue ought to give?

Damon

Not the Verdure of the Grove
Nor the Gardens fairest Flowers
Nor the Meads where Lovers rove
Tempted by the Vernal Hours
Can Delight thy Damons Eye
If Florella is not by.

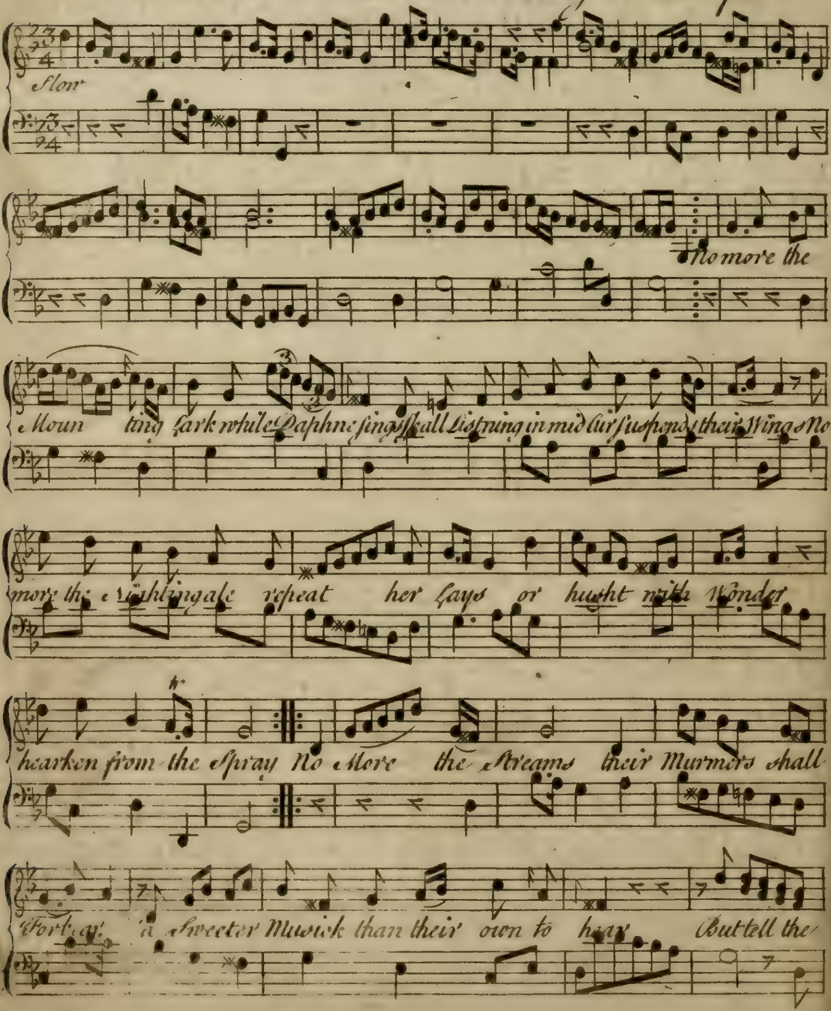
Florella

Not the Waters gentle fall,
By the Bank with Poplars crown'd;
Nor the Feather'd Songsters all,
Nor the Flutes melodious sound,
Can Delight Florella's Ear,
If her Damon is not near.

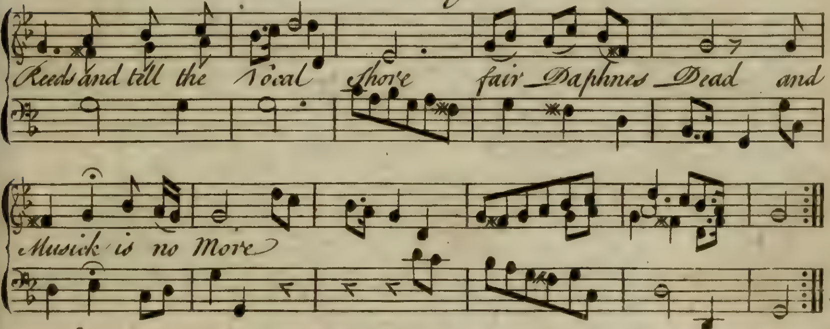
Duett

Let us Love and Let us Live
Like the chearful Seasons gay;
Banish Care and let us give,
Tribute to the fragrant May:
Like the Sparrow & the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.

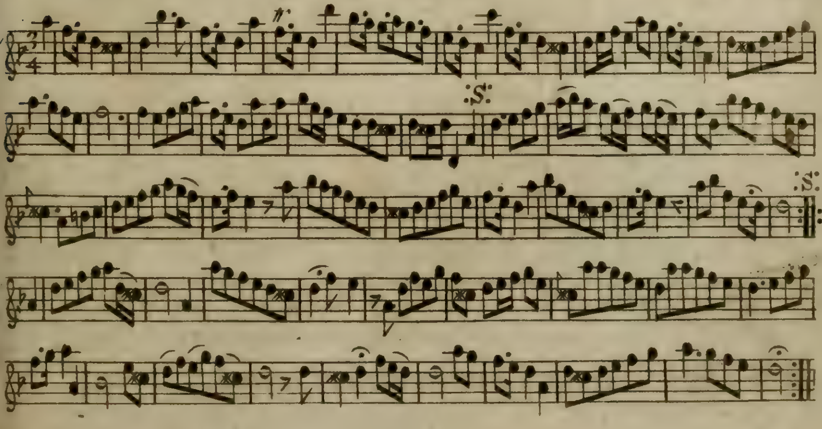
On an Absent Friend by Mr Pope



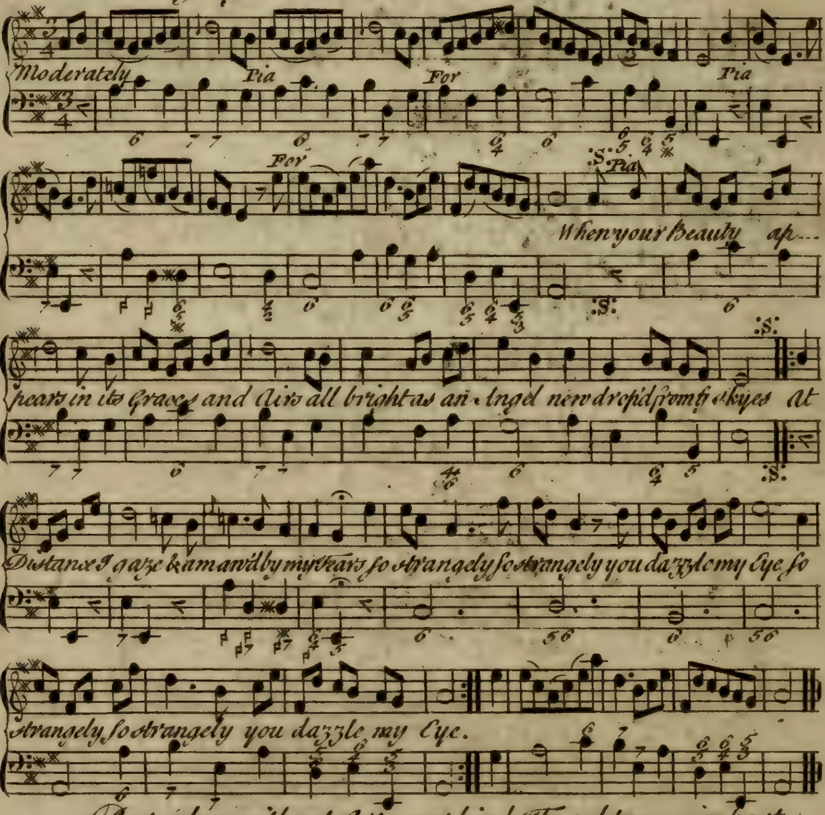
Set to Musick by Mr. Buswell



Her Fate is whisper'd by the Gentle Breeze
And told in Sighs to all the Trembling Trees
The Trembling Trees in ev'ry Plain & Wood
Her Fate remurmer to the Silver Flood
The Silver Flood so lately Calm Appears
Swell'd with new Passion and o'erflows with Tears
The Winds and Trees and Floods her Death Deplore
Daphne our Grief our Glory is no More



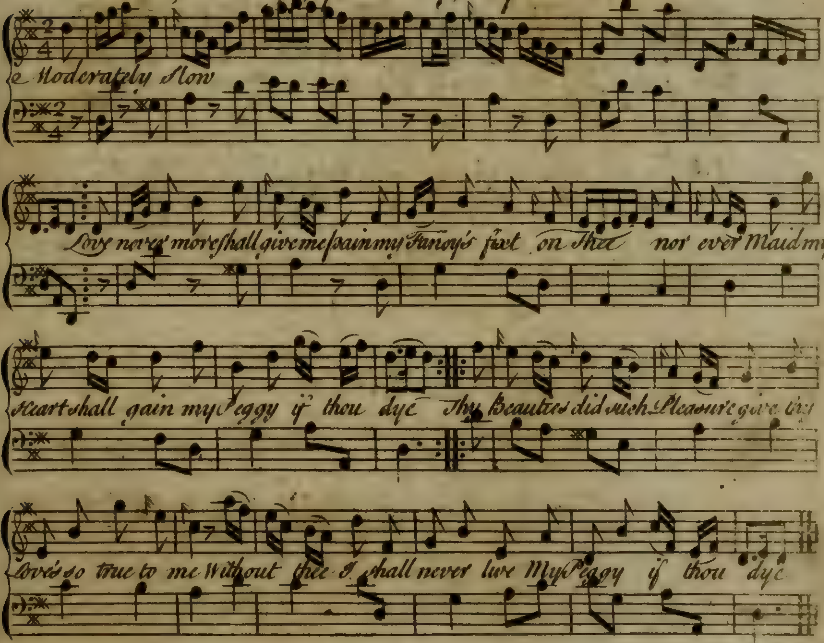
Sung by Mr Lowe at Vaux Hall



But when without Art, your kind Thoughts you impart,
When your Love runs in Blushes through ev'ry Vein,
When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants in your Heart;
Then I know you're a Woman, a Woman again.

There's a Passion & pride, in our Sex she reply'd,
And thus, might I gratify both, I woud do,
An Angel appear to each Lover beside,
But still be a Woman, a Woman to you.

My Peggy Sung by Mr. Lowe

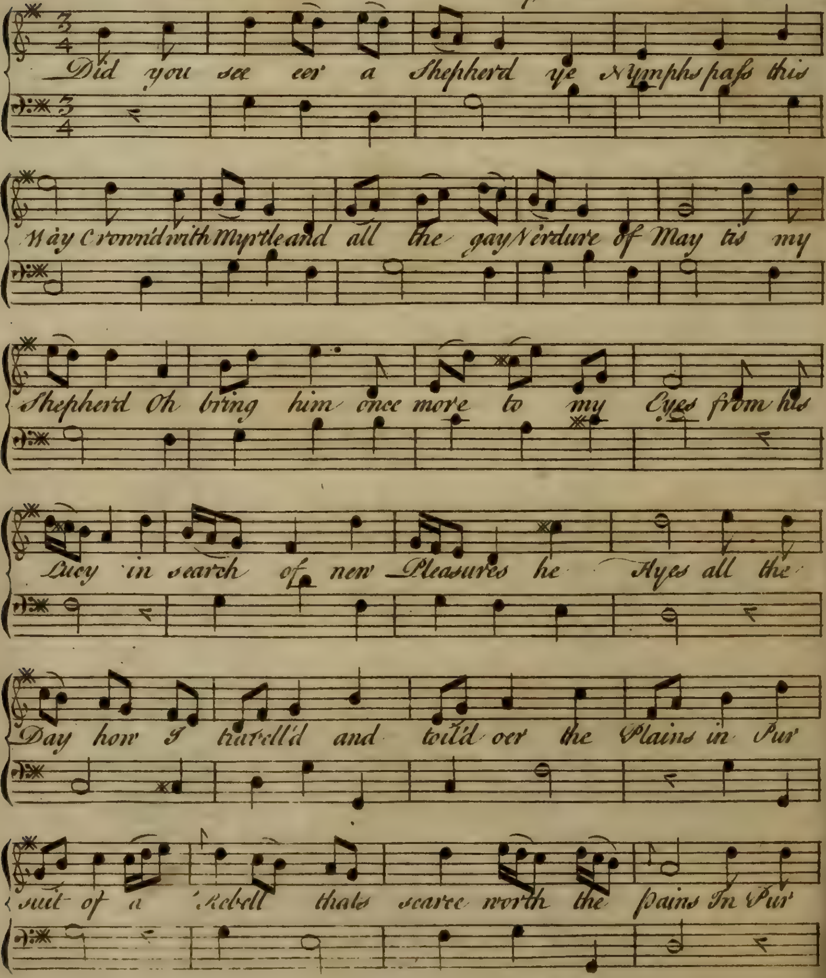


If Fate shall tear ye from my breast
How lonely shall I stray;
In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waste
In Sighs the silent Day;
I ne'er can so much Virtue find,
Nor such Perfection see;
Then I'll renounce all Womankind,
My Peggy after Thee.

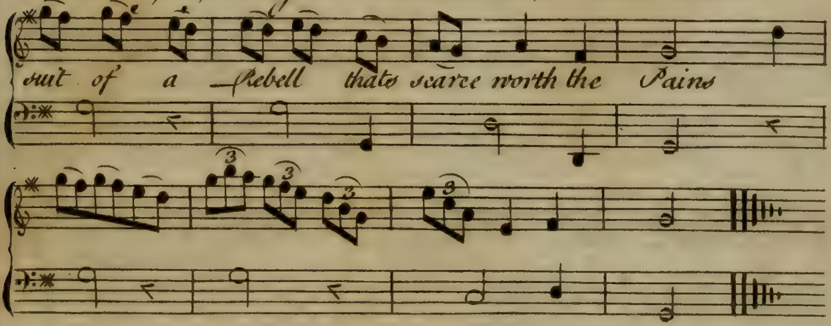
No new blown Beauty fires my heart,
With Cupid's raving Rage,
But thine which can such Sweets impart
Must all the World engage;
'Twas those that like the Morning Sun,
Gave Joy and Life to me;
And when its destin'd Day is done,
With Peggy let me dye.

Ye Pow'rs that smile on Virtue's Love,
And in such Pleasure share;
You who its faithful Flames approve,
With Pitty view the Fair,
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those Charms so dear to me,
Oh! never rob them from those Arms
I'm lost if Peggy dye.

A Favourite Song



Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vaux Hall



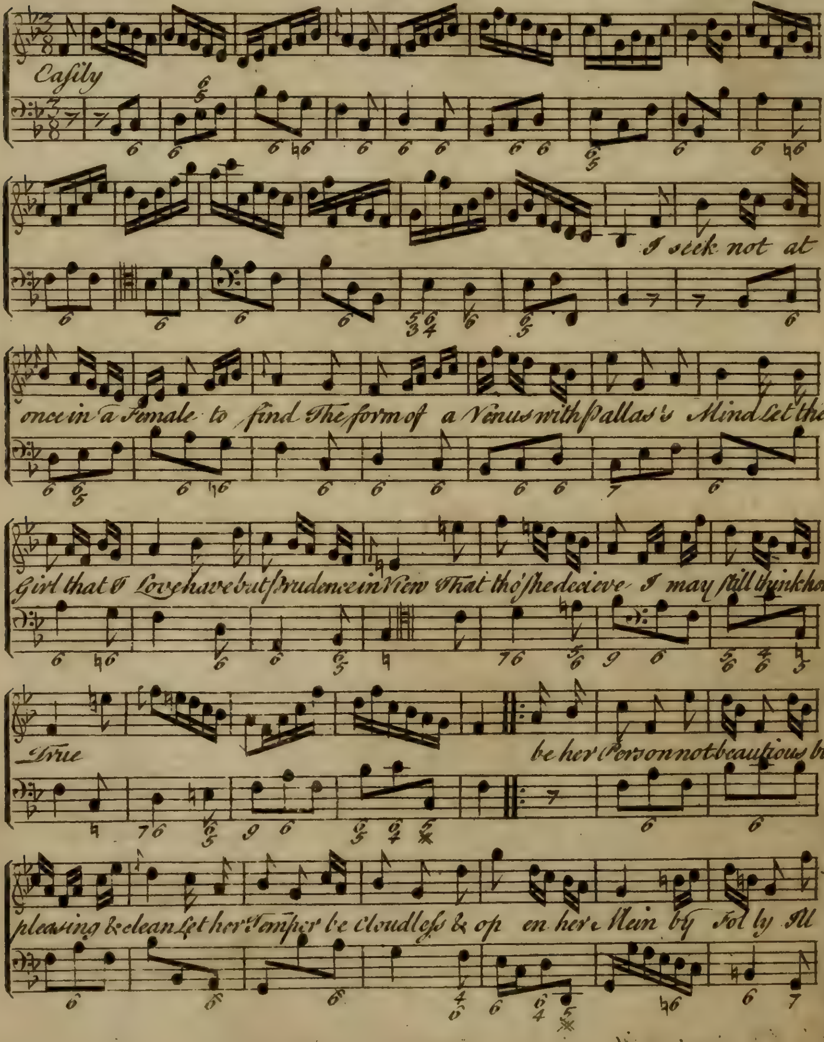
Take Care Maids take Care, when he flatters & swears,
How you trust your own Eyes, or believe your own Ears,
Like the Rose-bud in June, ev'ry Hand hell invite,
But wound the kind Heart, like the Thorn out of Sight,
And trust me who eer my false Shepherd detains,
Shell find him a Conquest, thats scarce worth her Pains.

Three Months at my Feet did he languish & Sigh,
Eer he gaind a kind Word or a tender Reply,
Love, Honour & Truth, were the Themes that he sung,
And he vow'd that his Soul was a kin to his Tongue,
Too soon I believ'd & reply'd to his Strains,
And gave him too frankly my Heart for his Pains.

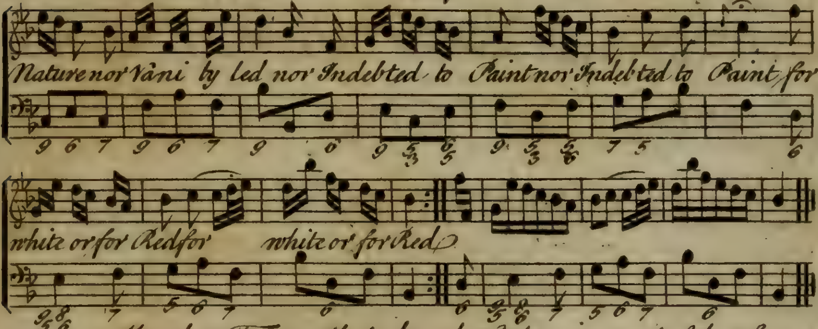
The Trifle once gaind, like a Boy at his Play,
Soon the Wanton grew weary, & flung it away,
Now cloy'd with my Love, from my Arms he does fly,
In Search of another as Silly as I;
But trust me who eer my false Shepherd detains,
Shell find him a Conquest thats Scarce worth her pains.

Beware all ye Nymphs, how ye sooth the fond Flame,
And believe in good Time all the Sex are the Same,
Like Strephon from Beauty to Beauty they range,
Like him they will flatter, dissemble & Change,
And do all we can still this Maxim remains,
That a Man when we've got him is scarce worth ye Pains.

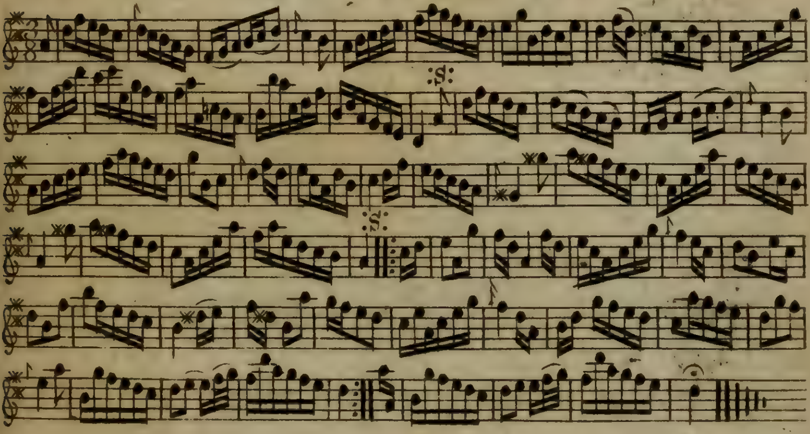
The Reasonable Lover



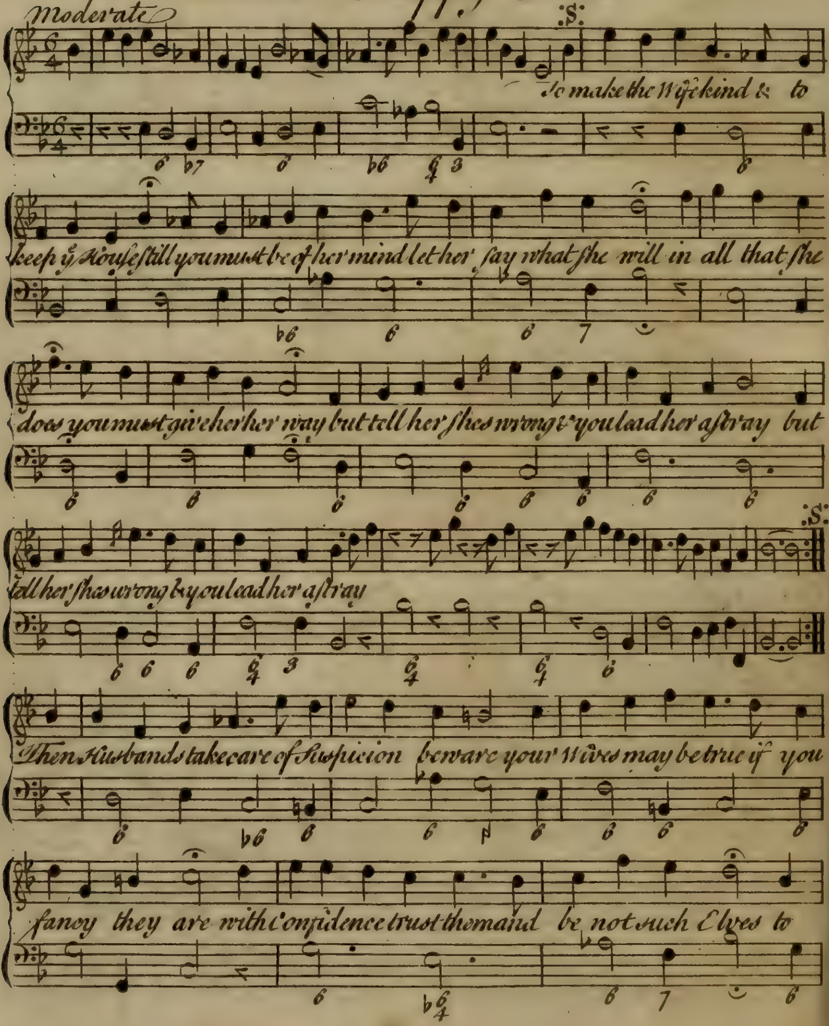
Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



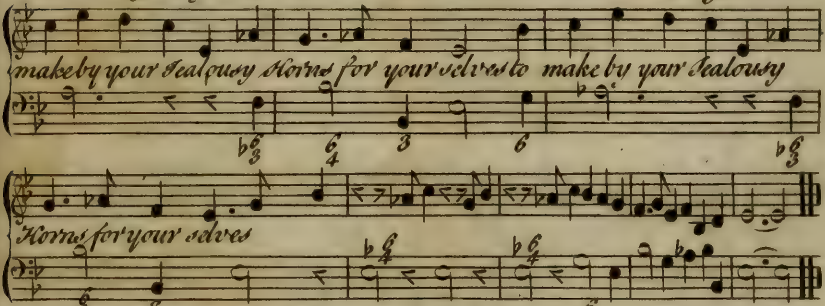
May her Tongue that dread Weapon in most of her sex,
Be employ'd to delight us, & not to perplex.
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a Jest,
For Prudes I despise, and Coquets I detest.
May her Humour the Taste of the Company hit,
Not affectedly wise or too pert with her Wit,
Go find out the Fair, that is form'd on my Plan,
And I'll love her for ev'er I mean if I Can.



The Happy He

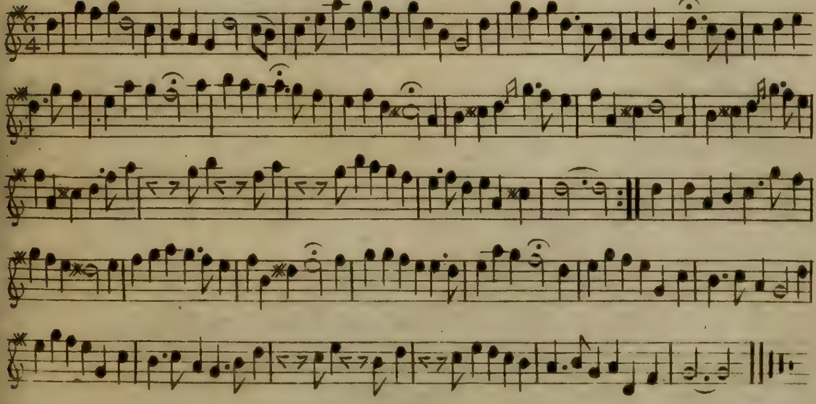

Moderate
To make the Wife kind & to
keep ye House still you must be of her mind let her say what she will in all that she
does you must give her her way but tell her shes wrong & you lead her astray but
tell her shes wrong & you lead her astray
Then Husbands take care of Suspicion beware your Wives may be true if you
fancy they are with Confidence trust them and be not such Elves to

Sung by M^r. Beard at Ranelaugh

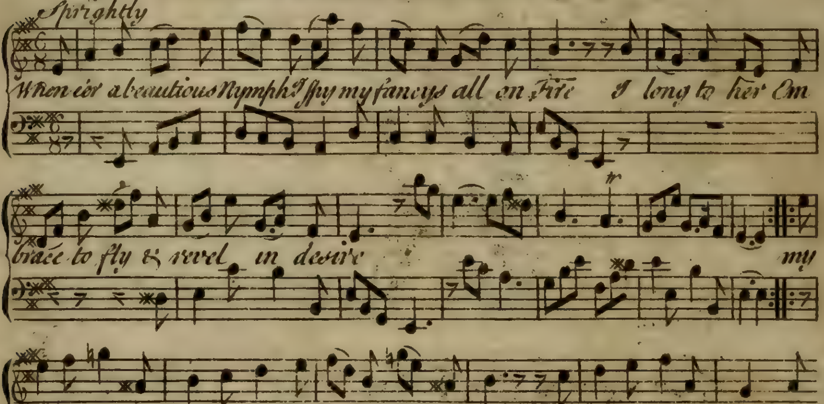


Abroad all the Day if she Chuses to roam,
Seem pleas'd with her absence, she'll Sigh to come home,
The Man she likes best, and wants most to be at,
Be sure to commend, & she'll hate him for that.
Then Husbands &c.

What Vertues she has you may safely oppose
What e'er are her Follyes commend her for those
Approve all the Schemes that she lays for a Man
For name but a Vice & she'll err if she can.
Then Husbands &c.

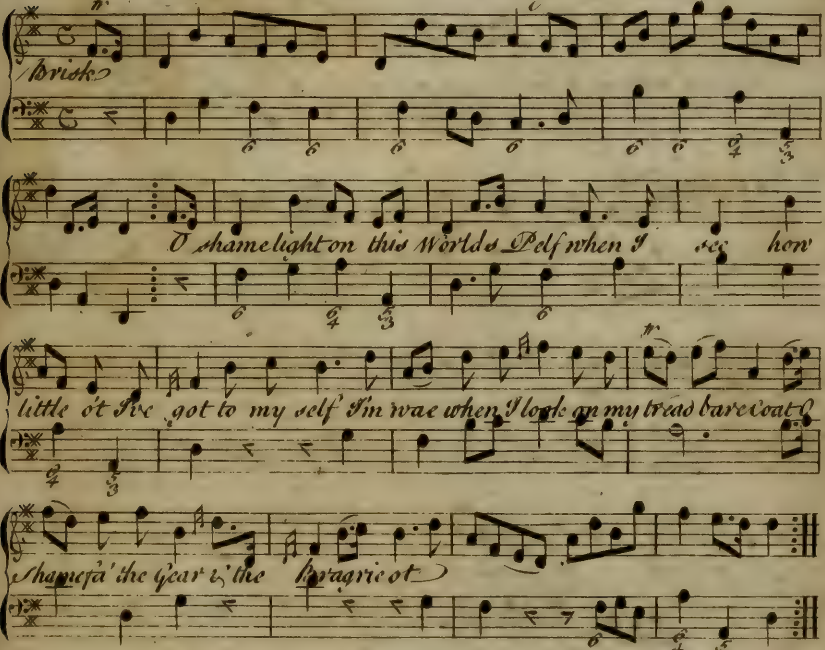


The Modern Rake



Then shou'd y fair one Haughty prove,
And my fond suit disdain;
When Arts nor bold, nor tender move,
She's soon forgot again.
But if to Crown me with Success,
She kindly does Comply,
I of the Nymph require but this;
To love as long as I.

The Gear and The Bragrie ot

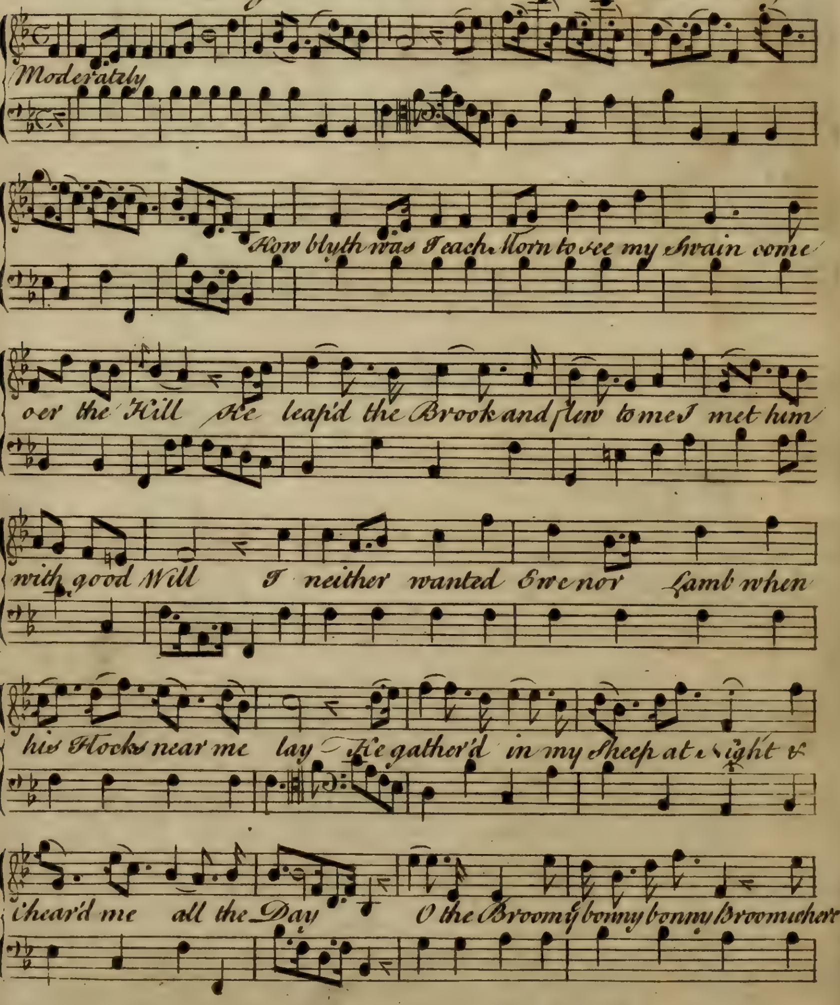


For Jenny was the Lass that muck'd y Byre,
But now she is Clad in her Silken attire,
And Jenny was y Lass that wore the plaiden Coat,
O shame fa' the Gear and the Bragrie ot.

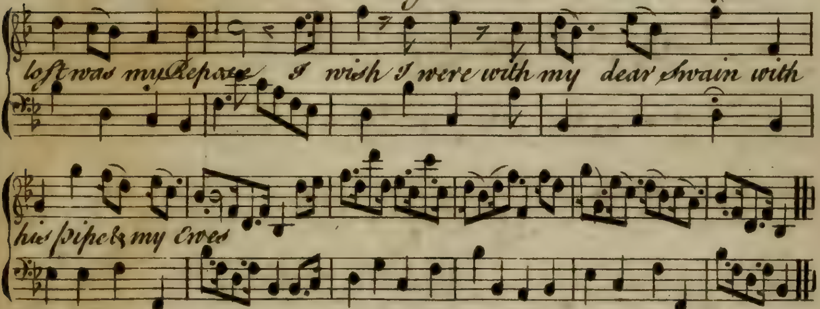
And Jockey was y Ladie that gade at y Plough,
Tho' now he's gotten Gow'd & Gear enough,
But I have seen y Day when he was not worth a groat.
O shame fa' the Gear and y Bragrie ot.

But all this shall never Dauntin me,
As long as I keep my fancy free,
As longs I have a Penny to pay for my pot,
May y Diel take y Gear & y Bragrie ot.

The Bonny Broom A Favourite Song

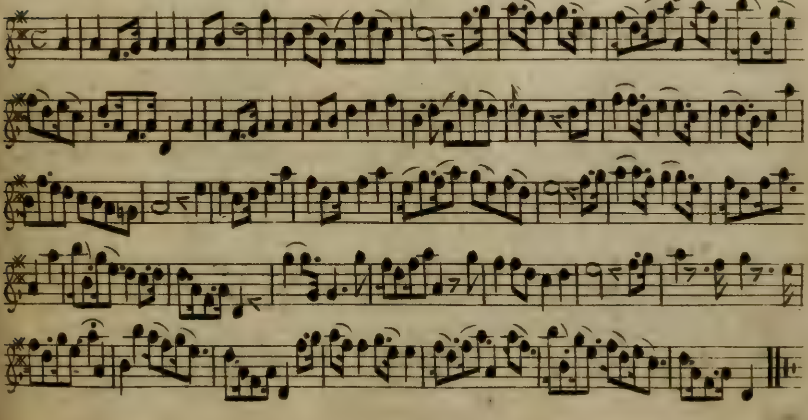


Set to Musick by Mr Arne

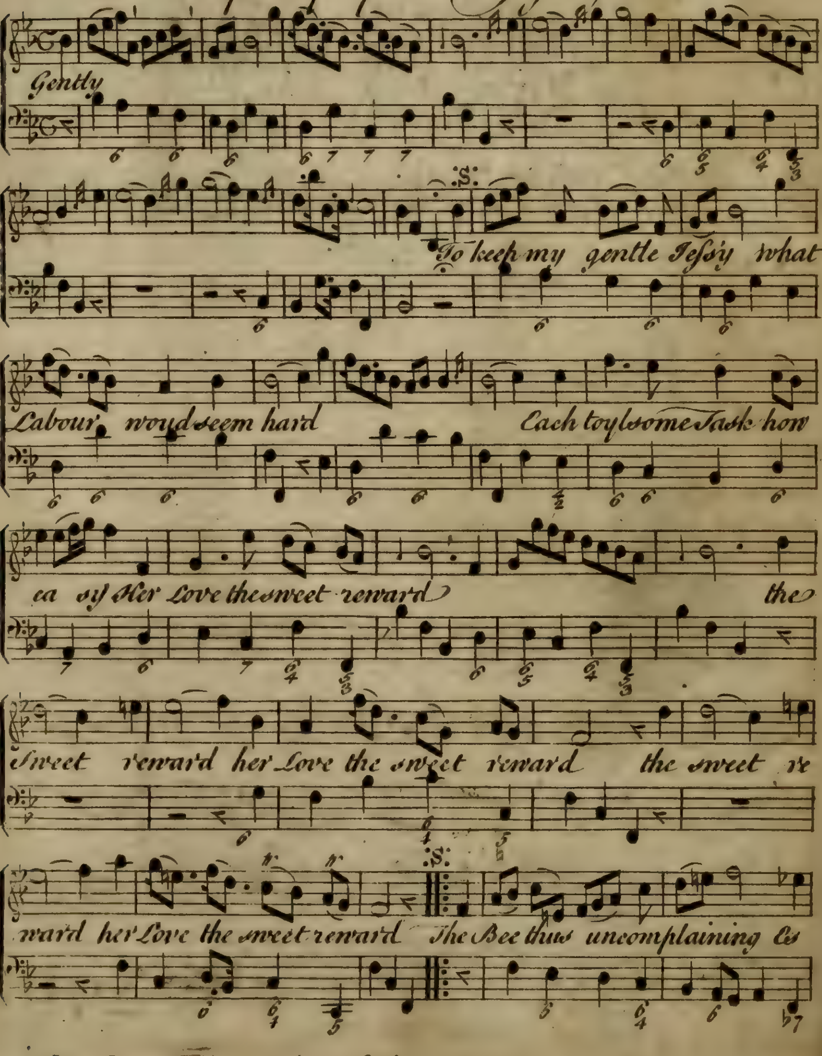


He tun'd his pipe & Reed sae sweet
The Birds stood listning by
The fleecy sheep stood still & gaz'd
Charm'd with his Melody
While thus we spent our time by turn
Betwixt our Flocks & Play
I envy'd not y fairest Dame
Tho eer so rich and Gay
O the Broom &c

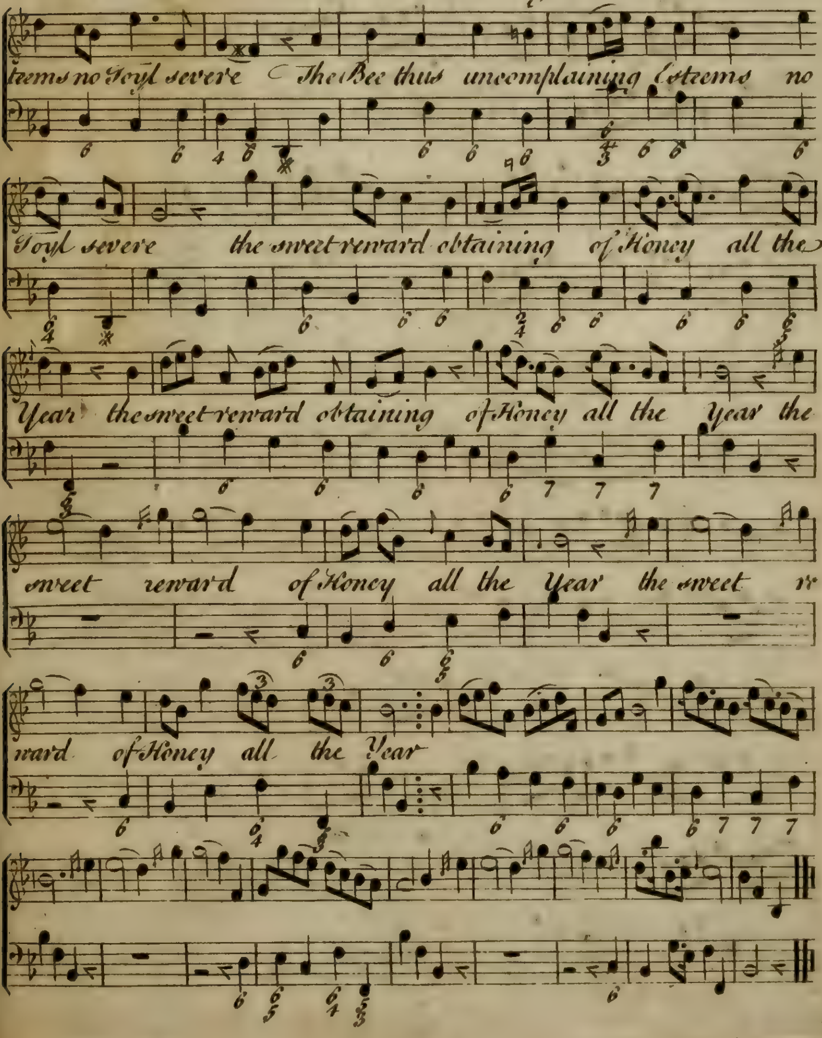
He did oblige me evry Hour
Coud I but faithfull be
He stole my Heart coud I refuse
What eer he ask'd of me
Hard fate that I must banish'd be
Gang heavily & mourn
Because I lov'd y kindest Swain
That ever yet was born
O the Broom &c



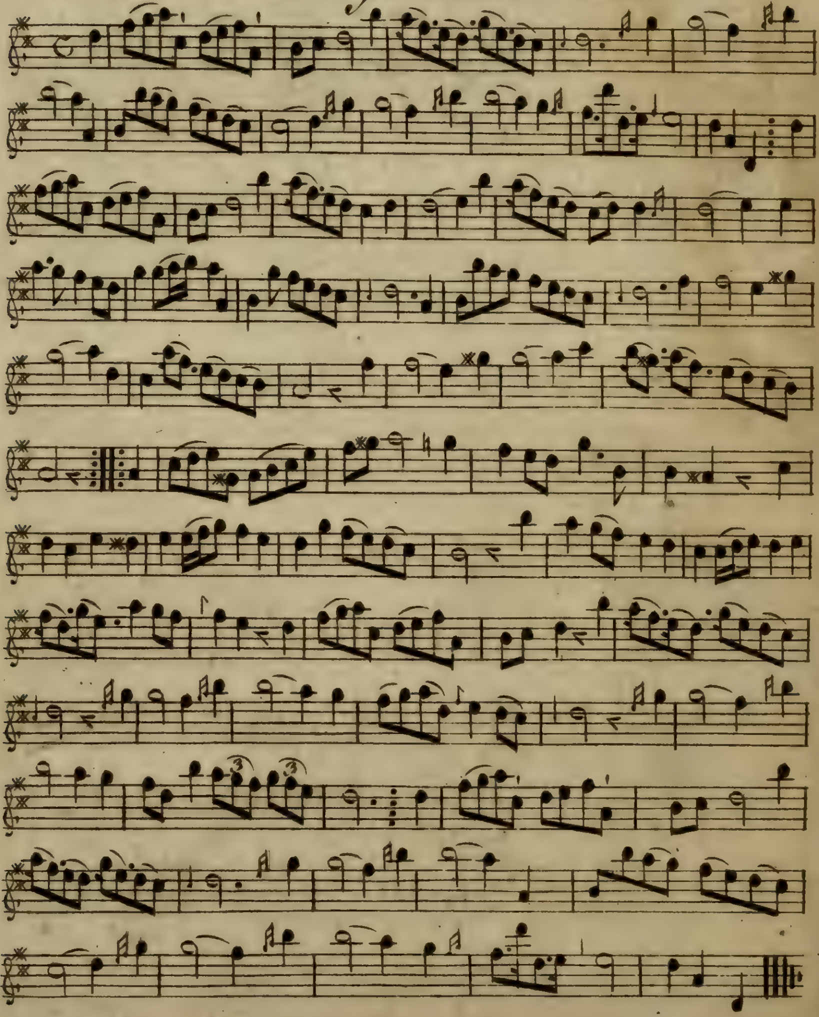
To keep my Gentle Jessey



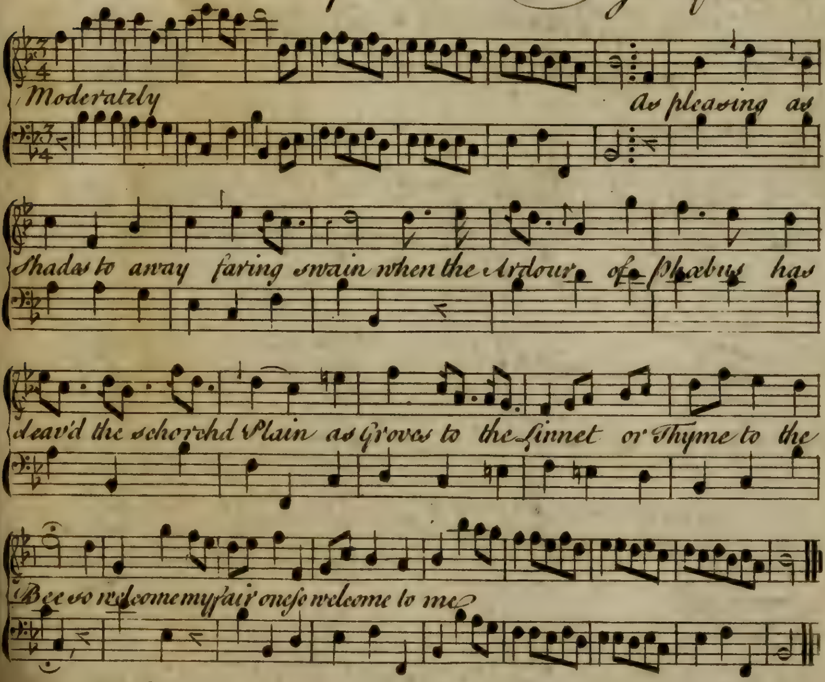
A Favourite Song Set by Mr Arne



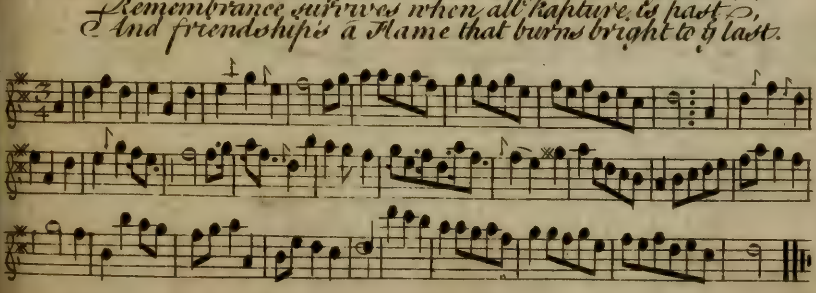
For the German Flute



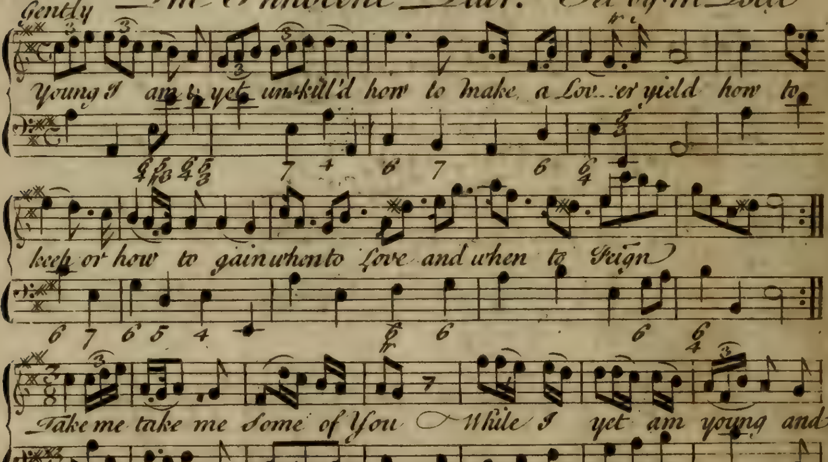
Friendship United set by Mr. Bell



Whom Love has united no Tyrants can part,
Nor can time e'er efface what's Engrav'd in y^e Heart;
Remembrance survives when all Rapture is past,
And friendship's a Flame that burns bright to y^e last.

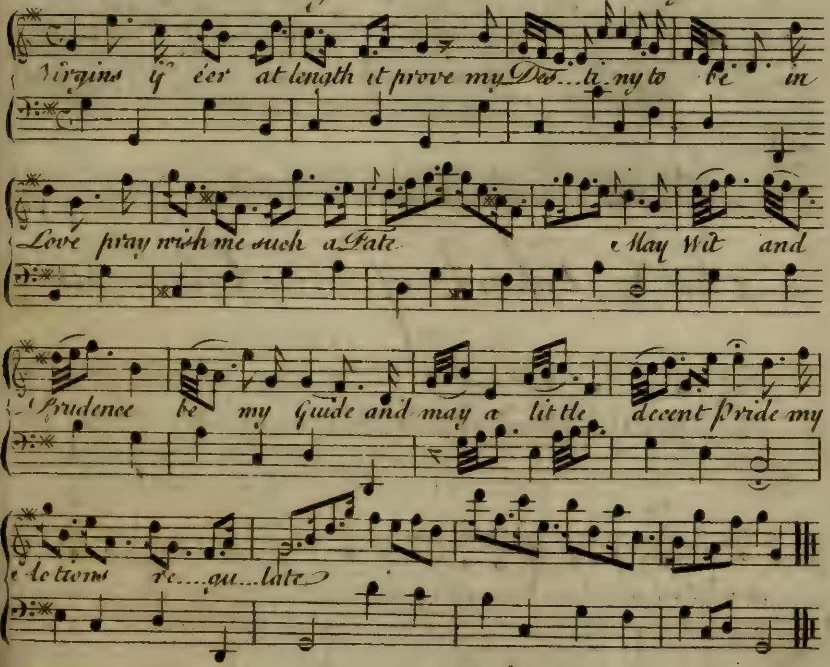


The Innocent Fair. Set by Mr. Bell



Stay not till I learn the Way,
How to lye and to betray;
He that takes me first is best,
For I may deceive the rest;
Could I meet a blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth
Brisk, and of a Gentle Mien,
I should long to be Fifteen.

The Virgins Wish — Set by Mr. Bell

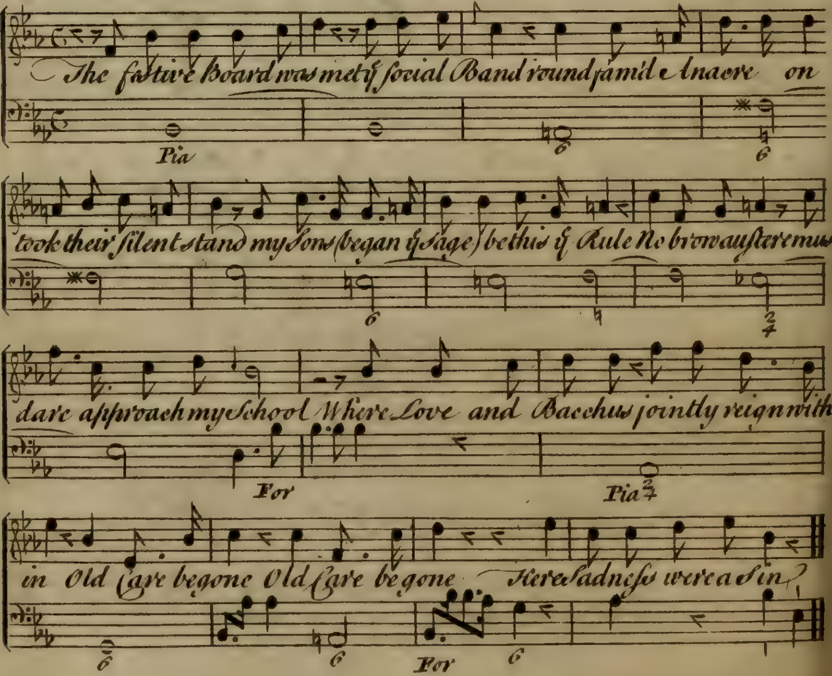


Such stateliness I mean as may
Keep nauseous fools & fops away
But still oblige the wise
That may secure my Modesty
And Guardian to my honour be
When Passion does arise.

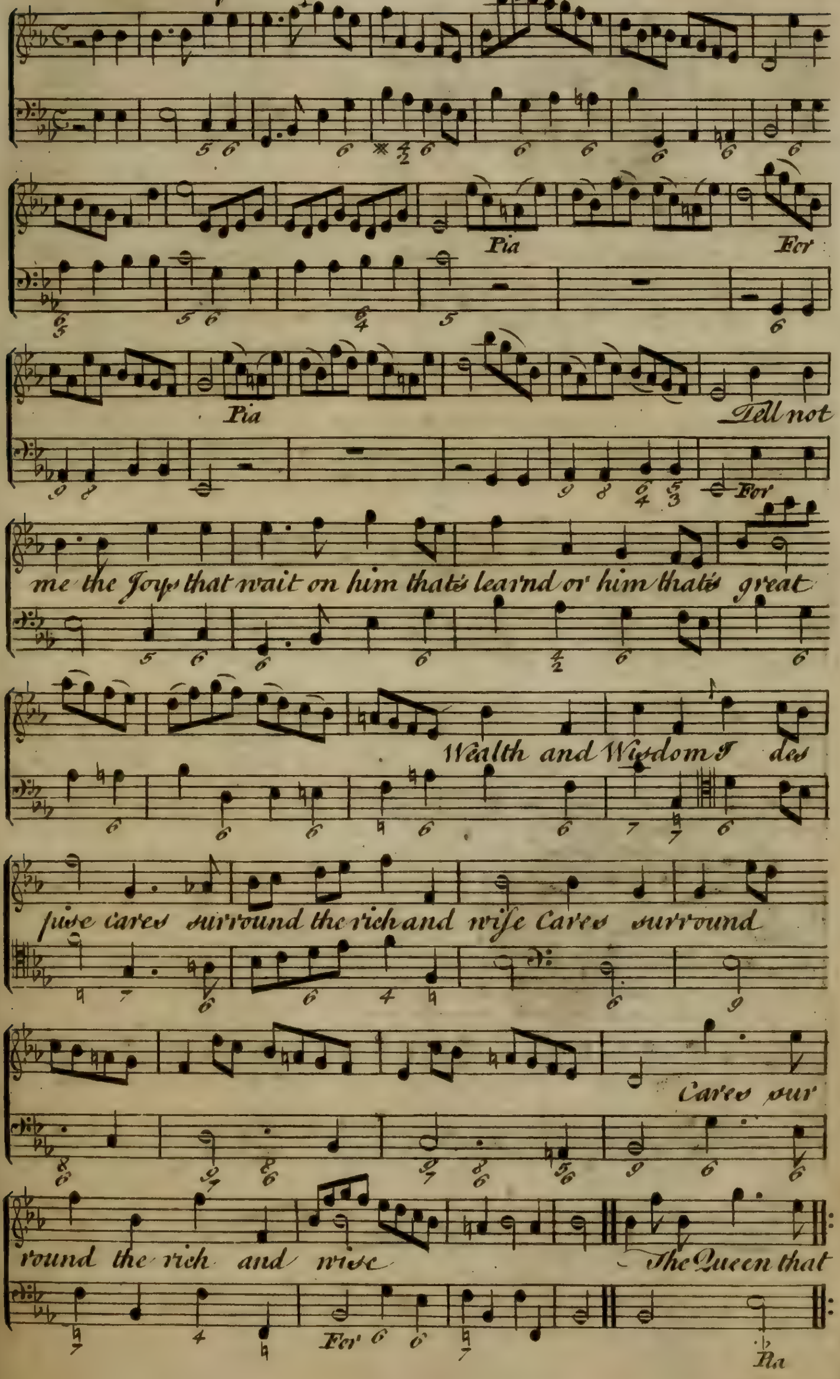
When first a Lover I commence
May it be with a Man of Sence
And learned Education
May all his Courtship easy be
Neither to formal nor too free
But wisely shew his Passion

May his Estate agree with mine
That nothing look like a Design
To bring us into Sorrow
Grant me all this that I have said
And willingly I'd live a Maid
No longer than to Morrow.

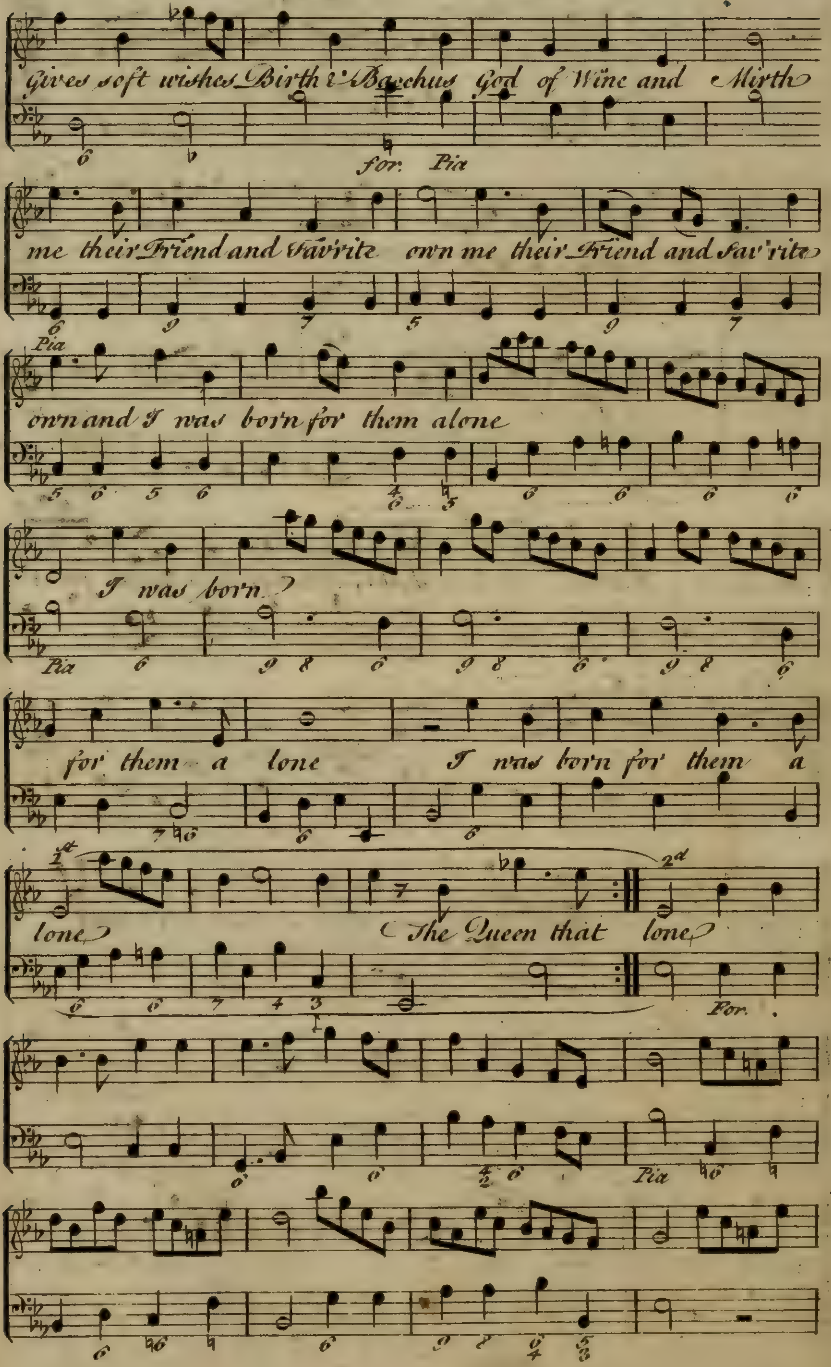
The School of Anacreon



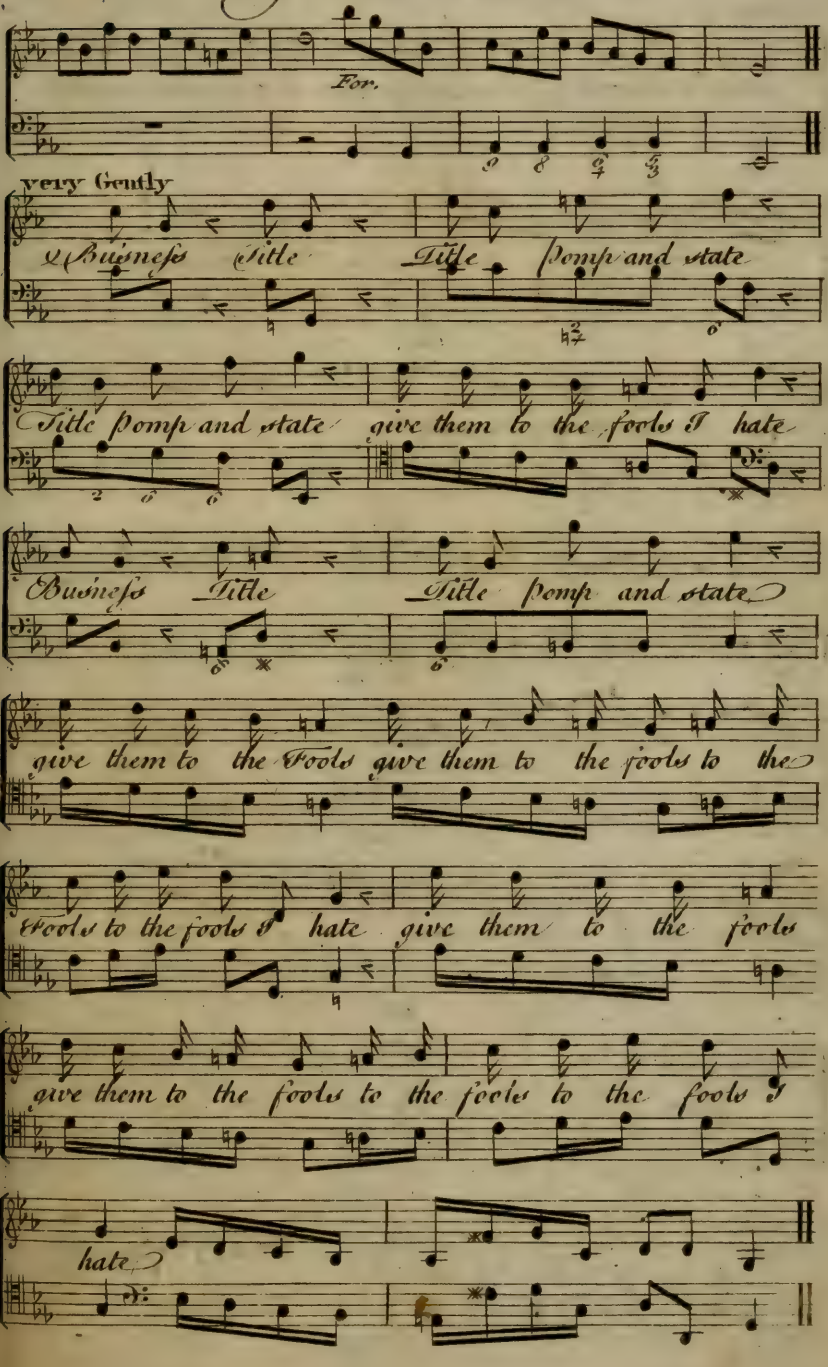
A favourite Cantata



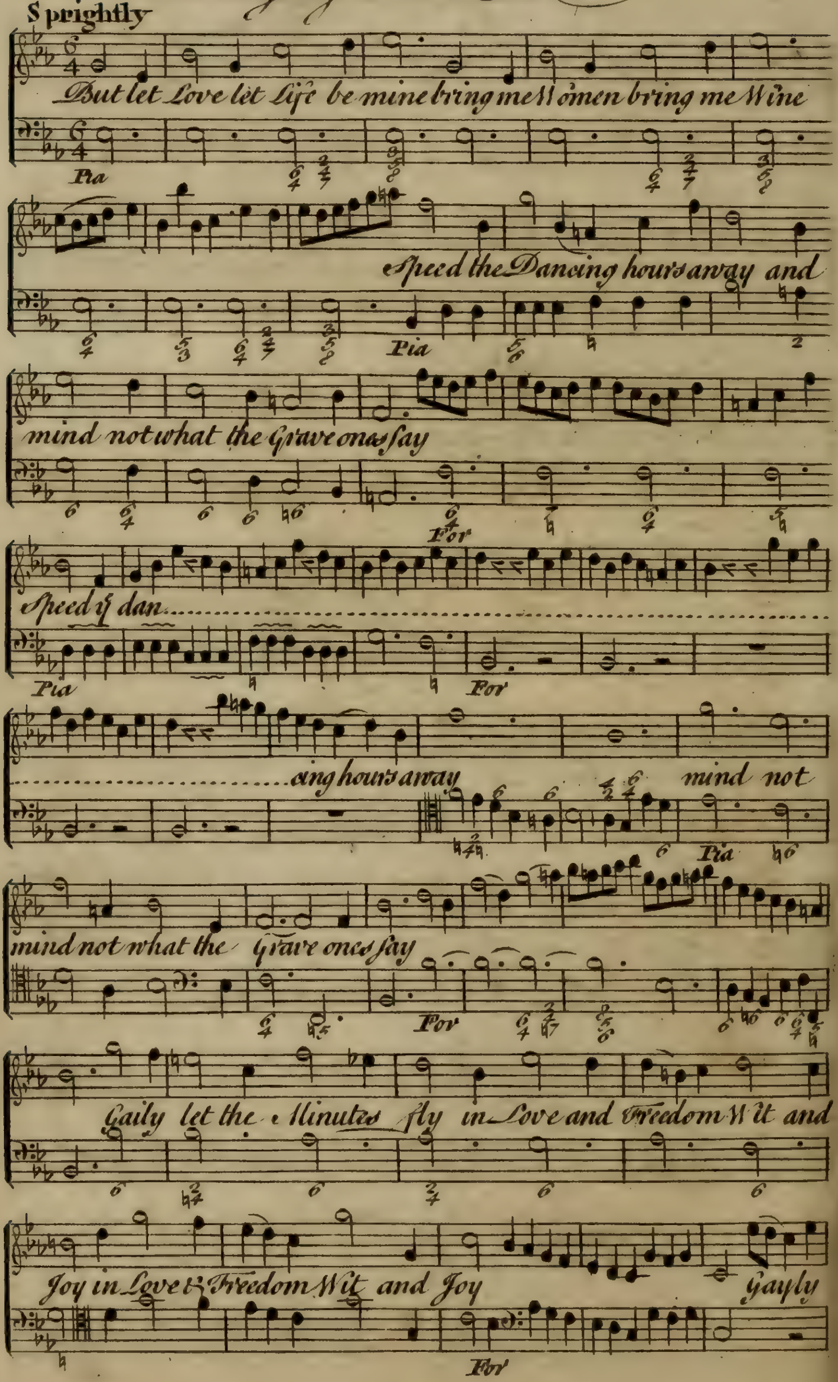
Set to Musick



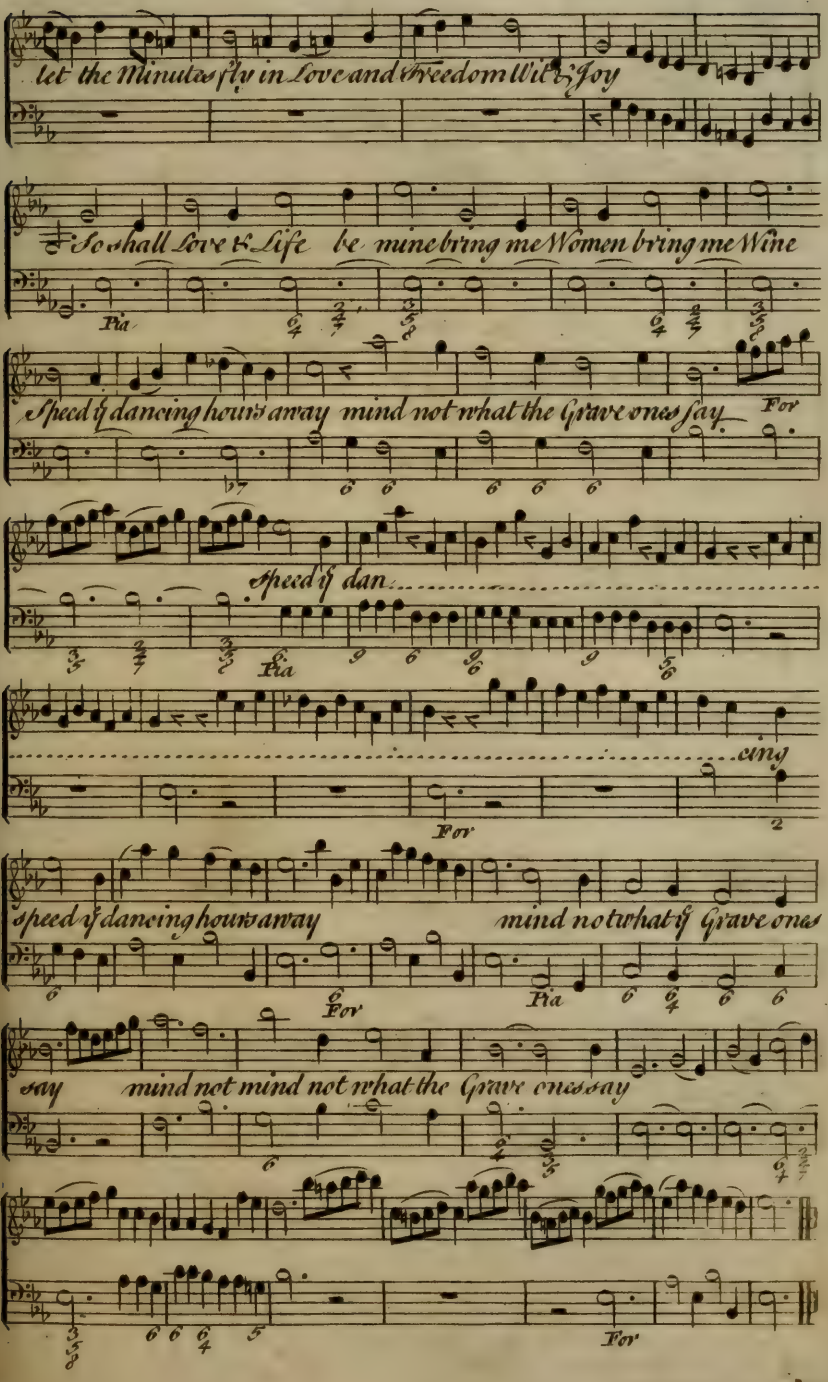
by Mr. Arne


For.
very Gently
Business Title Title Pomp and state
Title pomp and state give them to the fools I hate
Business Title Title pomp and state
give them to the Fools give them to the fools to the
Fools to the fools I hate give them to the fools
give them to the fools to the fools to the fools I
hate

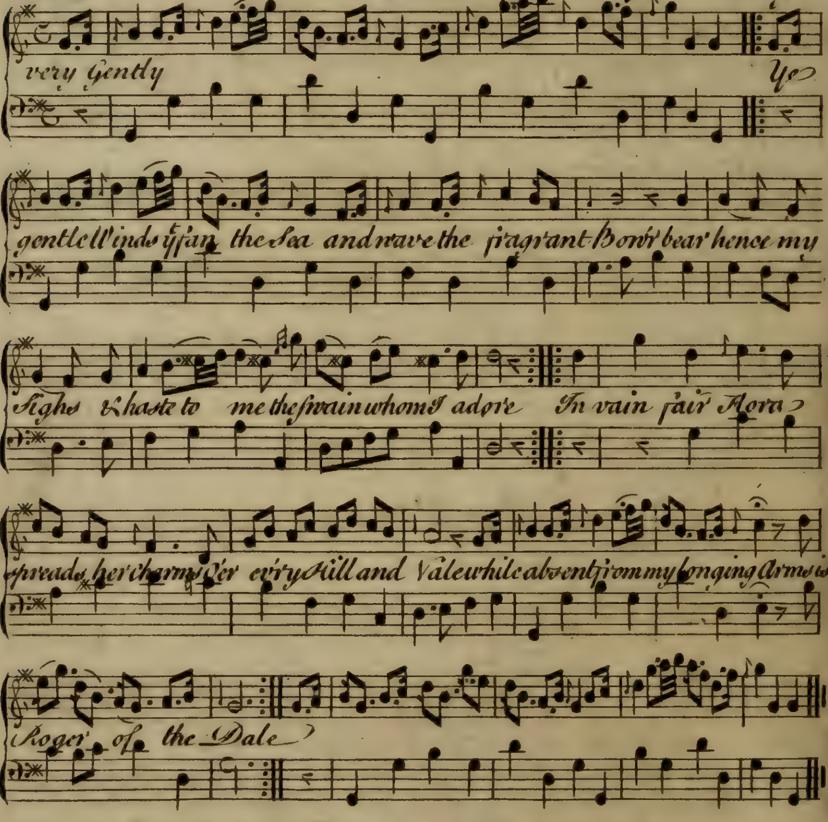
Sung by Mr Lowe



at Vaux Hall

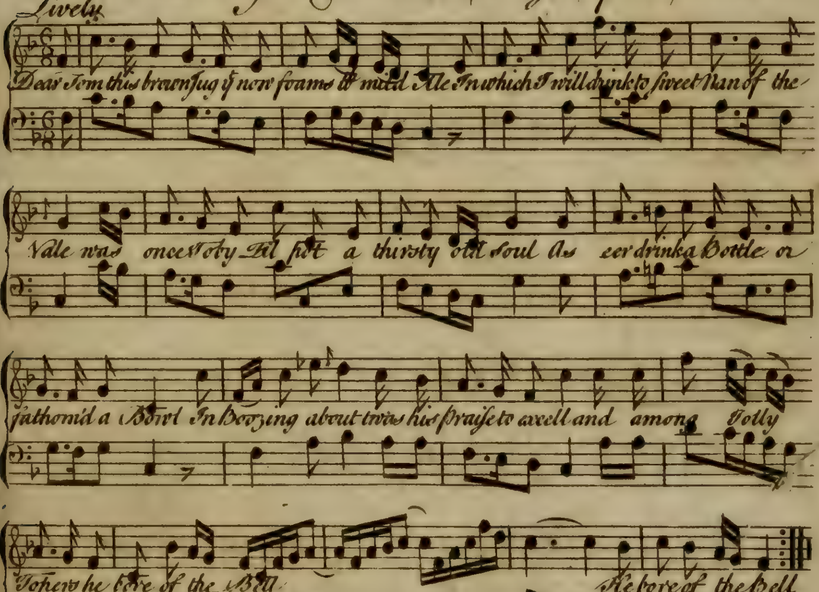

let the Minutes fly in Love and Freedom Wit & Joy
So shall Love & Life be mine bring me Women bring me Wine
Pia
Speed ye dancing hours away mind not what the Grave ones say
For
speed ye dan...cing
Pia
For
speed ye dancing hours away mind not what ye Grave ones
For
Pia
say mind not mind not what the Grave ones say
For

A Favourite Song Set by Mr Riley



Let wanton Nymphs & Swains employ,
In sensual Love their Days:
While I my Darling Youth enjoy,
In Vertues Smiling Rays,
Take all the false delights of Courts
Each glitt'ring Beau & Belle:
Give me with harmless rural Sports,
My Roger of the Dale.

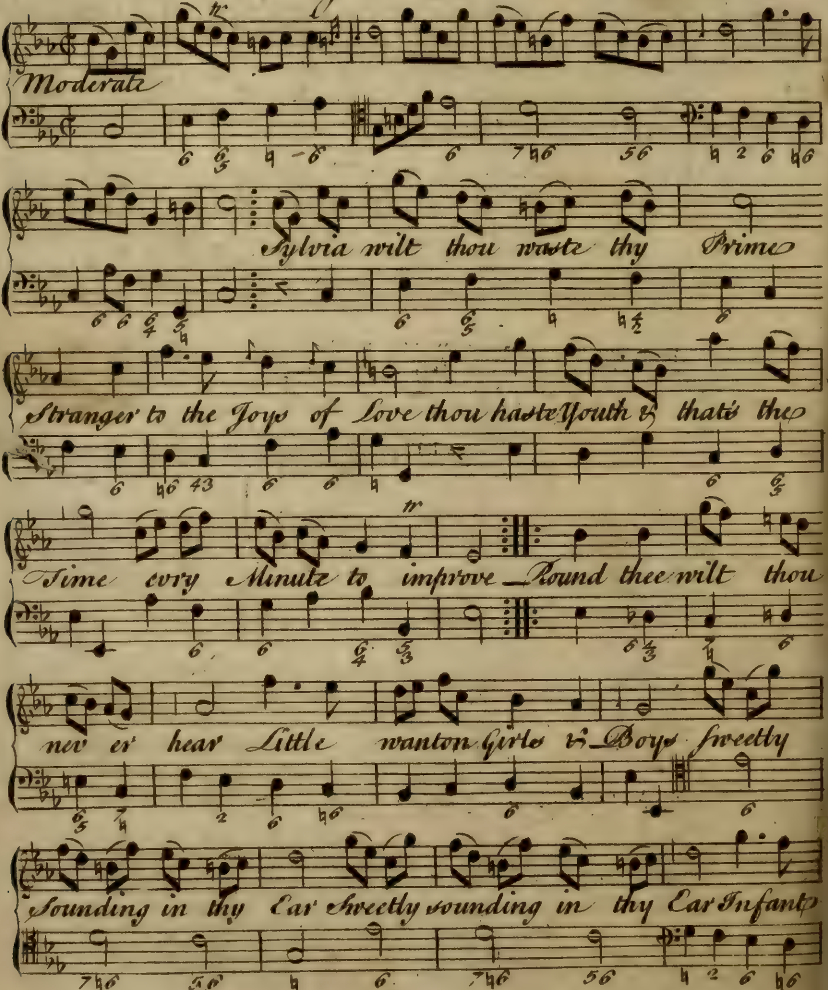
Toby Reduc'd set by Mr Hodson



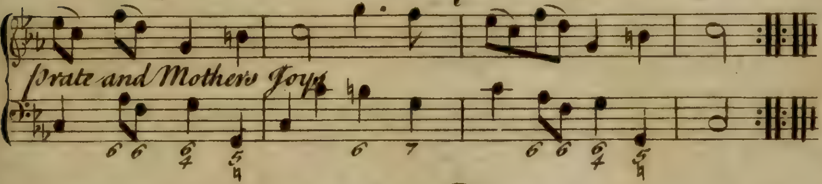
It chanc'd in dog Days as he sat at his ease
In his flow'r woven Arbour as gay as you please
With a friend & a Pipe puffing Sorrow away
And with honest old Stingo was soaking his Clay
His breath Doors of Life on a sudden were shut
And he died full as big as a Dorchester Butt

His Body when long in y Ground it had lain
And time into Clay had dissolv'd it again
A Potter found out in its Covert so snug
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown Jug
Now sacred to Friendship & mirth & mild Ale
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale

Sylvia

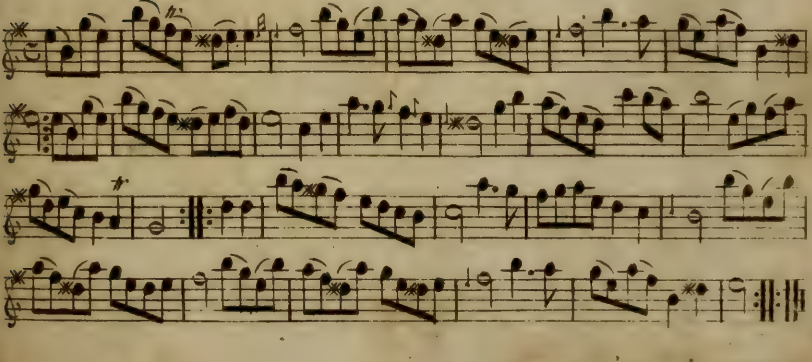

Moderate
Sylvia wilt thou waste thy Prime
Stranger to the Joys of Love thou haste Youth & that's the
Time evry Minute to improve Round thee wilt thou
nev er hear Little wanton Girls & Boys sweetly
Sounding in thy Ear Sweetly sounding in thy Ear Infant

Set to Musick by Mr Arne

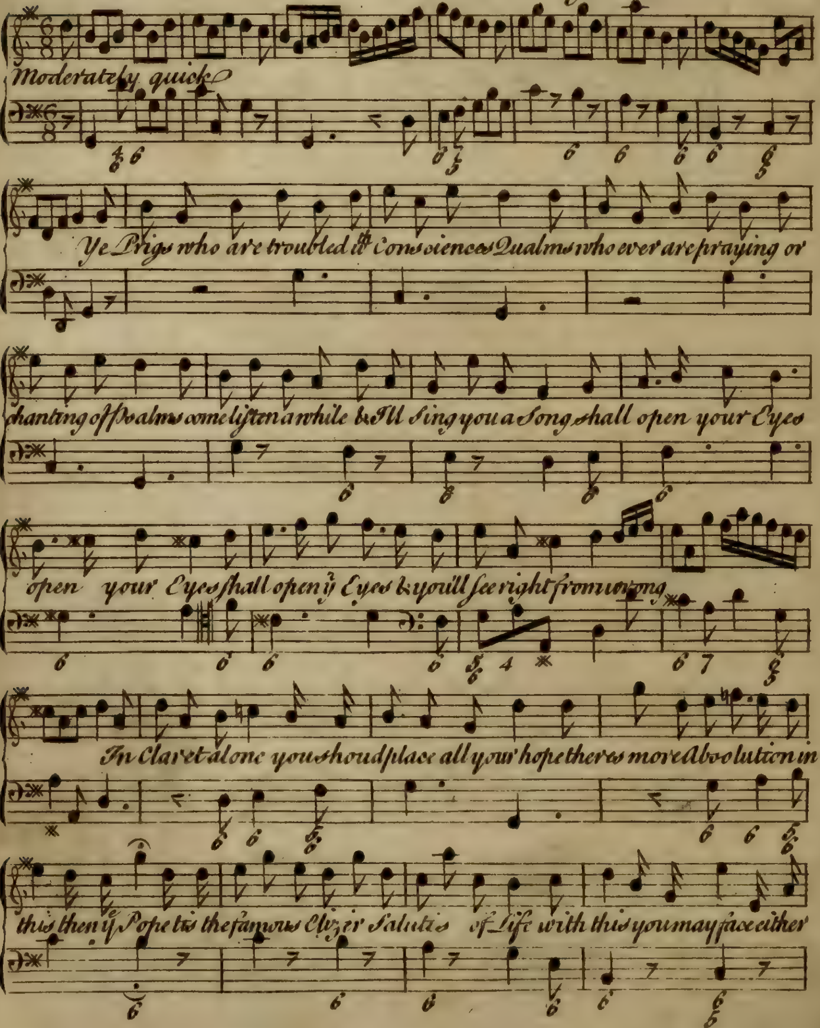


Only view that little Dove
Softly cooing to its Mate
As a further proof of Love
See her for his kisses wait
Hark! that charming Nightingale
As it flies from Spray to Spray
Sweetly tunes an Amrous Tale Sweetly &c
I love I love it strives to say

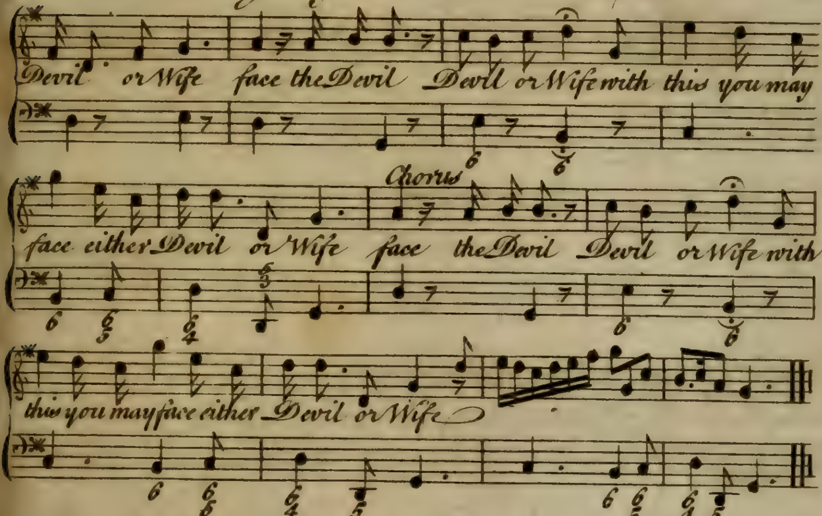
Could I to thy Soul reveal
But the least the Thousandth Part
Of those Pleasures Lovers feel
In a mutual change of Heart
Then repenting wouldst thou say
Virgins Fears from hence remove
All the Time is thrown away All the &c
That we cannot spend in Love



A Humerous Song



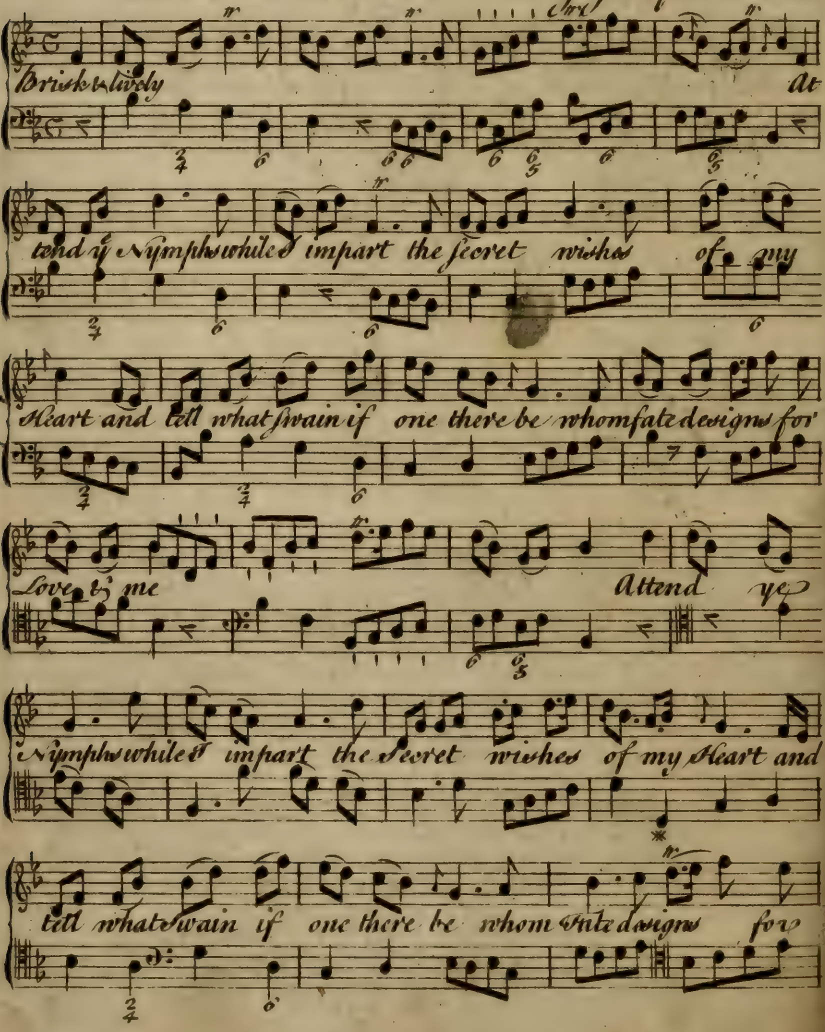
Sung by Mr. Beard



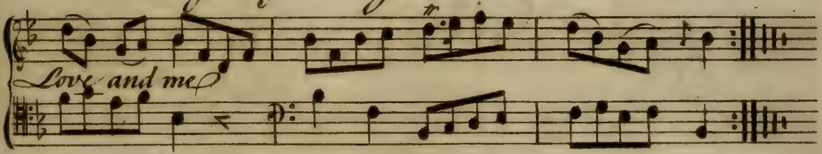
Your Mars, & Apollo, in Spite of the Schools,
And Jupiter eke to our Bacchus are Fools,
When his blessed Spirit enlivens our Clods,
Each Mortal's inspir'd with ye Pow'r of the Gods,
Not Mars is so Valiant, when Watchmen provoke,
Not Phœbus so wise, when ye Justice we smoke,
Nor Jove half so Rampant in all his Amours,
When we thunder away from our Claret to Whores.

My Morals are Sound—for they lye in my Glass,
My Religion and Faith are my Bottle & Lass,
My Church is the Tavern, a Vintner & Priest,
And thus I go on till the Saint is deceas'd,
And when I no longer can revel & roar;
But must part with my Bottle, my friend, & my Whore,
Embalm me in Claret; pay Rites at my Shrine,
Thus living I'm happy, when dead I'm devine.

A Favourite Song ſet by Mr Baildon



Sung by Miss Stevenson

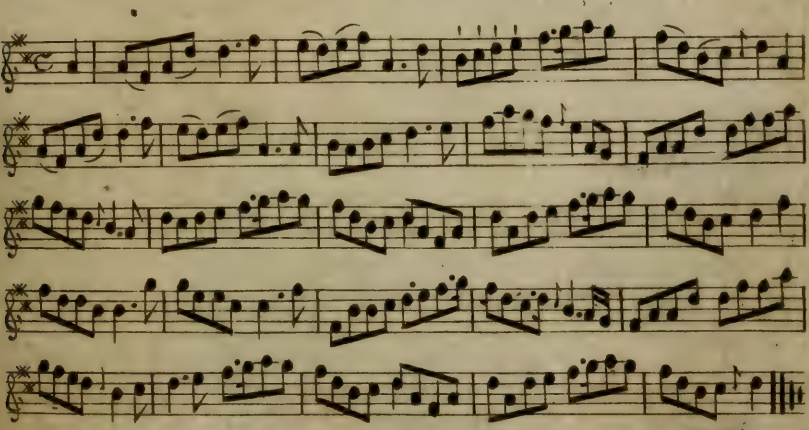


Let Reason o'er his thoughts preside
Let Honour all his Actions guide
Stedfast in Vertue let him be
The swain design'd for Love & me.

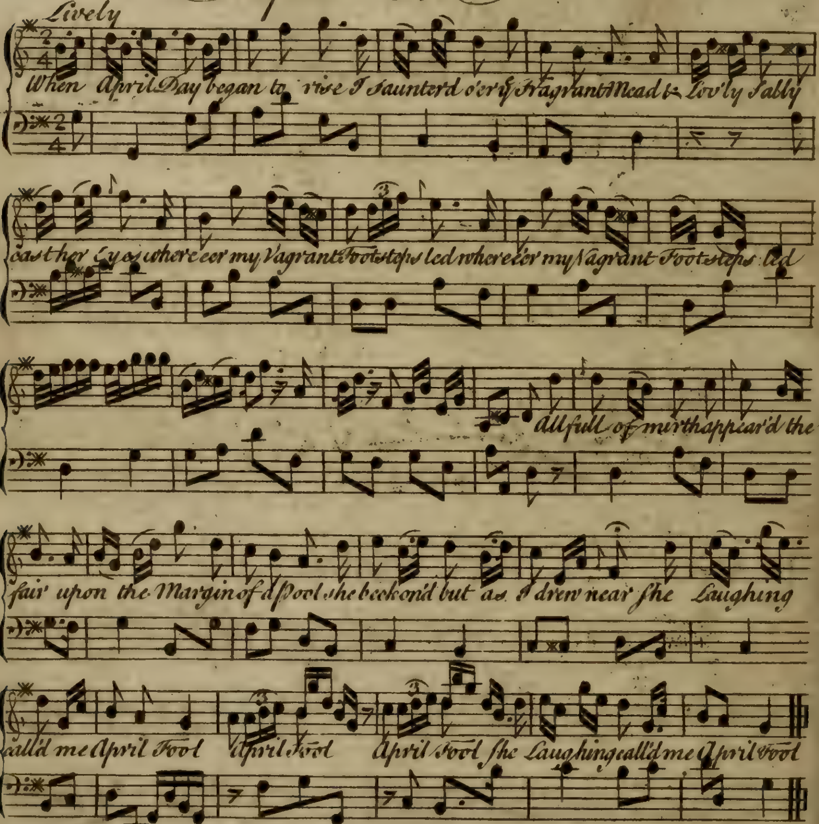
Where Sorrow prompts ye pensive sigh
Where Griefs bedew ye drooping Eye
Melting in Sympathy I see
The swain design'd for Love & me.

Let solid Sence inform his mind
With pure good nature sweetly join'd
Sure Friend to modest merit be
The Swain design'd for Love & me.

Let sordid av'rice claim no part
Within his tender gen'rous Heart
Oh be that Heart from falshood free
Devoted all to Love & me.

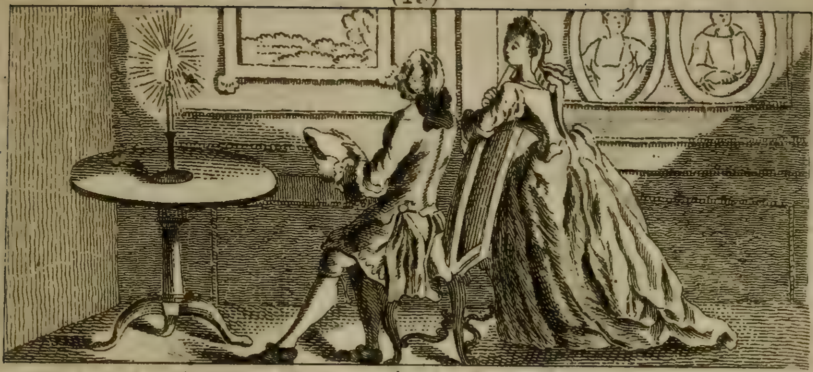


April Fool

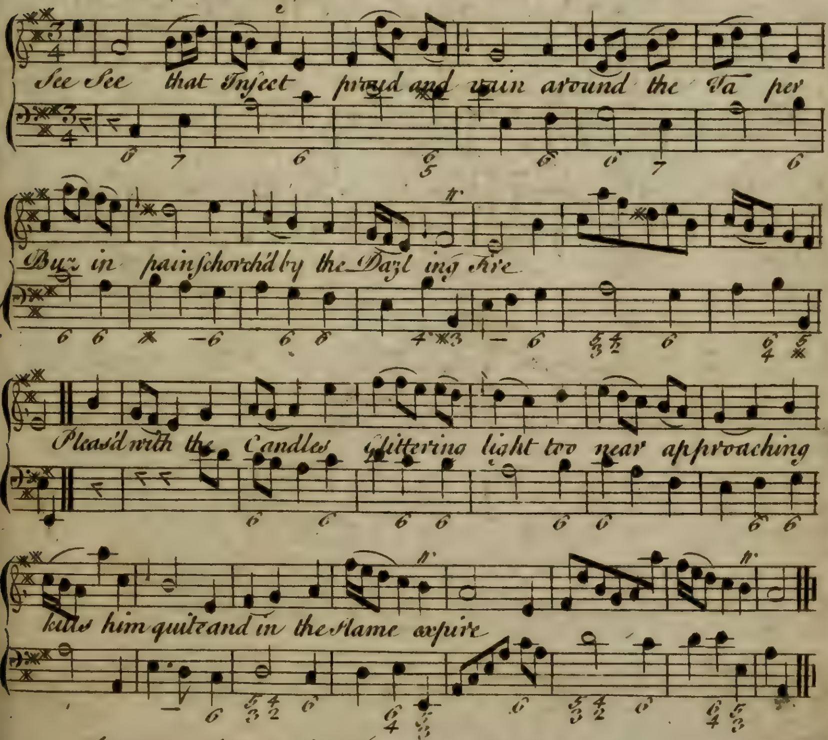


I shook my poor untinking Maid
That never dreamt on April Day
However to my Self I said
Young Maid I'll soon this trick repay
She ask'd me why I stupid stood
Like some poor frighted Boy at school
Because ye Goddess of the Wood
Says I makes me an April Fool

Oh la say'd she fine Words indeed
Enough to win a Maidens Heart
Come Collin sound thy Oaten Reed
And play a Love Tune ere we part
I drew my Pipe which pleas'd her well
Nor woud I let her fondness Cool
I laid her down but must not tell
How she was made an April Fool

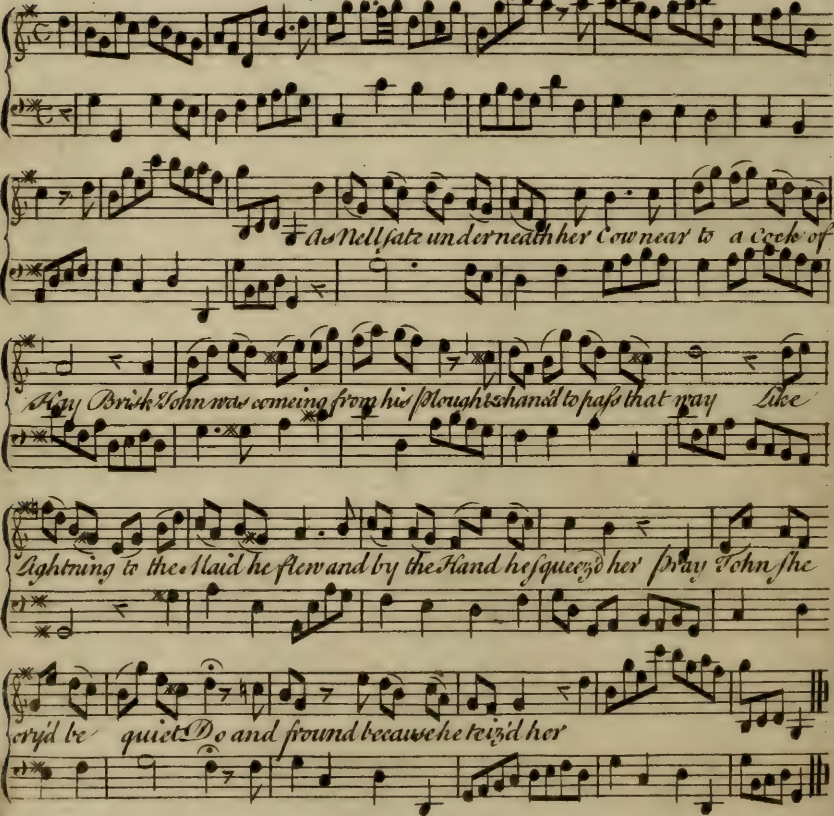


The Fly A Simile



Attracted thus, by Beauty's Charms,
Each Youthful Heart is in alarms,
And hovers round the Fair,
Till by the Lightning from her Eyes,
The hapless Swains like silly flies,
Are kill'd and disapear.

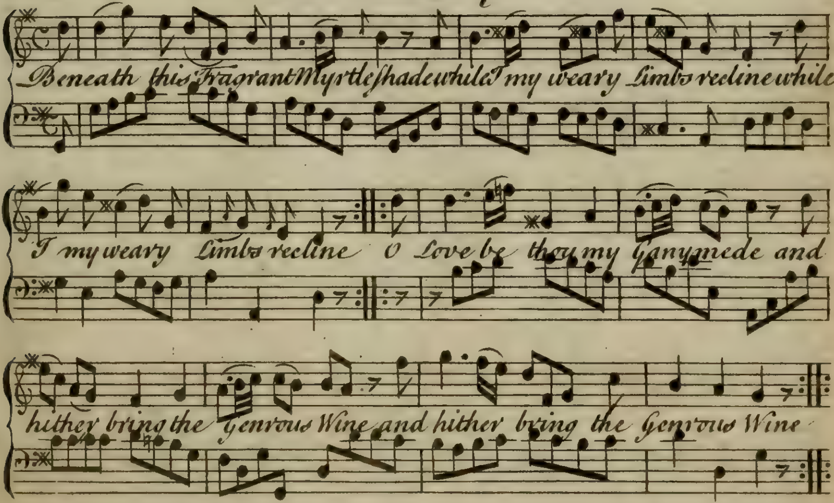
John & Nell



Young Cupid from his Mothers knee
Observ'd her female Pride
Go on & prosper John (says he)
And I will be your Guide
Then aim'd at Nelly's Breast a dart
From pride it soon releas'd her
She faintly cry'd I feel Love's smart
And sigh'd because it eas'd her

John laid himself down by her side
And stole a Kiss or two
And Flatt'ry's Charm he also try'd
Till she the kinder grew
The Poison soon began to spread
And in the Nick he seiz'd her
She trembled blush'd & hung her Head
Then smil'd because he pleas'd her

A New Song



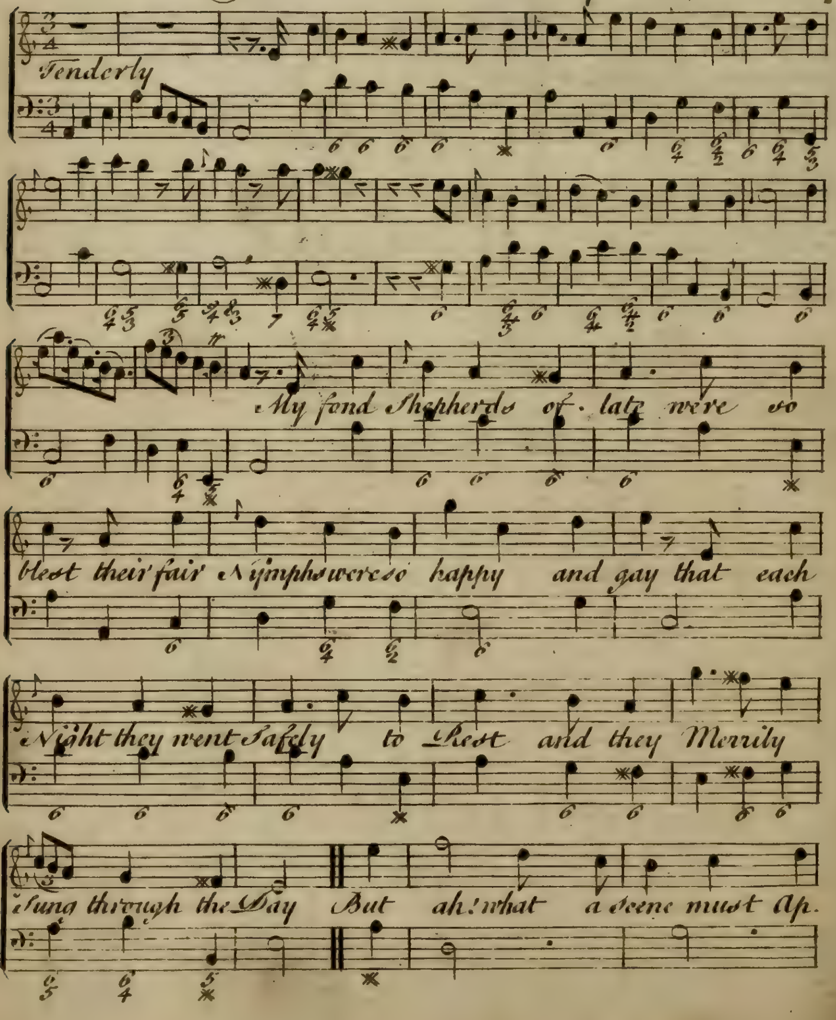
How Swift the wheel of Life revolves
How soon Lifes little race is oer
But Oh when Death this frame dissolves
Mirth Joy and Frolick is no more

Why then ah! Fool profusely vain
With Incence shall thy Pavements shine
Why dost thou pour O wretch profane
On senceless Earth the Nectar'd Wine

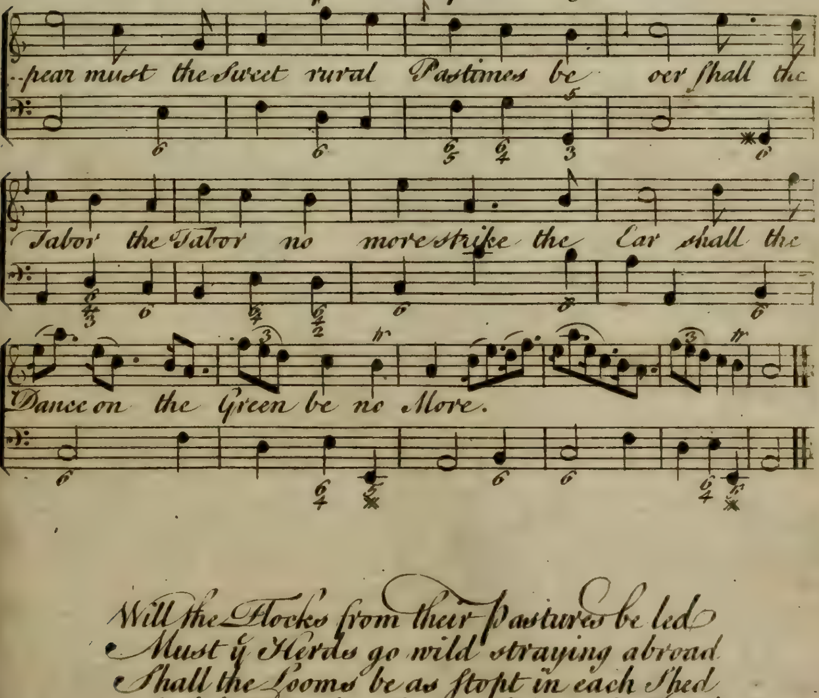
To me thy breathing Odours bring
On me the mantling Bowls bestow
Go Cloe rob the Roseate Spring
For Wreaths to grace my honour'd Brow

Yes eer the airy dance I Join
Of fleeting Shadows light and vain
I'll wisely drown in floods of Wine
Each busy Care and Idle pain

A Favourite Song

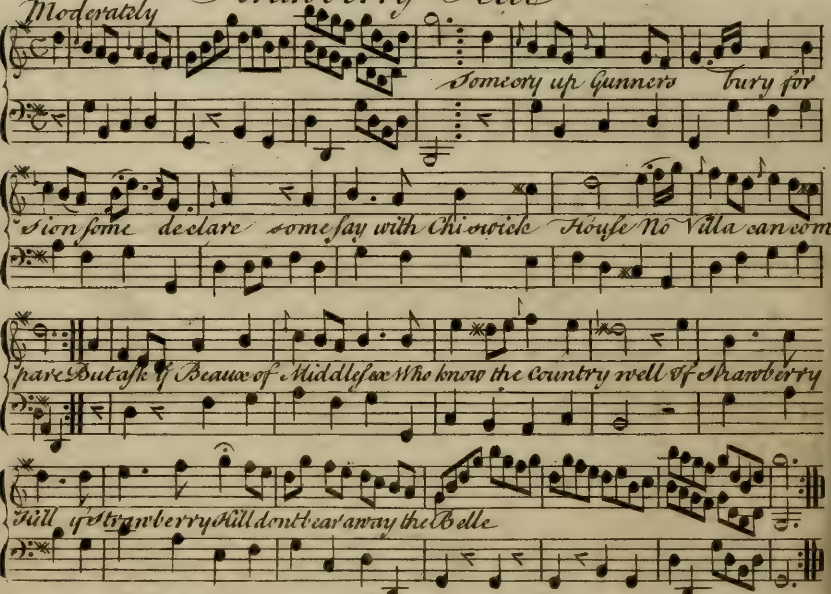


in the Opera of Eliza



Will the Flocks from their Pastures be led
Must ye Herds go wild straying abroad
Shall the Looms be as stopt in each Shed
And ye Ships be all moord in each Road
Must the Arts be all scatterd around
And shall Commerce grow sick of her Tide
Must Religion expire on the Ground
And shall Virtue sink down by her side

Strawberry Hill



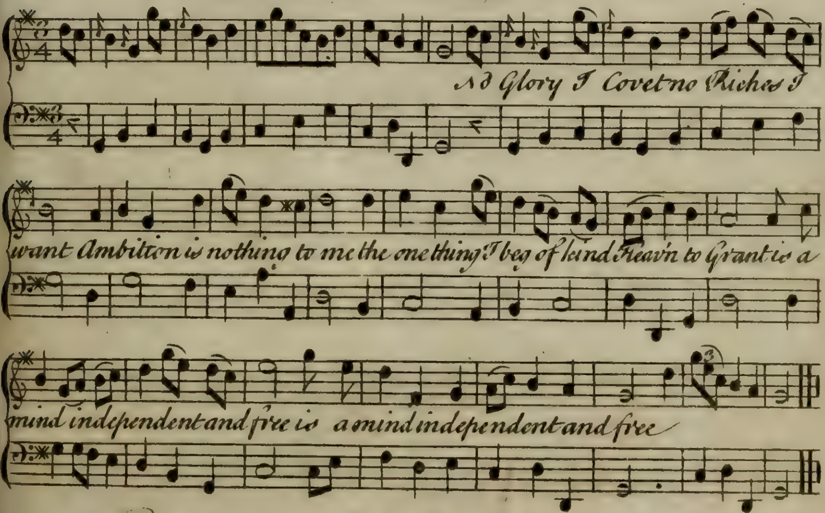
Some love to Roll down Greenwich Hill
For this thing and for that
And some prefer sweet Marble Hill
Tho' sur's tis somewhat Flat
Yet Marble Hill & Greenwich Hill
If Kt-ty Cl-e can tell
From Strawberry Hill from &c
Cant bear away the Belle

Tho Surry boasts its Oak lands
And Claremont kept so Jim
And some prefer sweet Southcoots
Tis but a Dainty Whim
But ask the Gallant Bristol
Who doth in Taste excell
If Strawberry Hill If &c
Dont bear away the Belle

Since Denham sung of Coopers
Theres scarce a Hill around
But what in Song or Ditty
Is turnd to Fairy Ground
Ah peace be with their Memory
I wish them wondrous well
But Strawberry Hill But &c
Will bear away the Belle

Great William dwells at Windsor
As Edward did of Old
And many a Gaul & many a Scot
Have found him full as bold
On lofty Hills like Windsor
Such Hero's ought to dwell
Yet ye little folks on Strawberry Hill
Like Strawberry Hill as well

Contentment



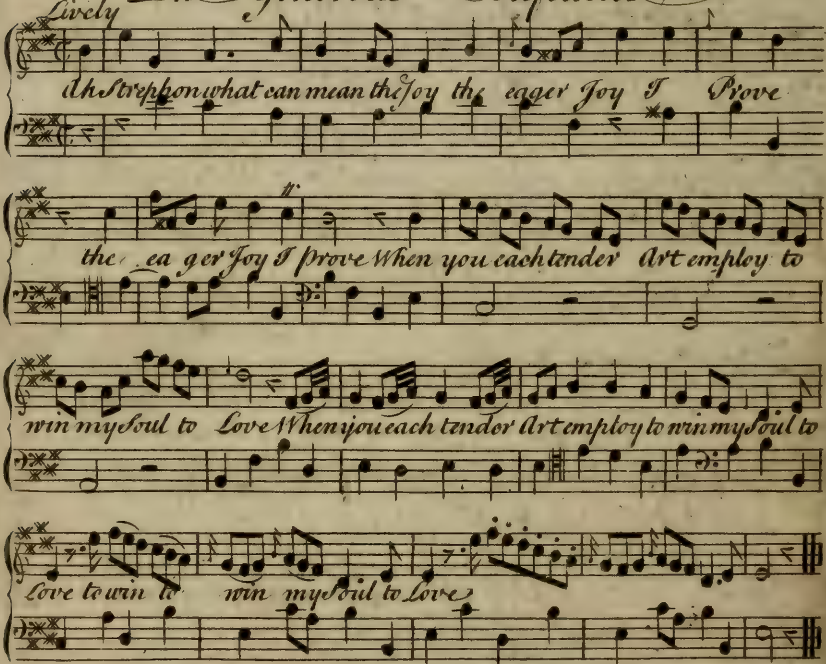
With Passion unruffled untainted with Pride
By Reason my Life let me Square
The wants of my Nature are cheaply supply'd
And the rest is but folly and Care

The Blessings which Providence freely has lent
I'll Justly and gratefully prize
Whilst sweet Meditation & chearfull content
Shall make me both healthy and wise

In the Pleasures the great Mans possessions display
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part
For ev'ry fair object my Eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my Heart

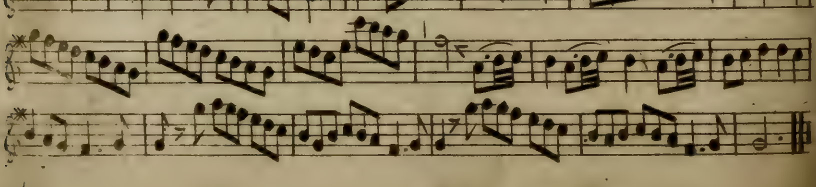
How vainly through infinite trouble and care
The many their Labours employ
Since all that is truly delightfull in Life
Is what all if they will may enjoy

The Generous Confidence

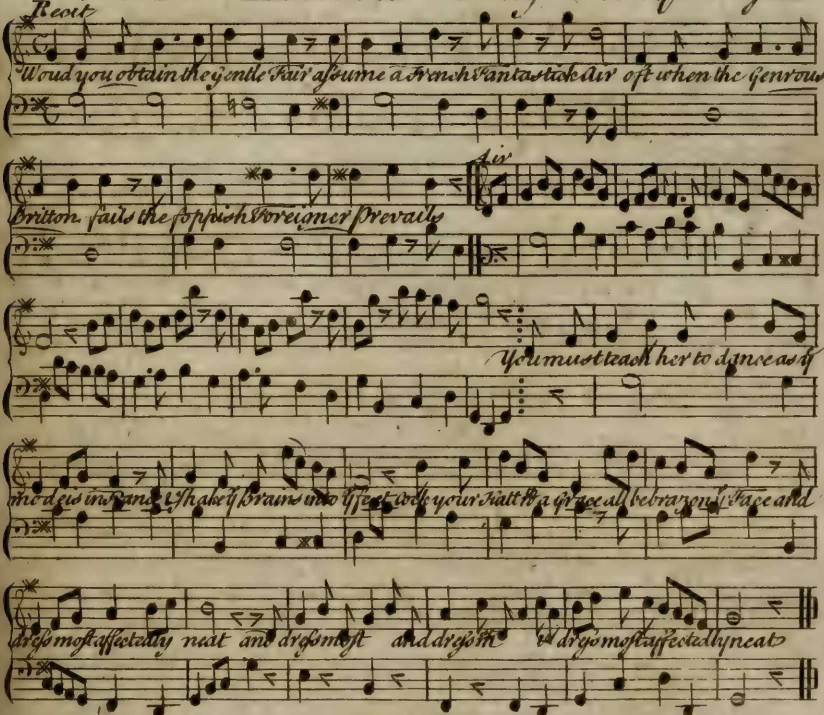


So well your Passion you reveal
So top the Lover's Part,
That I with Blushes own I feel
A Rebel in my Heart.

Then take ye Heart that pines to go,
But see it kindly us'd;
For who such Presents will bestow,
If this should be abus'd.



A Favourite Song Set by Mr Oswald

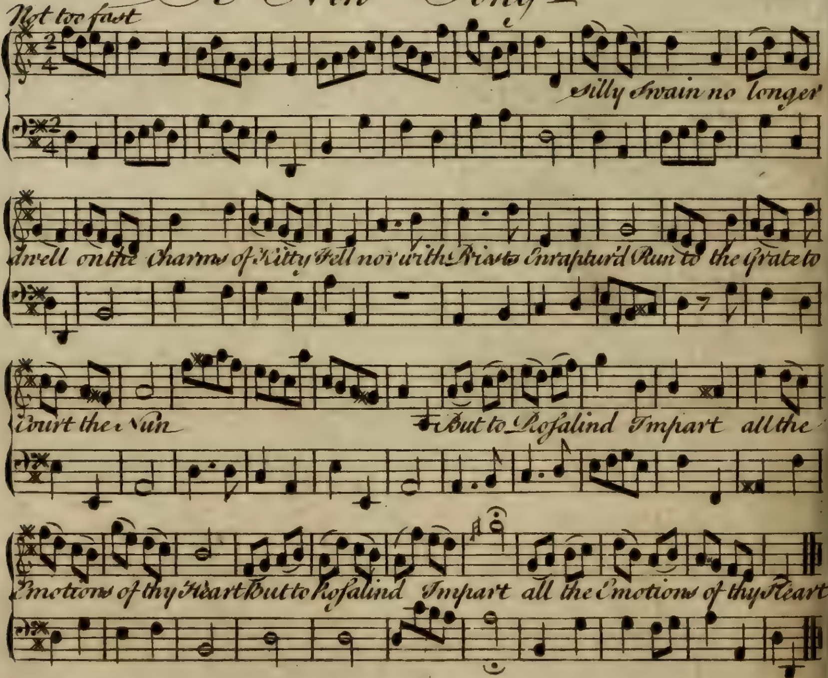


Then bow down like a Beau
Hop and turn out your Toe
Lead Miss by ye Hand & leer ather
Draw your Glove with an Air
At your white Stockings stare
And simper & Ogle and Flatter

Walk ye Figure of Eight
With your Rump stiff & Straight
Then turn her with delicate Ease
Bow again very low
Your good Breeding to show
And Missy you'll perfectly please

If these Steps you Pursue
You will soon bring her too
And rifle the Child of her Charms
Her poor Heart will heave high
And she'll languish and Sigh
And Caper quite into your Arms

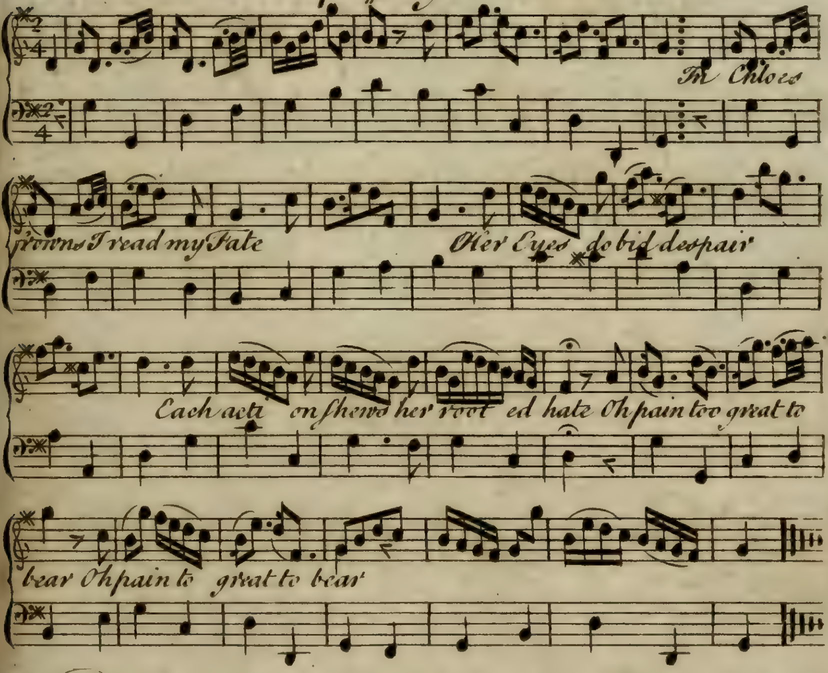
A New Song



Tell her alls that's good and Fair,
In her Person centred are,
Tell her too howe'er inclin'd;
To be good is to be kind,
While she deigns to hear the Tale,
Truth and Virtue may prevail.

But Oh if some happier Swain,
All her fond Attention gain,
Seated in the Silent Bow'r;
At the melting Midnight Hour,
She may listen while she's won
She's to fair to dye a Nun.

The Desparing Lover

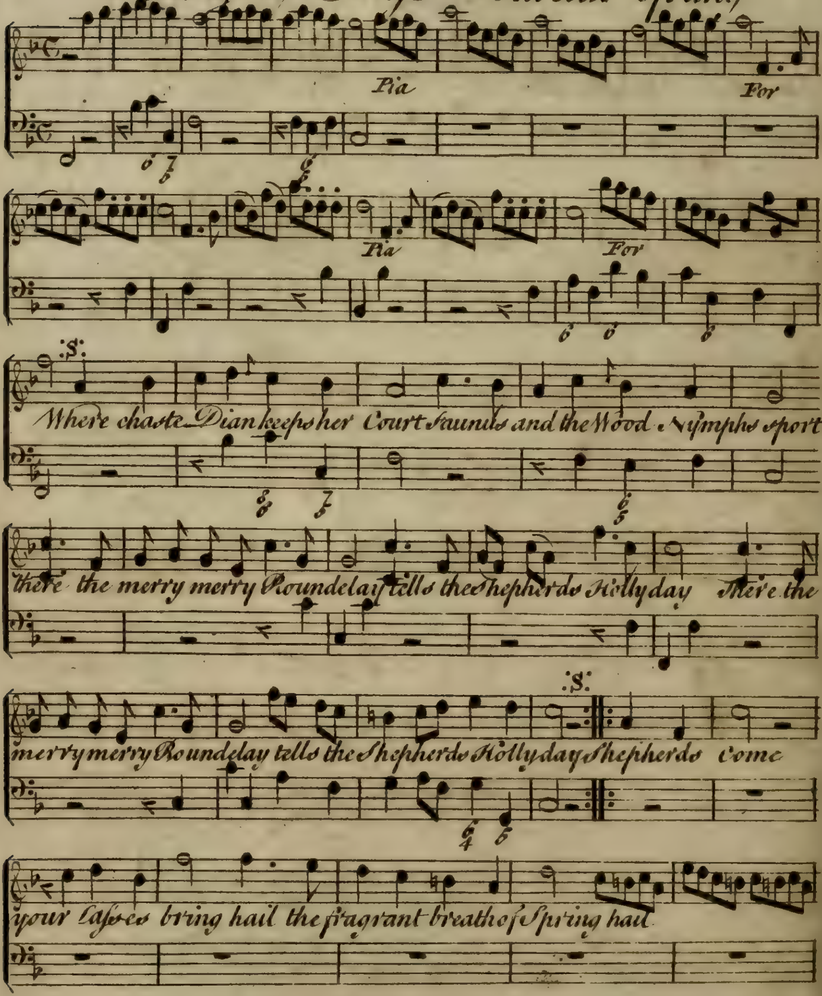


When I in tears fall at her feet,
She'll not one look afford,
Nor all the torments I repeat,
Can gain one tender word.

Since Cloe's love alas I know
It is in vain to Crave,
Her pity may one word bestow
And dying Damon save.

Ye lovers happy with the Fair,
Oh teach me all your art,
That I to Joy may change my care,
And gain my Cloes Heart.

Sung by Miss Isabella Young



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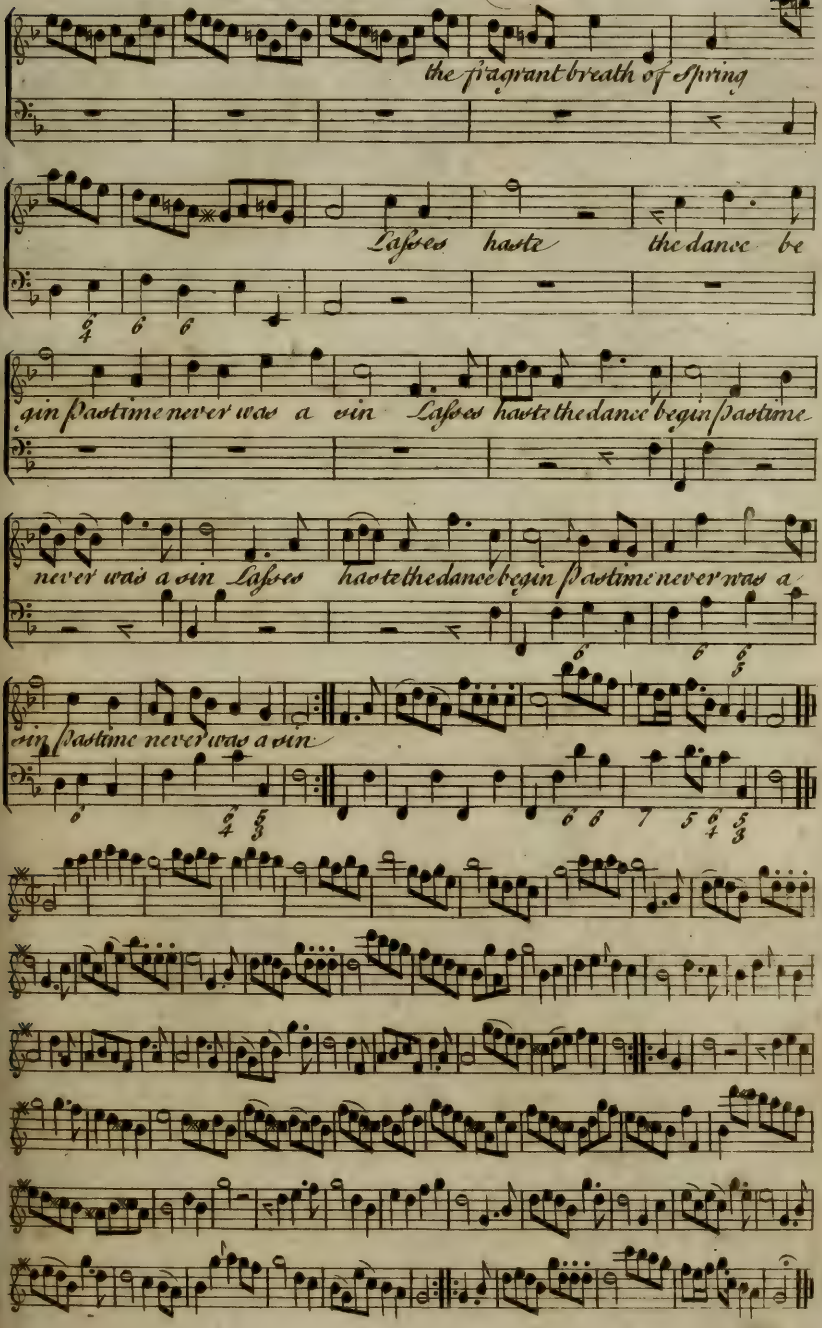
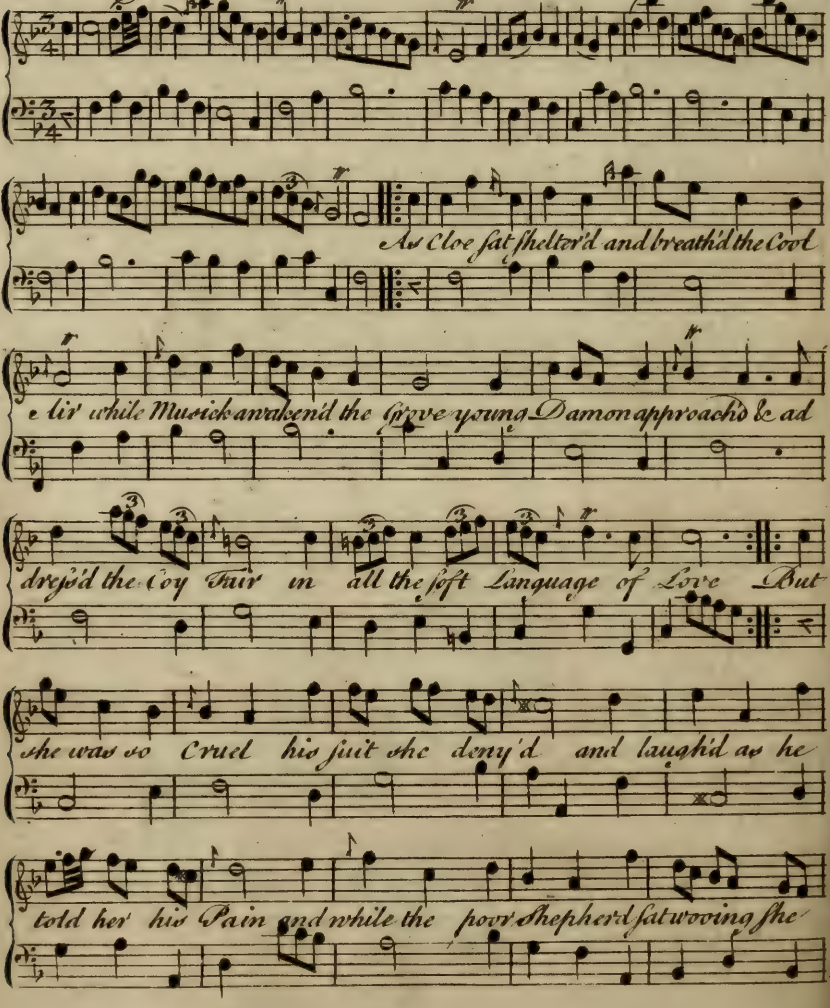
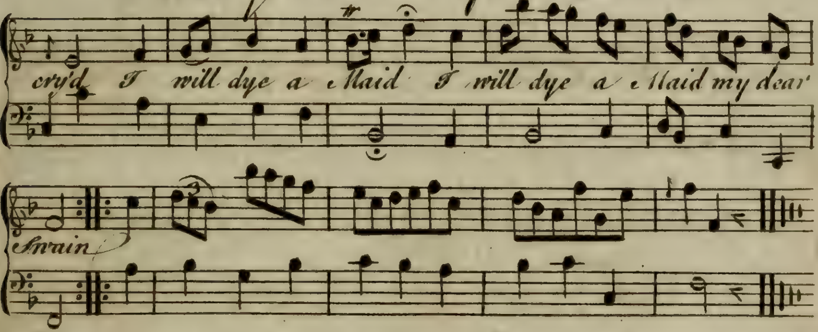


The Maidens Resolution

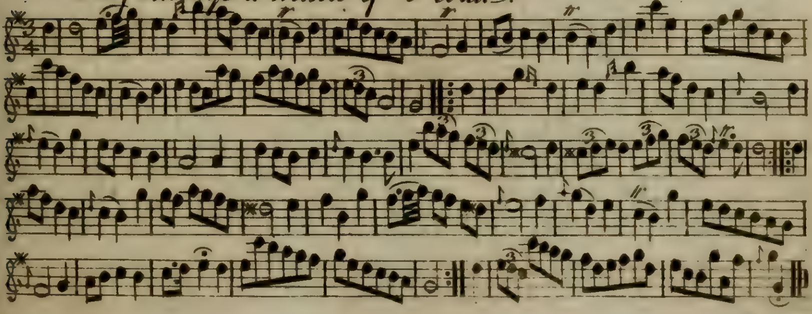


Set by Mr Defesch

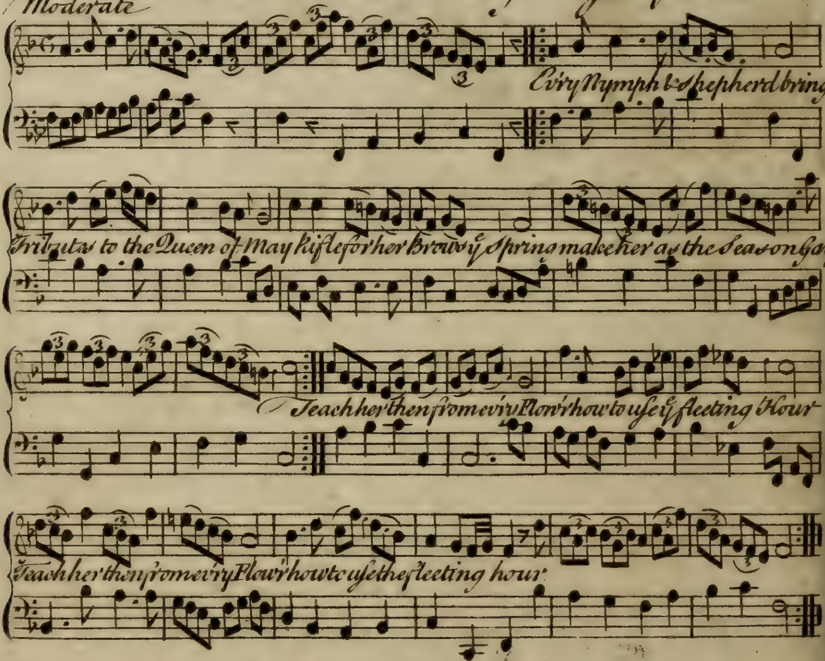


Oh what says the Youth must thy Beauty so gay,
Perplex us at once and invite,
Embrace ev'ry Rapture lest Time make a Prey,
Of that which was meant for delight,
When Age has crept round and thy Charms wrinkled o'er,
Then all will my Chloe disdain;
But still all her Answer was teaze me no more,
I will dye a Maid my dear Swain.

Young Damon protested no other he'd prize,
His Flame was so strong and Sincere,
Then watch'd the Emotions that play'd in her Eyes;
And banish'd his Torture and Fear,
My Joys shall be secret enraptur'd he cry'd
Ah Chloe be gentle and good,
The Fair one grew softer and sighing reply'd,
I'd fain dye a Maid if I cou'd.



A New Song set by Mr. Oswald

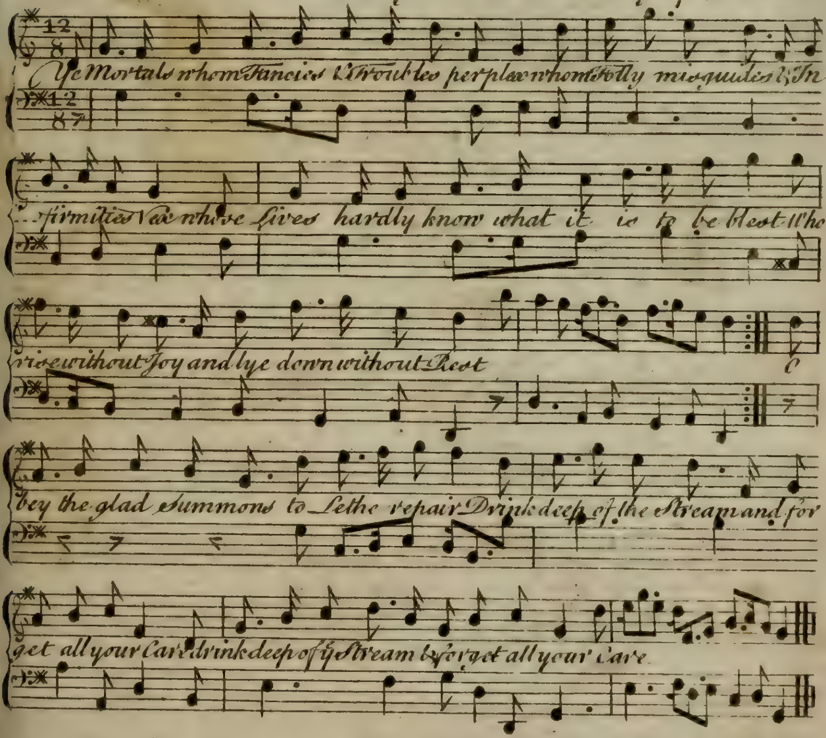


Now the fair Narcissus blows,
With his sweetness now delights,
By his side the Maiden Rose,
With her artless blush invites,
Such, so fragrant, and so Gay,
Is the blooming Queen of May.

Soon the fair Narcissus dies,
Soon he droops his languid Head,
From the Rose her purple flies,
None inviting to her Bed,
Such, tho Now so sweet and Gay!
Soon shall be the Queen of May.

Tho' thou art a Rural Queen,
By the suffrage of the Swains;
Beauty, like the Vernal Green
In thy Shrine not long Remains
Bless, then quickly bless the Youth,
Who deserves thy Love & Truth.

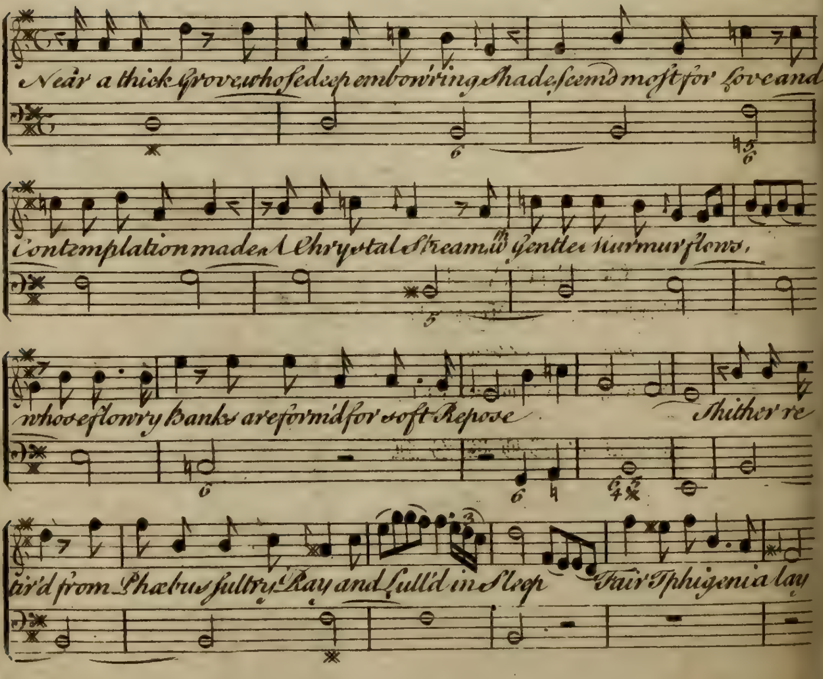
A Favourite Song in Lethe Sung by Mr Beard



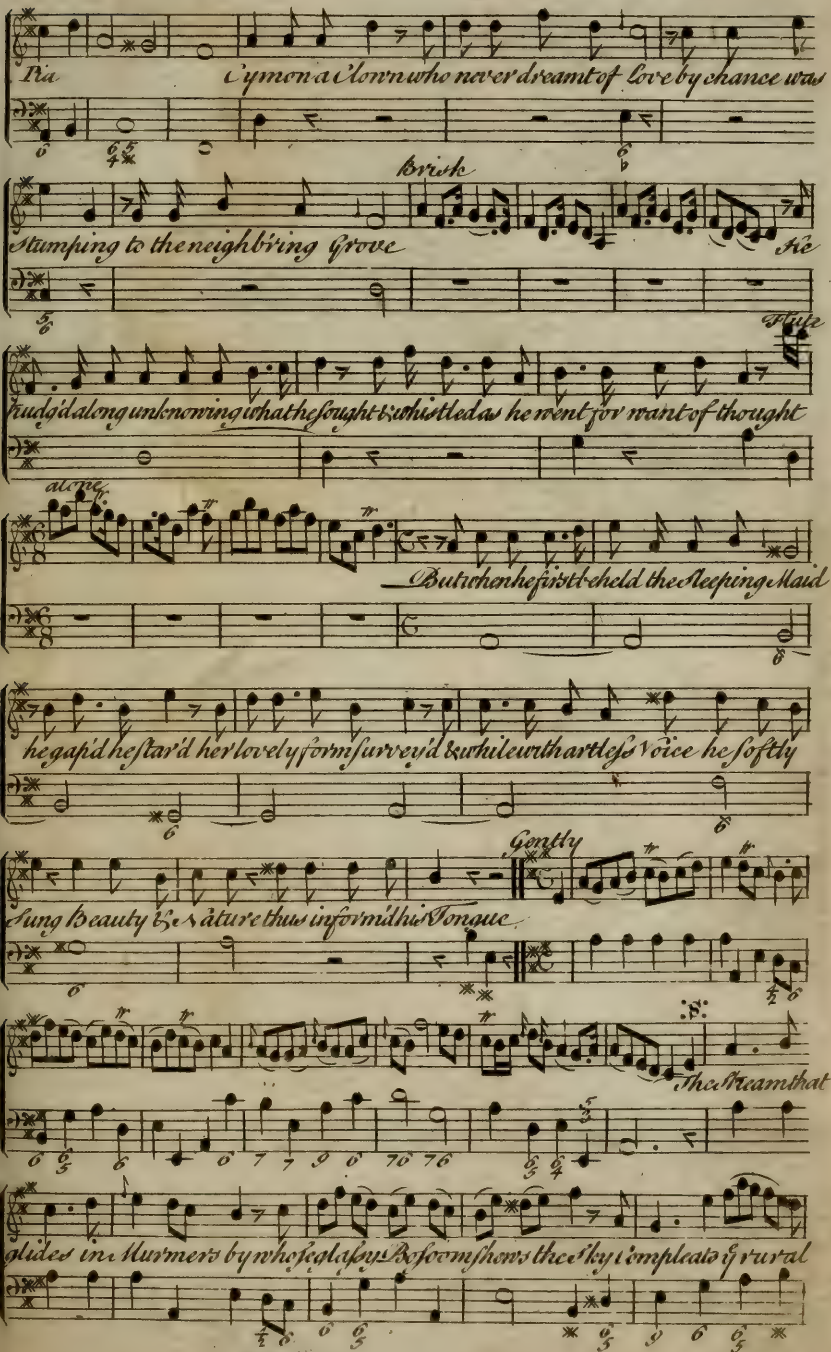
Old Maids shall forget what they wish'd for in vain,
And Young Ones the Rover they cannot regain,
The Rake shall forget how last Night he was cloy'd,
And Cloe again be with Passion enjoy'd,
Obey then the Summons to Lethe repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

The Wife at one Draught may forget all her Wants,
Or drench her fond Fool to forget her Gallants,
The Troubled in Mind shall go chearful away,
And Yesterday's Wretch be quite happy to Day,
Obey then the Summons to Lethe repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

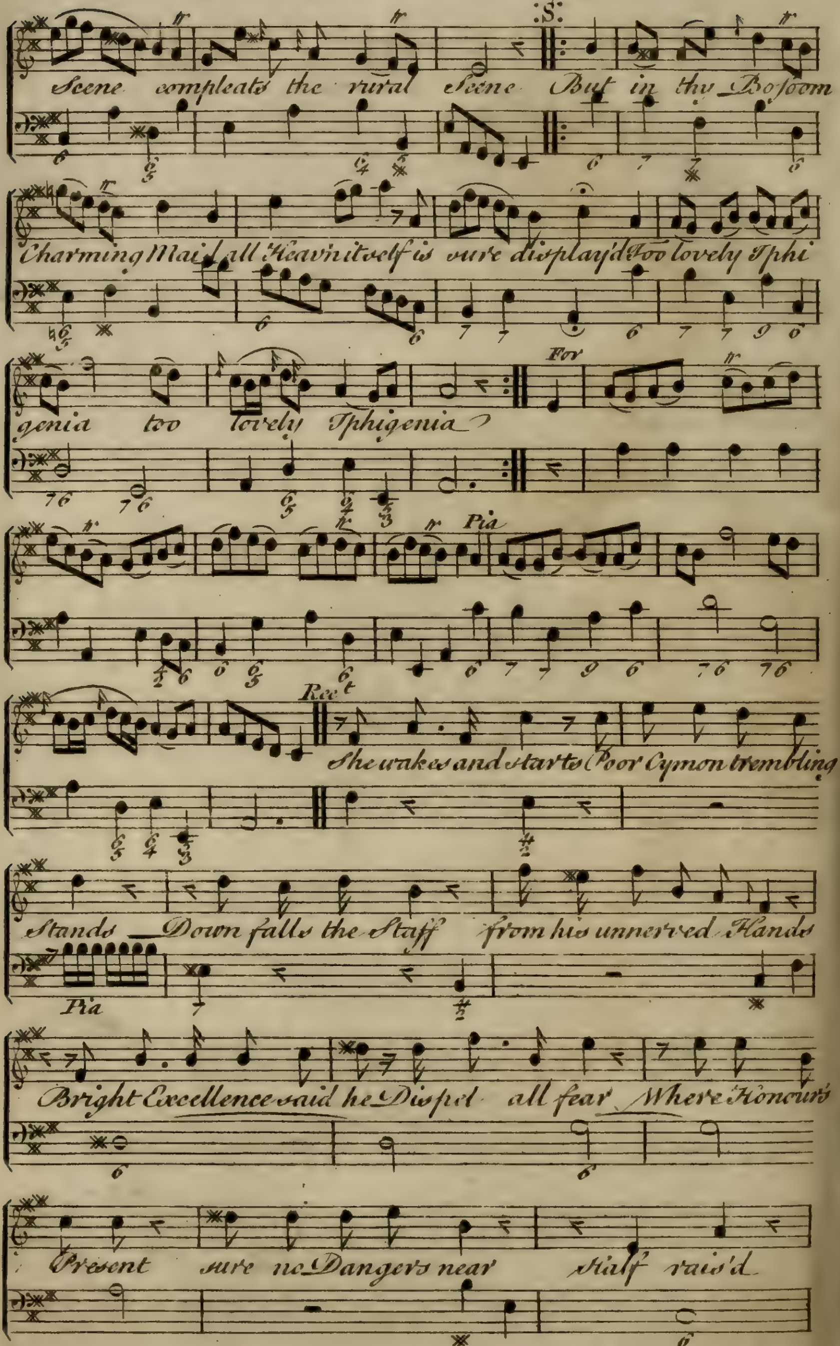
Cymon and Iphigenia



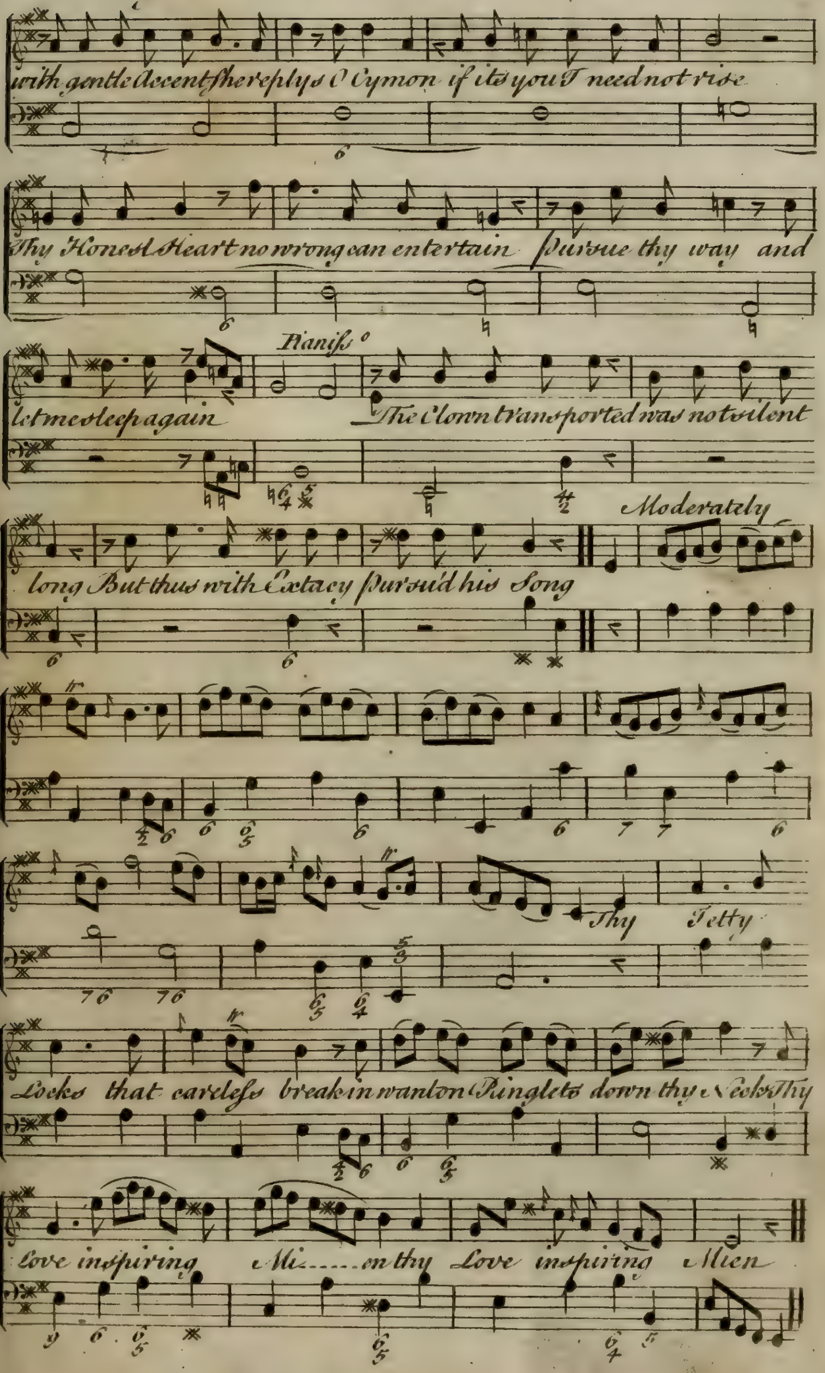
A Favourite Cantata



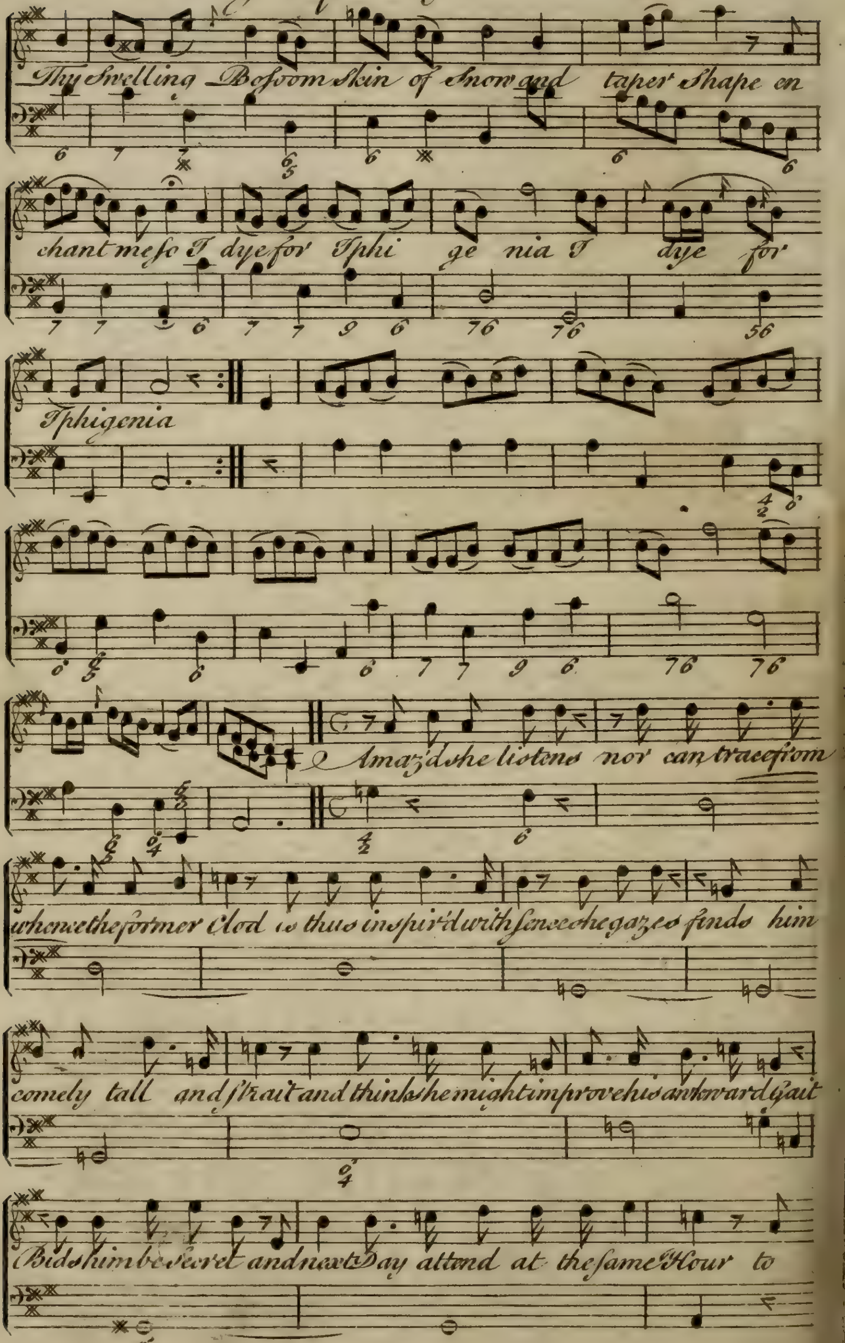
Set to Musick



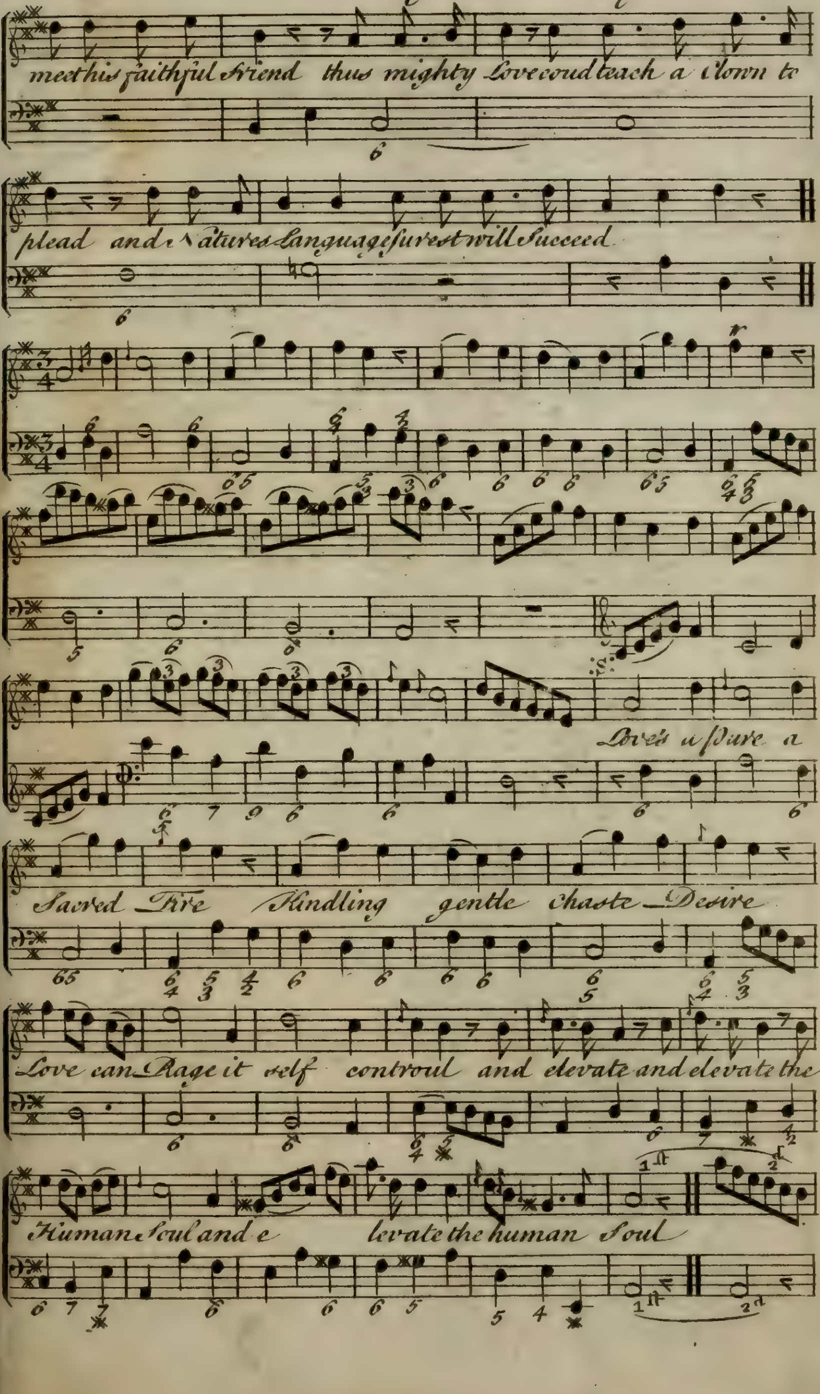
by Mr Arne Senr



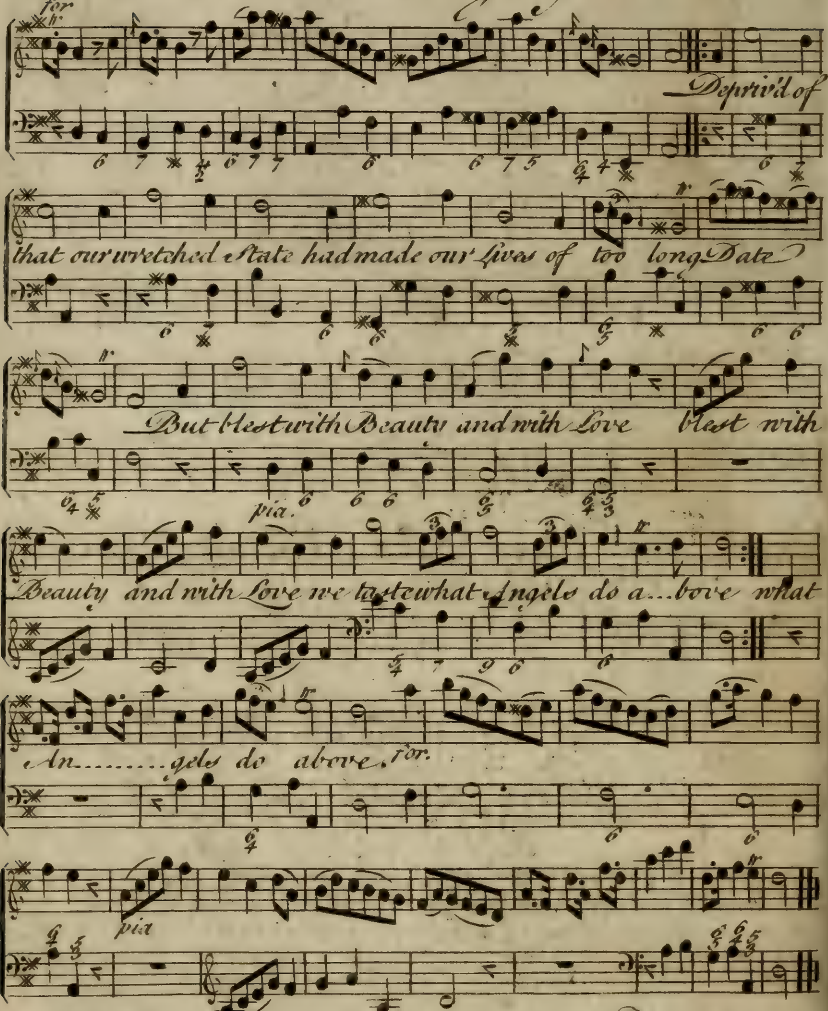
Sung by Mr. Beard



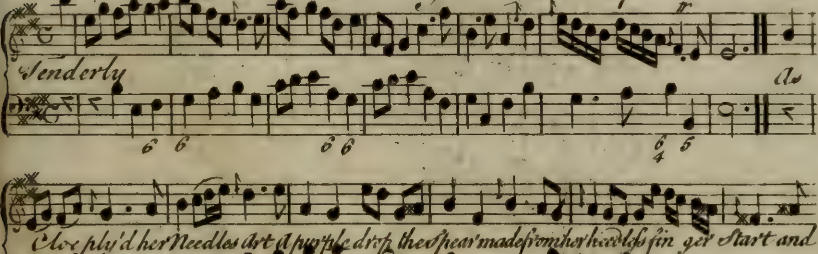
at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane



and at Ranelagh Gardens

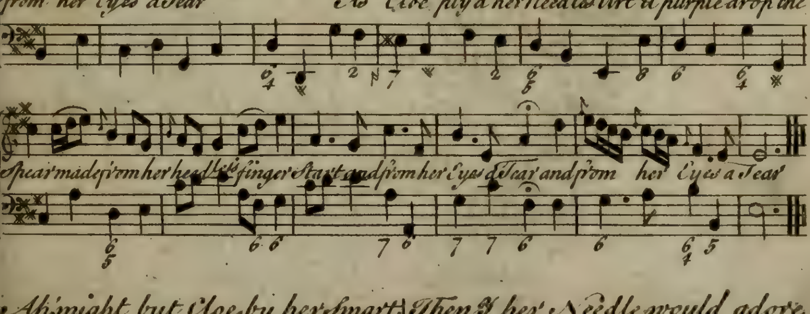


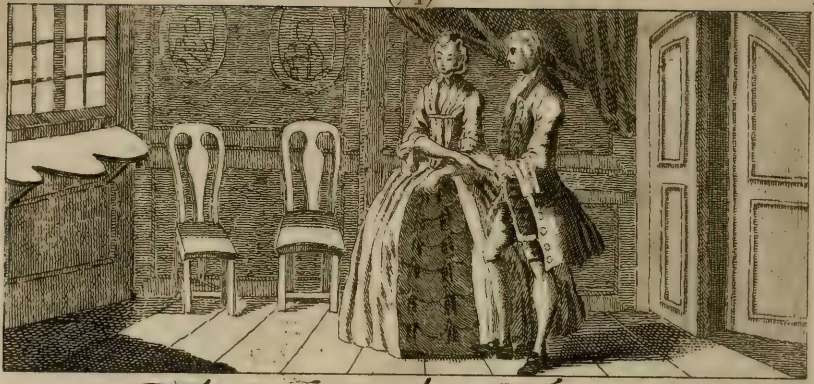
A New Song Set by Mr Baildon



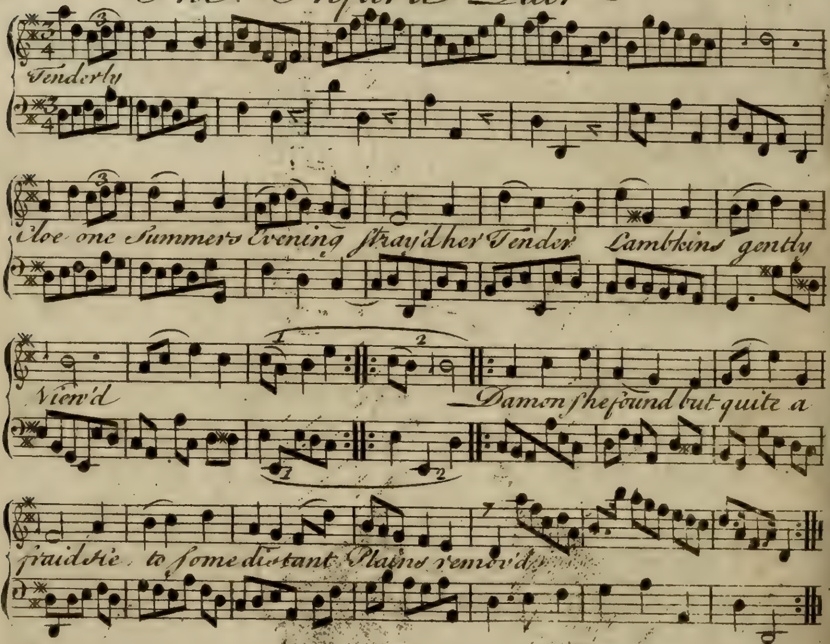
Ah! might but Cloe, by her Smart,
Be taught for mine to feel.
Mine caus'd by Cupids piercing Dart
More sharp to me than Steel.

Then I her Needle would adore,
Loves Arrow it should be,
Indu'd with such a subtle Pow'r,
To reach her Heart for me.





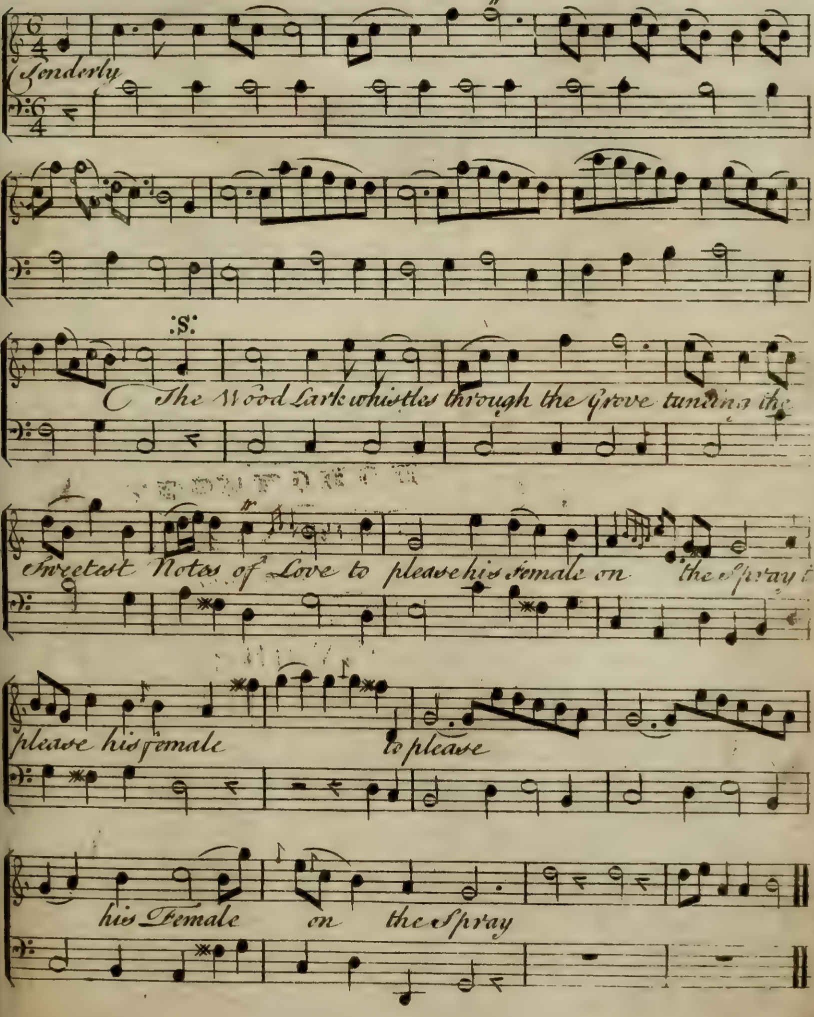
The Injur'd Fair



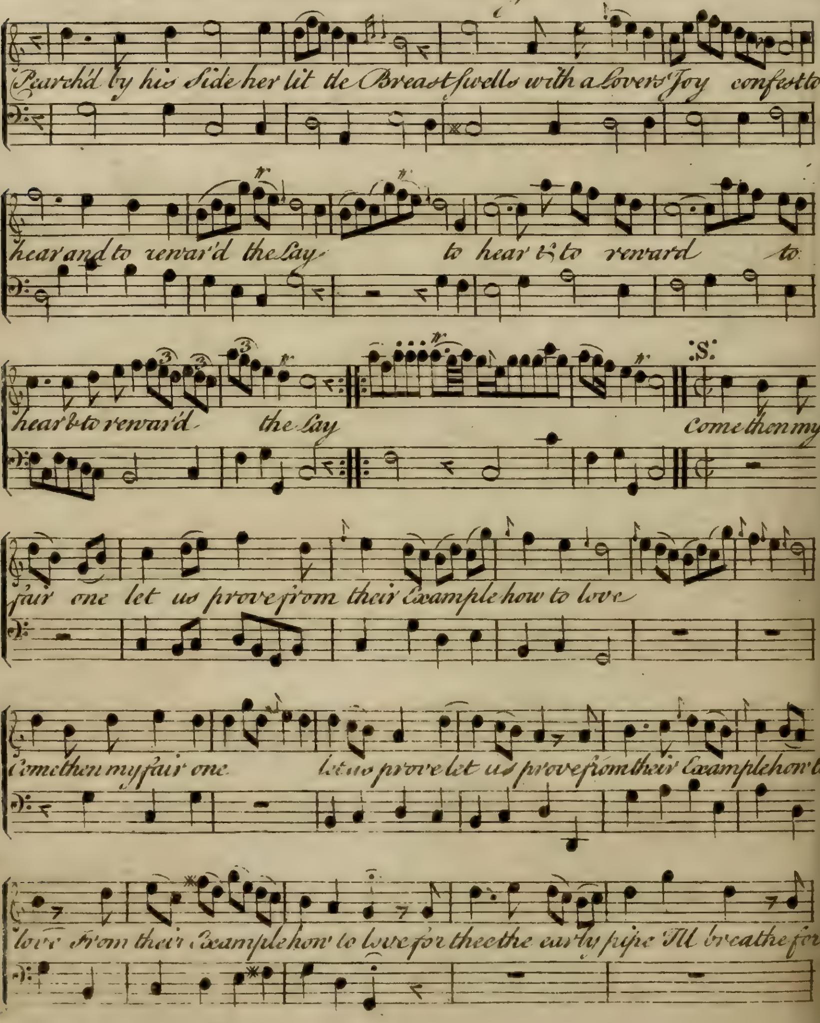
The Swain who at a distance flew.
She sought alaso, but all in vain.
The fickle Youth, too well he knew
The Injur'd Cloes dreadfull Pain.

Under a Shady Willow Green.
On his Pipe he Tun'd his Tale.
Cælia's Name was all his Theme,
But she Lov'd Strephon of the Dale.

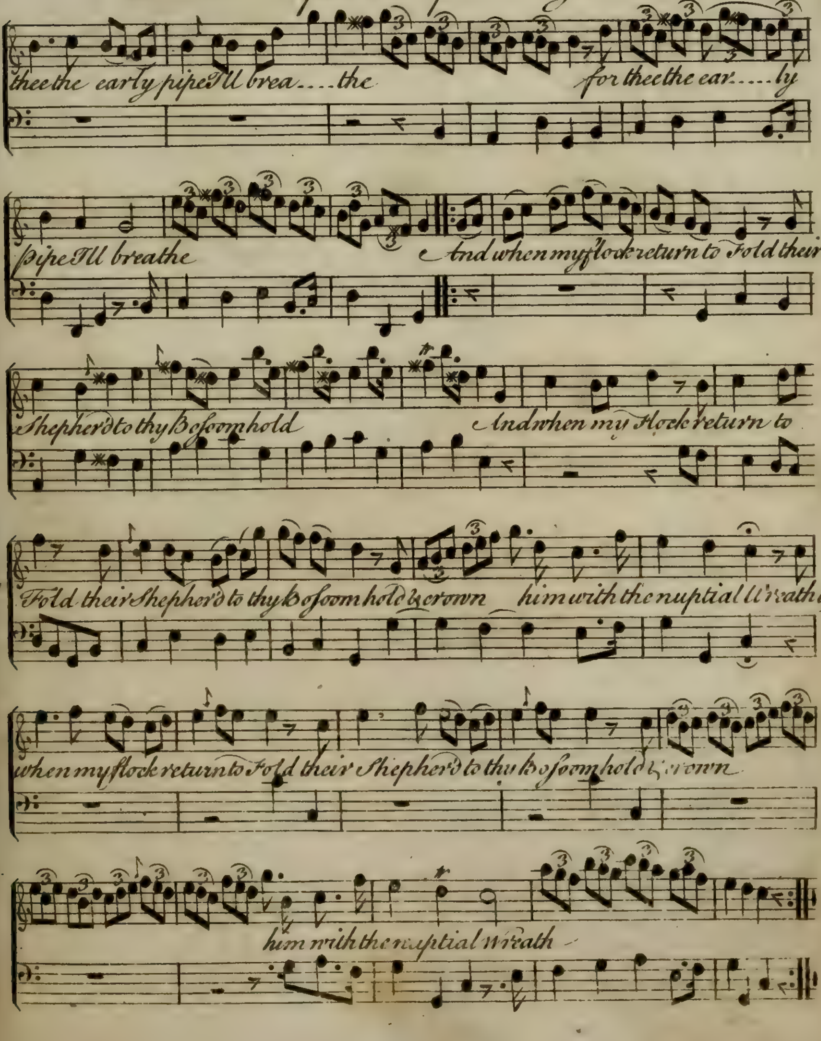
The Wood Lark



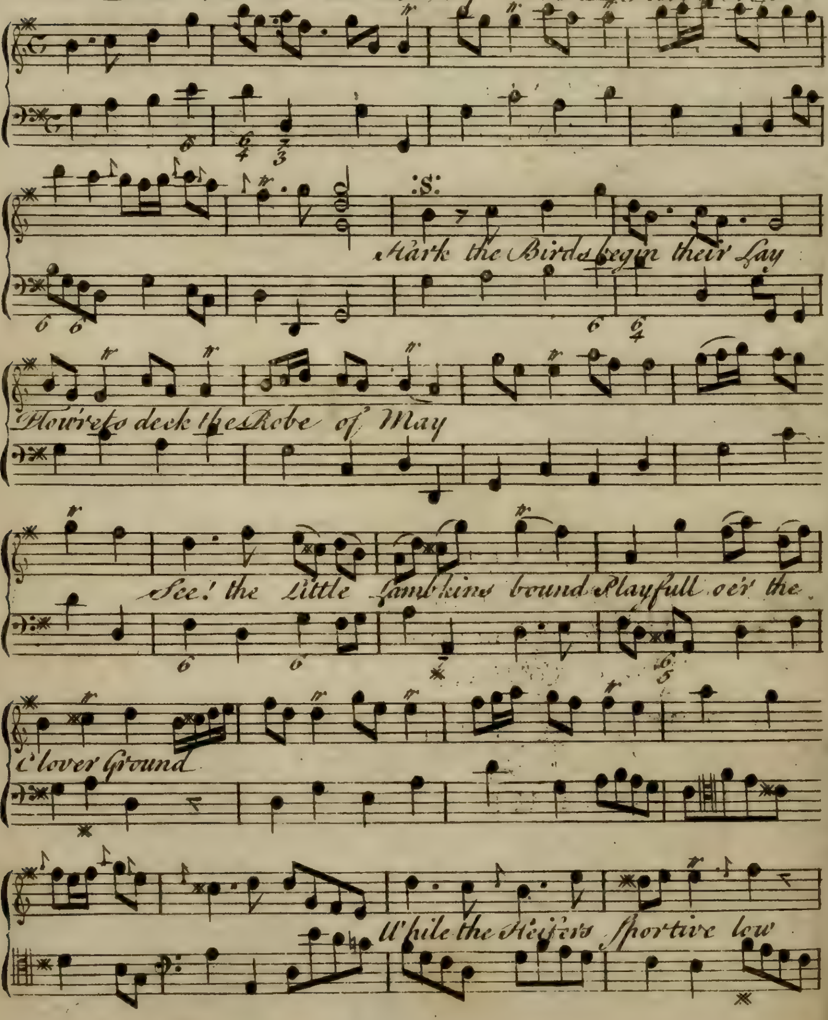
A Favourite Song



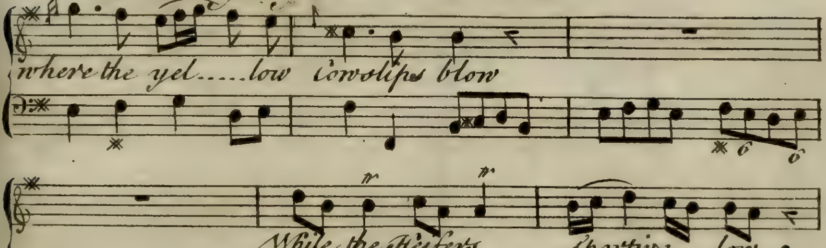
in the Opera of Eliza



Set to Musick by Mr. Baildon



Sung by Mr. Lowe

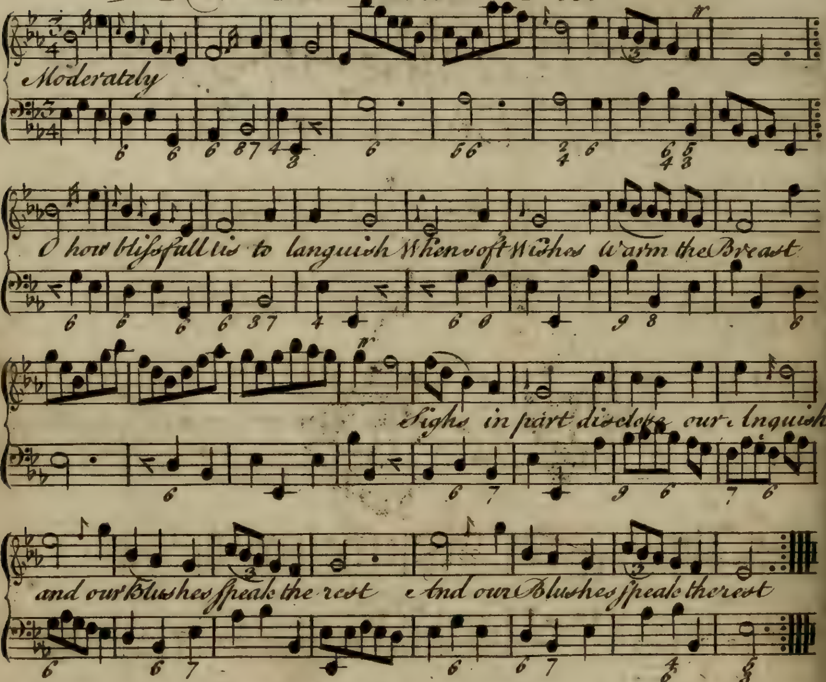


Now the Nymphs & Swains advance
O'er the Lawn, in festive Dance:
Garlands, from ye Hawthorn Bough
Grace the happy Shepherd's Brow.
While the Lasses, in array,
Wait upon the Queen of May.

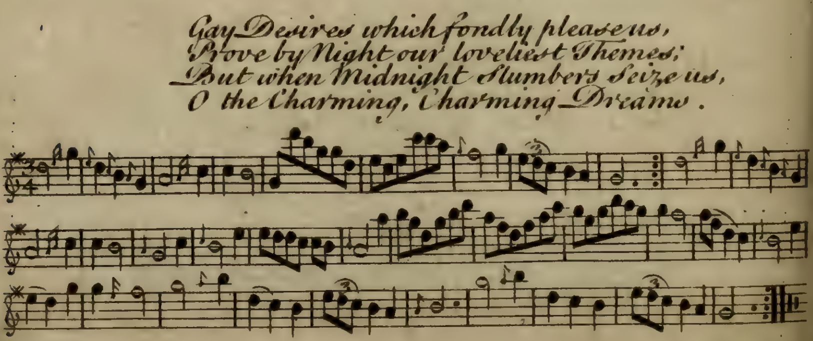
Innocence, Content, and Love,
Fill the Meadows, and the Grove,
Mirth, that never wears a Frown.
Health, with Sweetness all her own.
Labour puts on Pleasure's Smile.
And pale Care forgets his Toyl.

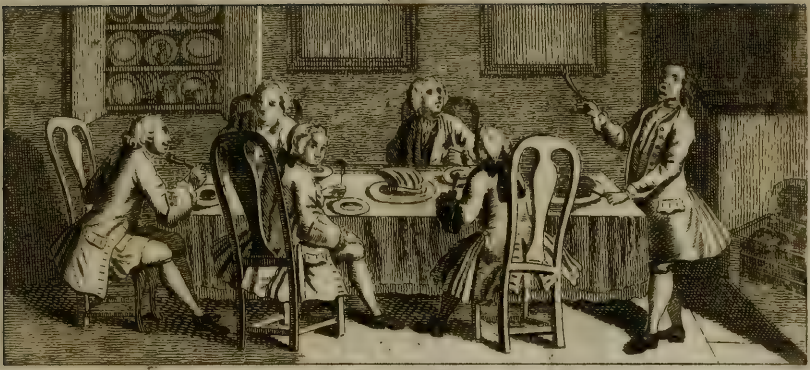
Ah! what Pleasures Shepherds know:
Monarchs cannot such bestow,
Love improves each happy Hour:
Grandeur has not such in Store,
Learn, Ambition, learn from hence.
Happiness is Innocence.

A Favourite Air

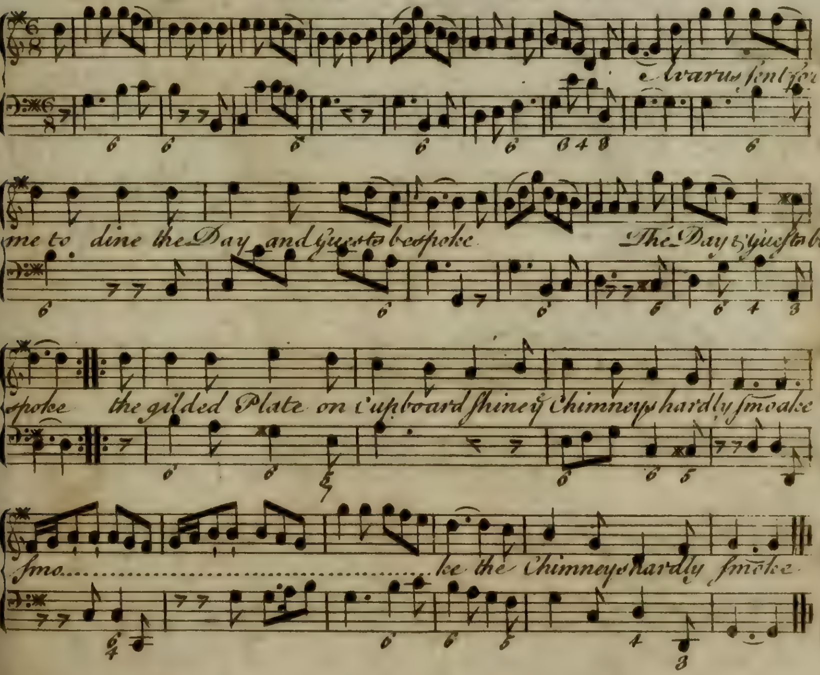


Gay Desires which fondly please us,
Prove by Night our loveliest Themes;
But when Midnight Slumbers Seize us,
O the Charming, Charming Dreams.





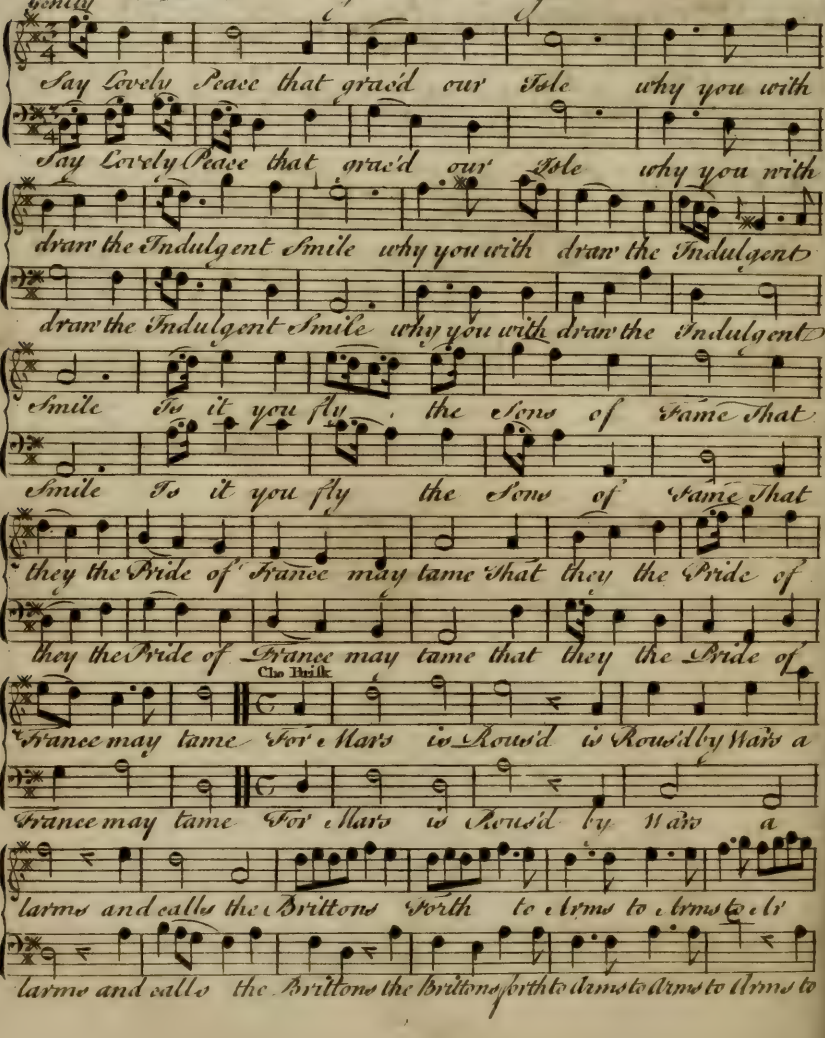
The Misers Feast



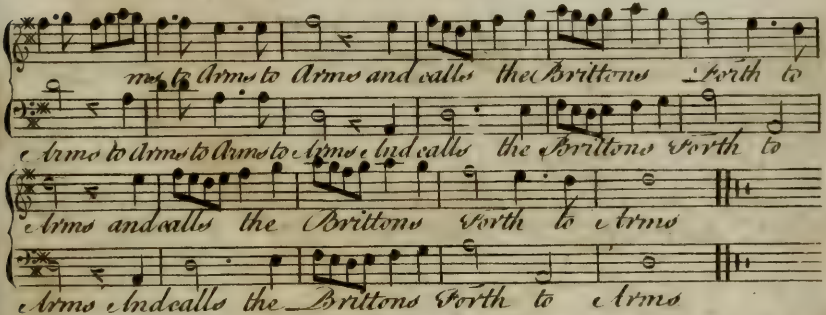
The various Dishes I behold
Pollo and Olio Sweet
But Teeth so Chatter with the Cold
I know not how to eat.

Avarus it is my Desire
And with me Join the rest
In Winter you'd Improve your Fire
Or not tell Summer feast.

A Loyal Song


Gently
Say Lovely Peace that grac'd our Isle why you with
Say Lovely Peace that grac'd our Isle why you with
draw the Indulgent Smile why you with draw the Indulgent
draw the Indulgent Smile why you with draw the Indulgent
Smile Is it you fly the Sons of Fame That
Smile Is it you fly the Sons of Fame That
they the Pride of France may tame That they the Pride of
they the Pride of France may tame that they the Pride of
Cho Brisk
France may tame For Mars is Rous'd is Rous'd by Wars a
France may tame For Mars is Rous'd by Wars a
larms and calls the Brittons Forth to Arms to Arms to Ar
larms and calls the Brittons the Brittons forth to Arms to Arms to Arms to

For two Voices



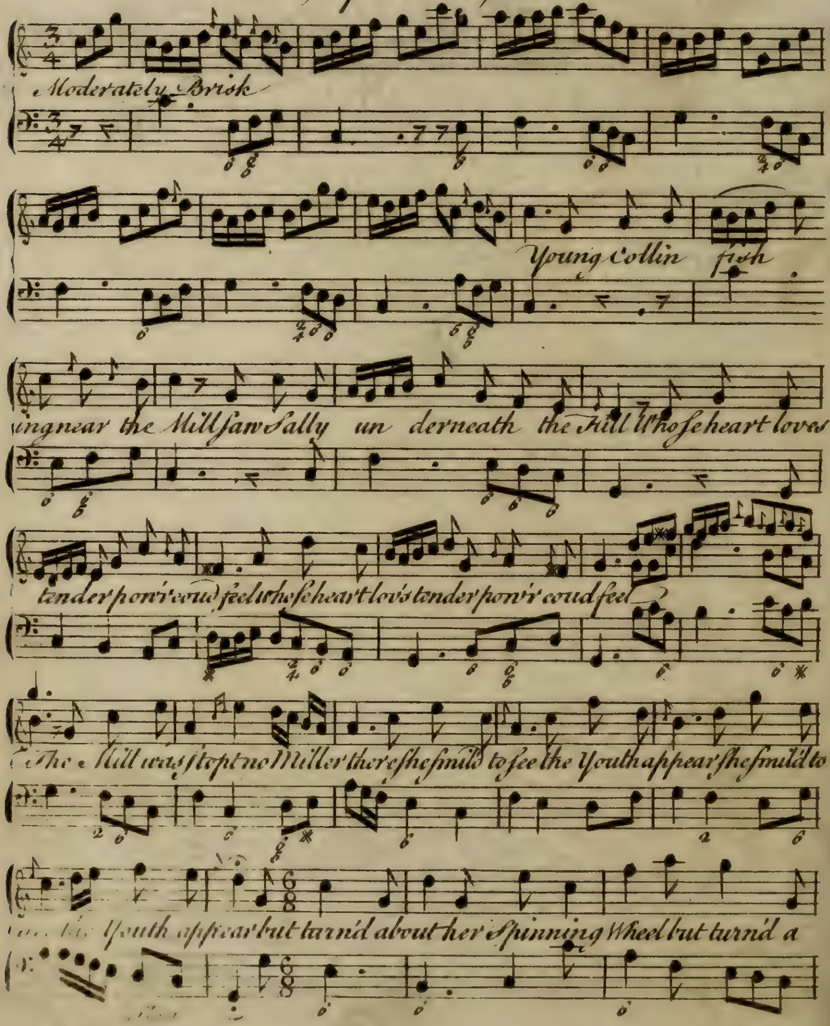
Our Chiefs renown'd upon the Main,
Once more in Arms shine forth again.
Whose steady Courage dares Oppose
And stem the Pow'r of Gallick Foes. For Mars &c

What State but does its fate deplore,
Where ere the Brittish Thunders roar.
All all must in Subjection bow,
And to Brittannia Sons 'tis due. For Mars &c

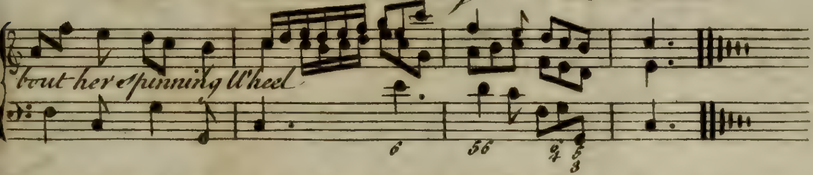
As Rome of Old her Terrors Hurl'd,
And prov'd the Mistress of the World,
The Globe it self must subject be,
To Albion's Sons who Rule the Sea. For Mars &c

Arise arise to Wars great call,
Prepare to meet the Audacious Gaul,
And in return for all your toils,
Return with Victory and Spoils. For Mars &c

The Spinning Wheel



Set to Musick by Mr. Baildon

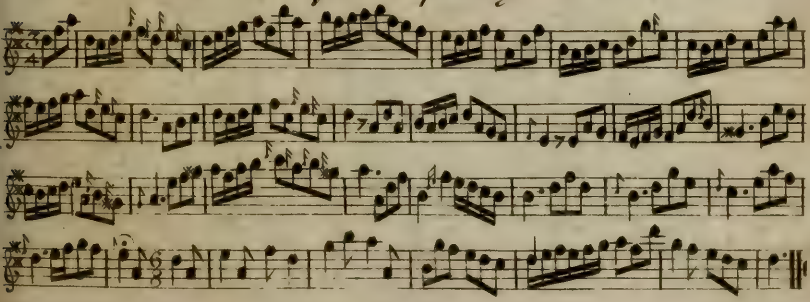


Thy Cheeks, says he, like Peaches bloom,
Thy breath is like the Spring's Perfume;
On thy sweet lips my Love I'll Seal,
Yon stately Swans, so white and Sleek,
Are like to Sally's Breast, and Neck,
But still she turn'd her Spinning Wheel.

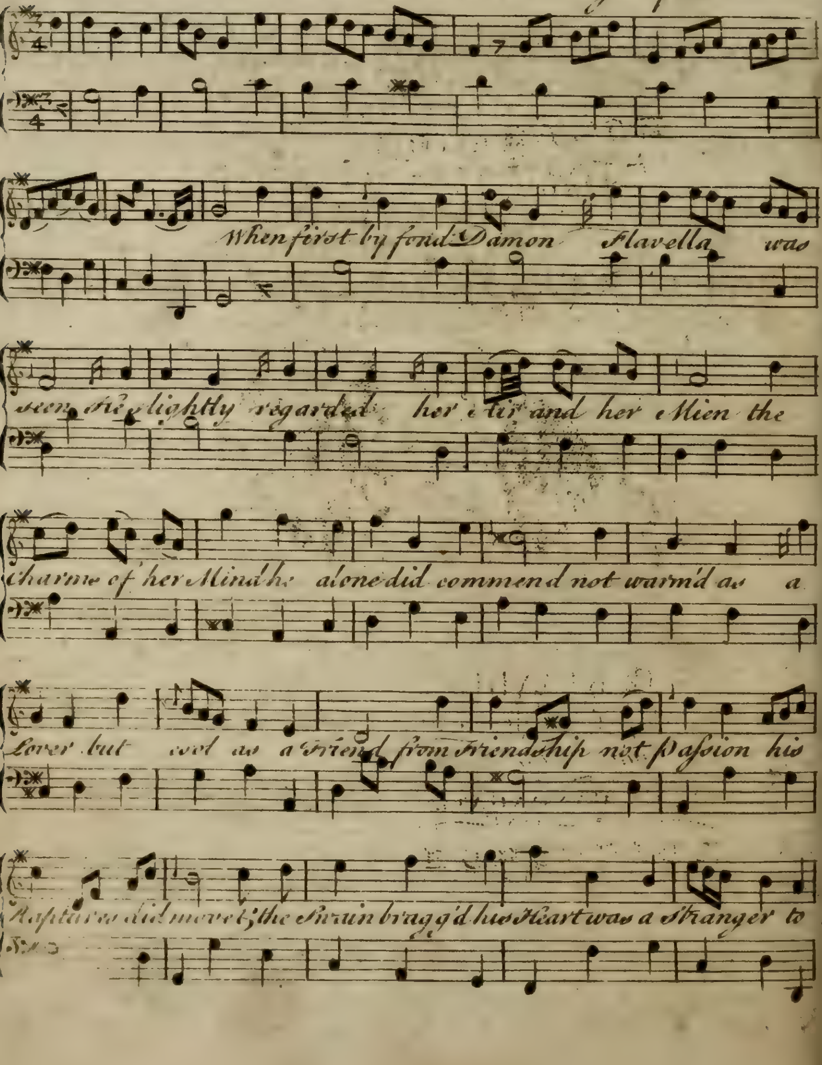
Tho' fair-one, Beauty's transient Pow'r,
Fades like the new blown gaudy Flow'r,
Yet so where Virtue loves to dwell;
For where sweet Modesty appears,
We never see the vale of Years.
She Smil'd and stopp'd her Spinning Wheel.

The Pomp of State, the pride of Wealth,
Says she, I scorn, for peace and Health,
Where honest Labour earns her Meal;
Who tells the flatterers common tale,
Can never, o'er my Heart prevail,
And make me leave my Spinning Wheel.

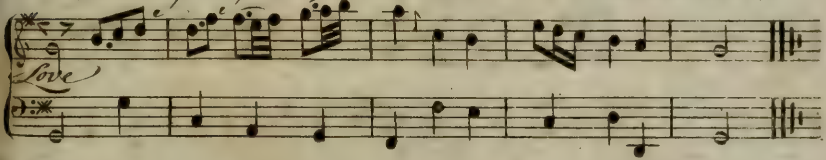
The Swain who loves the Virtuous Mind,
Alone can make young Sally kind,
For him I'll toil, I'll Spin and reel,
It is the Voice says he of Love,
Come hasten to yon Church above;
She blush'd, and left her Spinning Wheel.



Damon and Flavella set by Mr Wademan



Sung by Mr. Lowe at Vaux Hall.

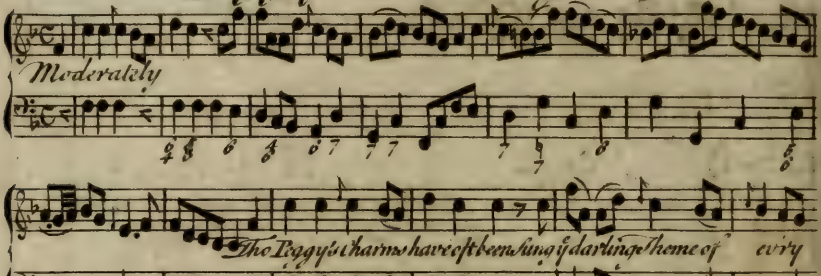


New Charms he discover'd as more she was known
Her Face grew a Wonder her Taste was his own
Her Manners were gentle her Sence was refind
And oh what dear Virtues beam'd forth in her Mind
Yet still for the Sanction of Friendship he strove
Till a Sigh gave the Omen & shew'd it was Love.

Now proud to be conquer'd he sighs for the Fair
Grows dull to all Pleasure but being with her
Hes mute while his Heart strings are ready to break
For the Fear of Offending forbids him to speak
And wanders a willing Example to prove
That Friendship with Woman is Sister to Love.

A Lover thus Conquer'd can neer give Offence
Not a Dupe to her Smiles but a Slave to her Sence
His Passion nor Wrinkles nor Age can allay
Since founded on that which can never decay
And Time that will Beauty's short Empire remove
Increasing her Reason Increases his Love.

Peggy   Set by Mr Arne

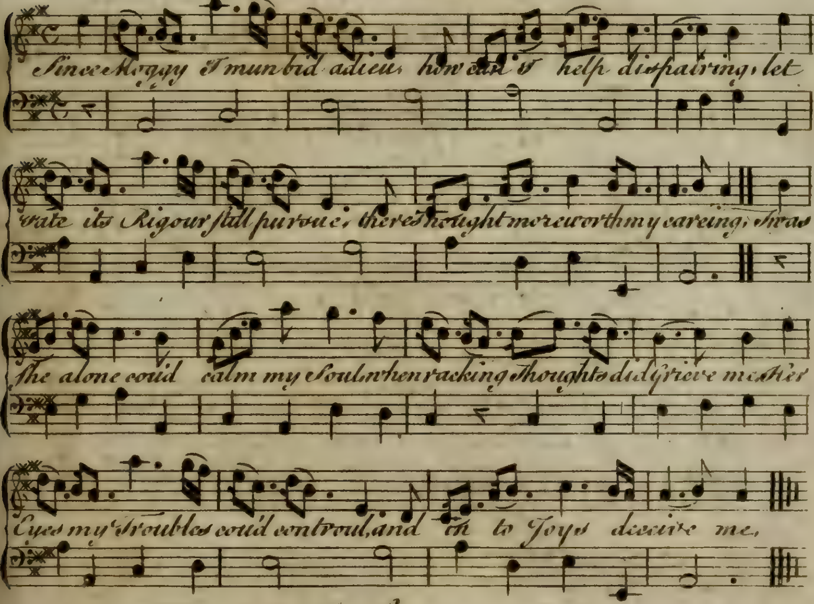


'Tis not her Form alone I prize,
Which ev'ry fool that has but Eyes
As well as I can see.
To say she's fair, is but to say,
When Phœbus shines at Noon 'tis Day,
What none need learn of me.

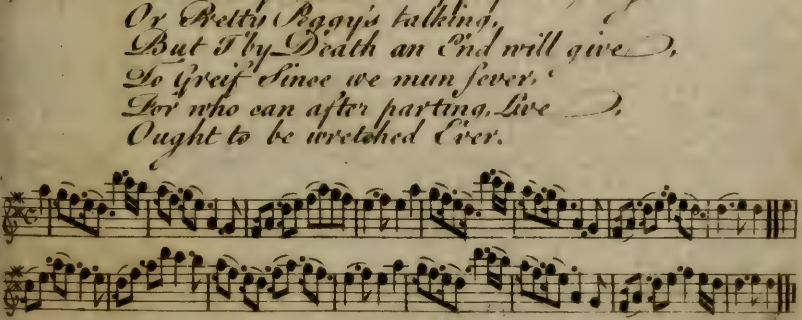
But I'm in love with Peggy's Mind
Where ev'ry Virtue is combin'd,
That can adorn the Fair.
Excepting one, you scarce can miss,
So trifling, that I would not wish
That Virtue had been there.

She, who possesses all the rest,
Must sure excell the Prude, whose Breast
That Virtue shares alone
To seek perfection is a Jest,
They who have fewest faults are best,
And Peggy has but one.

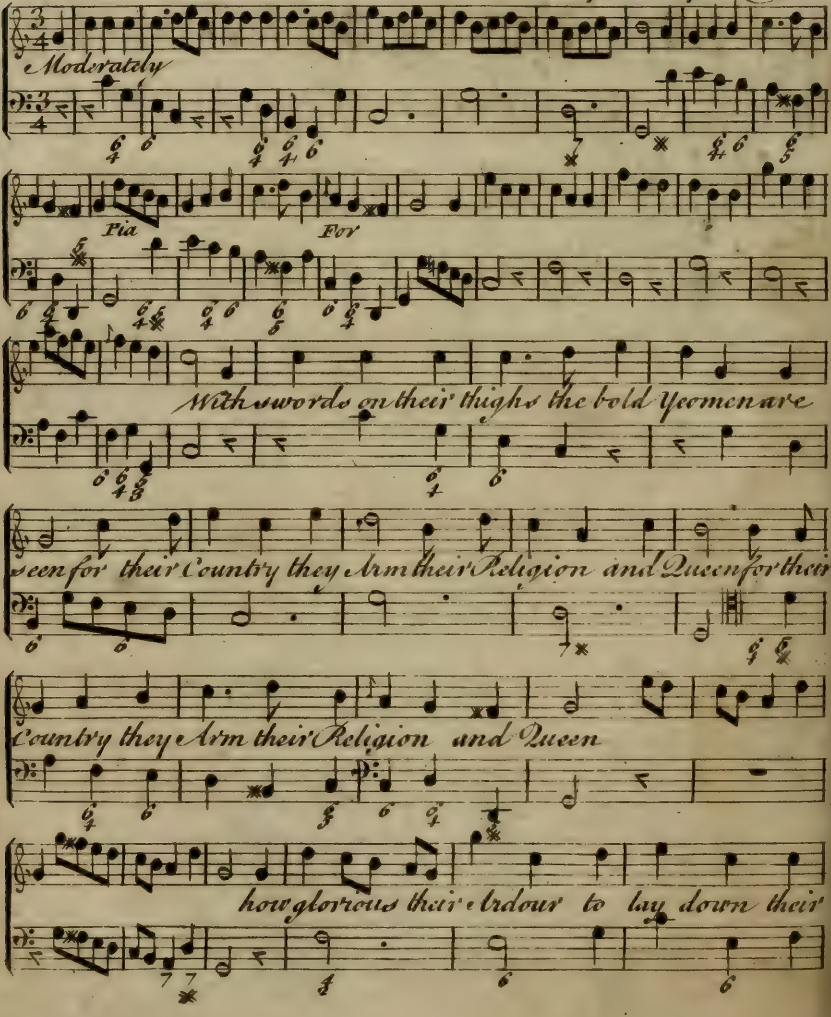
The Adieu



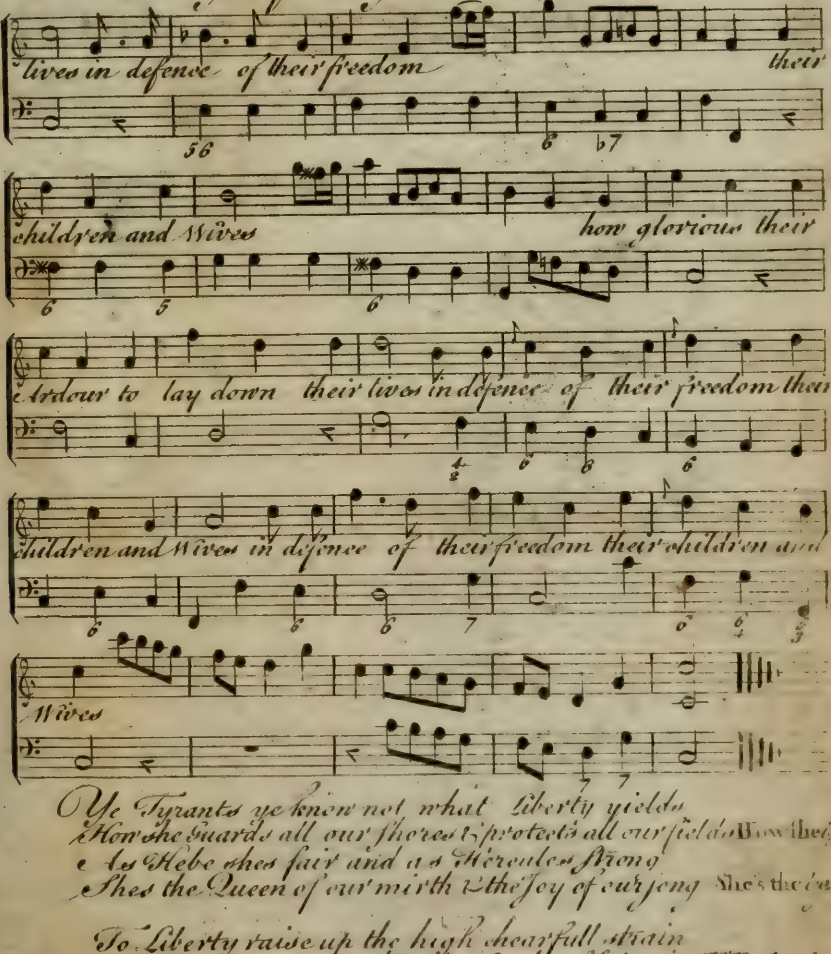
Farewell the Brooks, no more along,
Your Banks mun I be walking,
No more you'll hear my Pipe or Song,
Or Pretty Peggy's talking,
But I by Death an End will give,
To Greif Since we mun sever,
For who can after parting Live,
Ought to be wretched Ever.



A Favourite Air in the Opera of Eliza



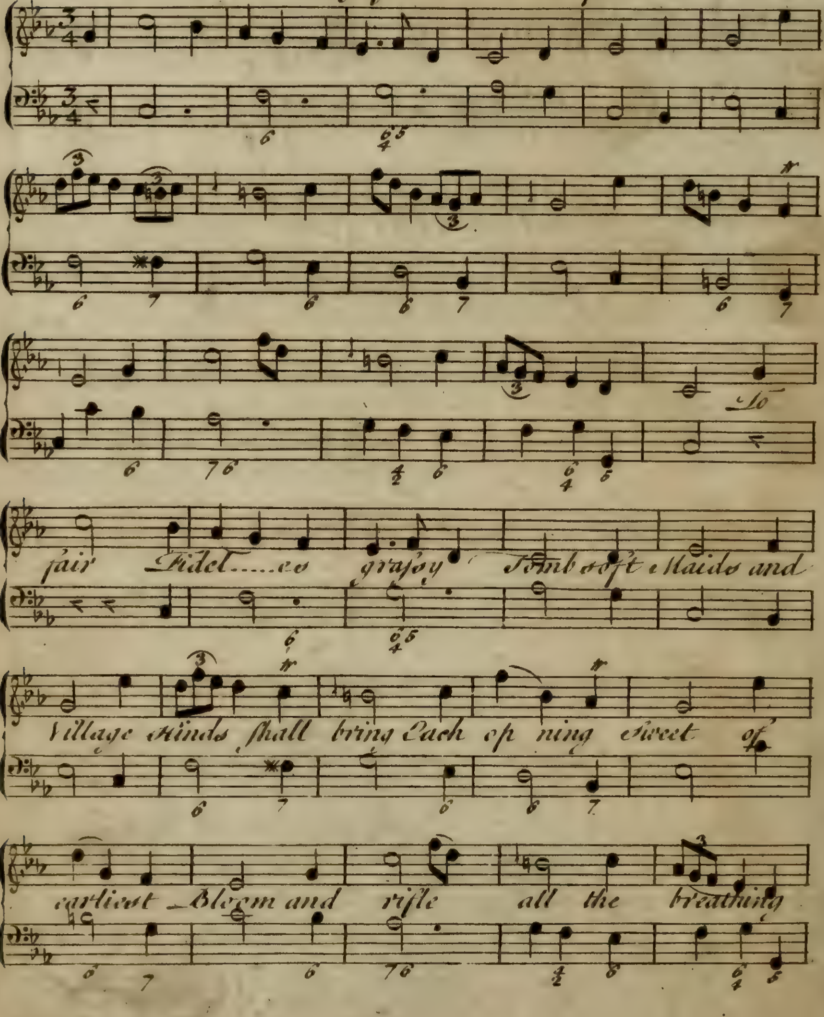
Sung by Sig.ra Frasi



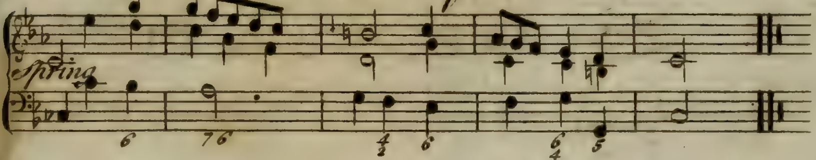
O Ye Tyrants ye know not what Liberty yields
How she Guards all our shores & protects all our fields. How their
As Hebe shes fair and as Hercules strong
Shes the Queen of our mirth & the Joy of our song She's the ca

To Liberty raise up the high chearfull strain
Fill ye Goblets around to the Lords of ye Main. Fill the le
Eliza is Queen and her brave loyal band
Shall drive each Invader far out of the Land Shall the

A Favourite Song from Shakespears Cimbeline



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



No wailing Ghosts ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet Grove
But Shepherds Lads aſsemble here
And melting Virgins own their Love

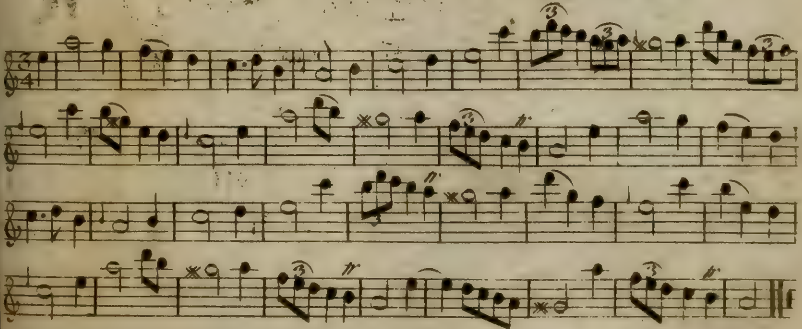
No wither'd Witch ſhall here be ſeen
No Goblins lead their nightly Crew
The Female Fays ſhall haunt ye Green
And dreſs thy Grave with early Dew

The Redbreast oft at Ev'ning Hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid
With hoary Moſs & gather'd Flow'rs
To deck ye Ground were thou art laid

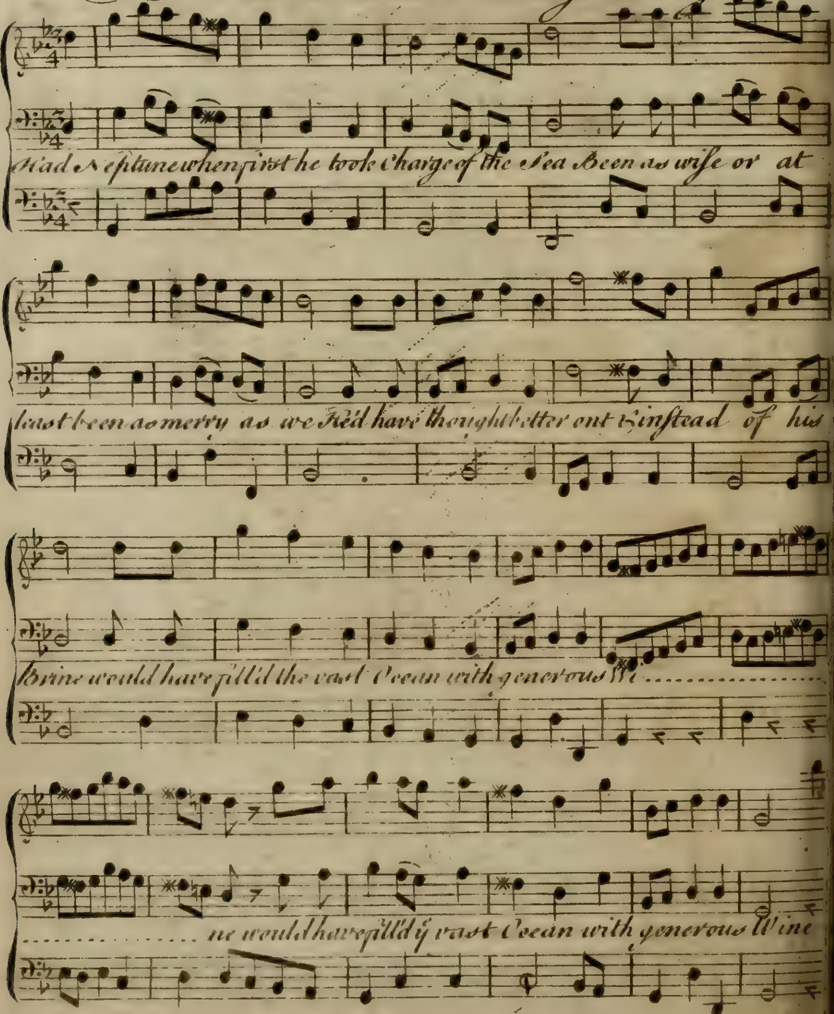
When howling Winds & beating Rain
In Tempest ſhake the Sylvan Cell
Or midst the Chace on ev'ry Plain
The Tender Thought on ye ſhall dwell

Each lonely Scene ſhall Thee restore
For Thee the Tear be duly ſhed
Belov'd till Life coud Charm no more
And mournd till Pity's ſelf be Dead

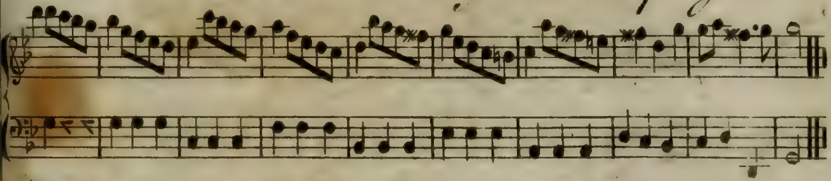
FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



A Favourite Drinking Song



Set to Musick by Mr. Popely



What trafficking then, would have been on the Main,
For the sake of good Liquor, as well as for Gain;
No Fear then of Tempest or Danger of sinking,
The Fishes ne'er drown that are allways a drinking.

The hot thirsty Sun would drive with more haste,
Secure in the Evening of such a Repast;
And when he'd got tipsey, would have taken his Nap,
With double the pleasure in Thetis's Lap.

By the Force of his Rays, and thus heated with Wine,
Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine,
What vast Exhalations, he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor Earth, as it wanted Supply.

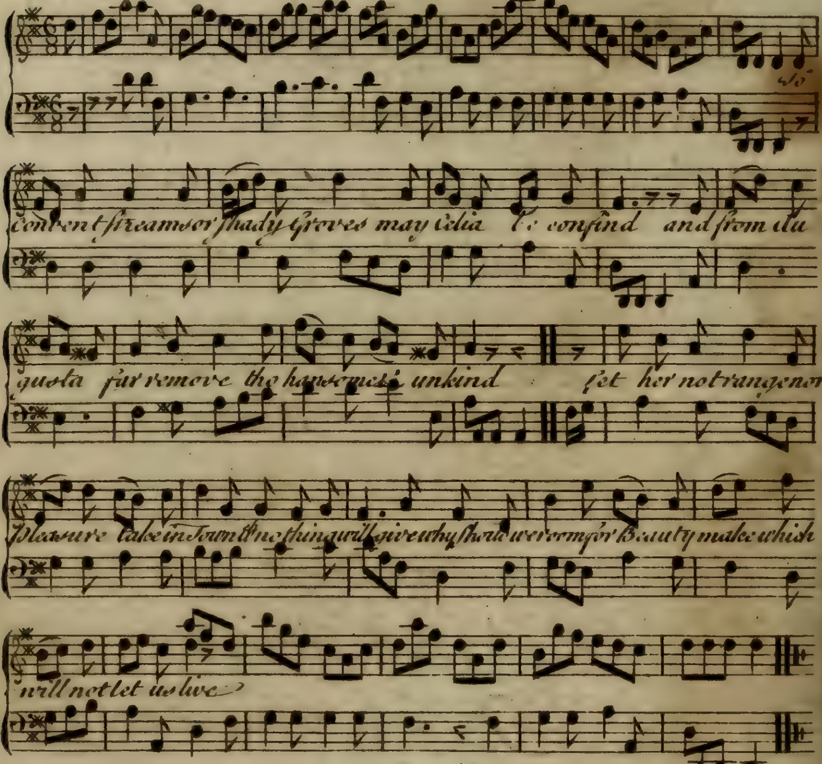
How happy us Mortals, when blest with such a Rain,
To fill all our Vessels, and fill 'em again.
Nay even the Beggar, that has ne'er a Dish,
Might jump in the River, and drink like a Fish.

What Mirth, and Contentment, on every ones brow,
Hob as great as a Prince, danceing after his plough:
The Birds in the Air, as they play on the Wing,
Altho' they but sip, would eternally sing.

The Stars who I think, don't to drinking incline
Would frisk and rejoyce, at the Fume of the Wine.
And merrily twinkling, would soon let us know,
That they were as happy, as Mortals below.

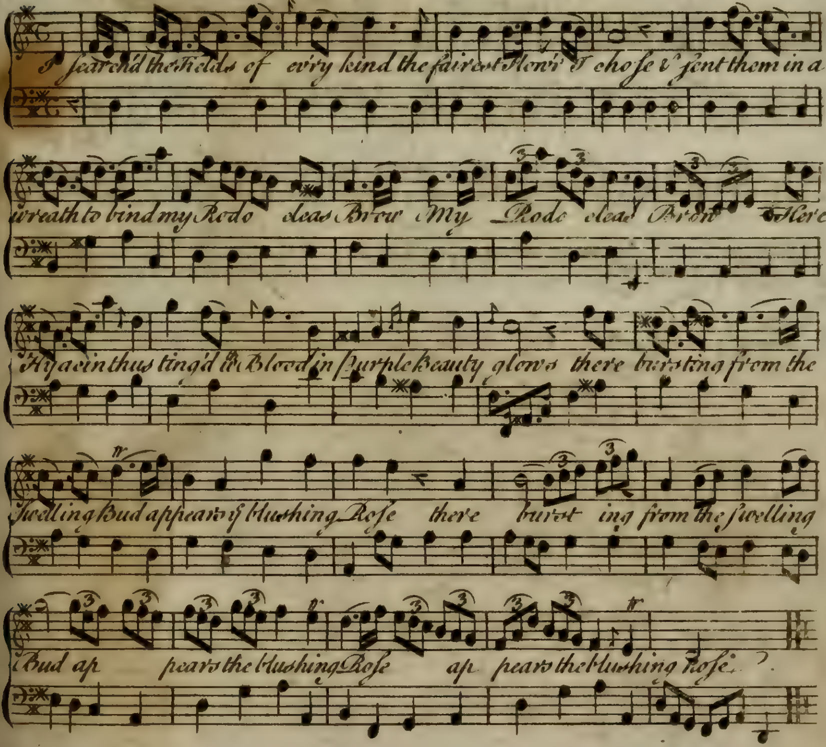
Had this been the Case, what, had we enjoy'd,
Our Spirits still rising, our fancies ne'er cloy'd,
A Pox then on Neptune, when twas in his Pow'r;
To slip like a Fool such a fortunate Hour.

A Favourite Air



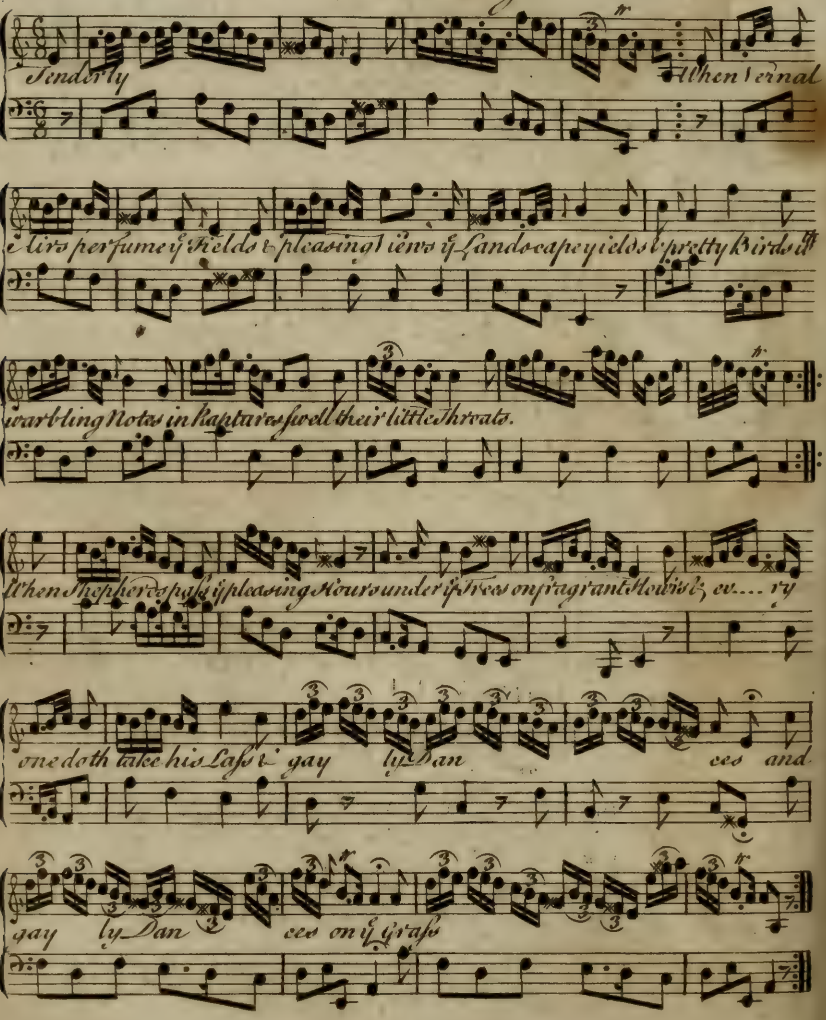
Eternal Pains like those of Hell
Who her admire endure
She always knows to wound too well
Yet never works a Cure
How would the State the Burden bear
If in the Throne where seen
As in Loves Empire we do fear
A Tyrant for a Queen?

A Favourite Air

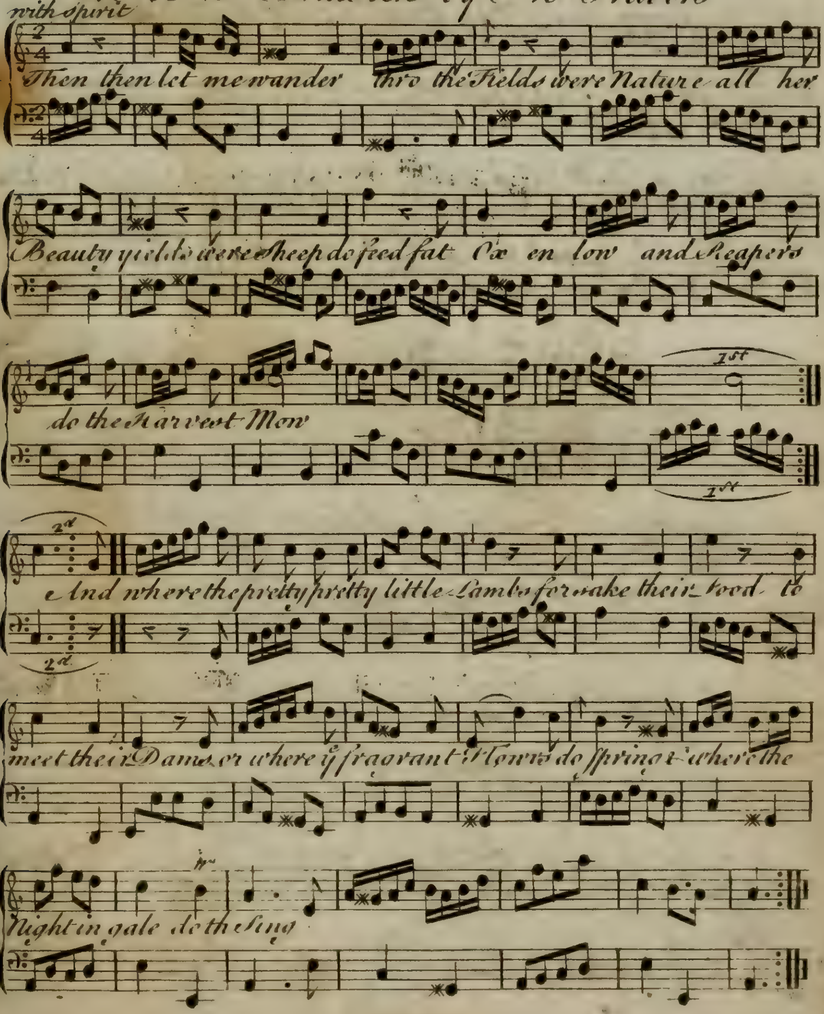


Here Violets of Purple Hue
Chaste Lillies white as Snow
Narcissuss that drink the Dew
And near the Fountain Blow
To boast thy Charms when crown'd with those
Cease cease O beautious Maid
Thy Face that Blooms so like the Rose
Like that alas! will fade.

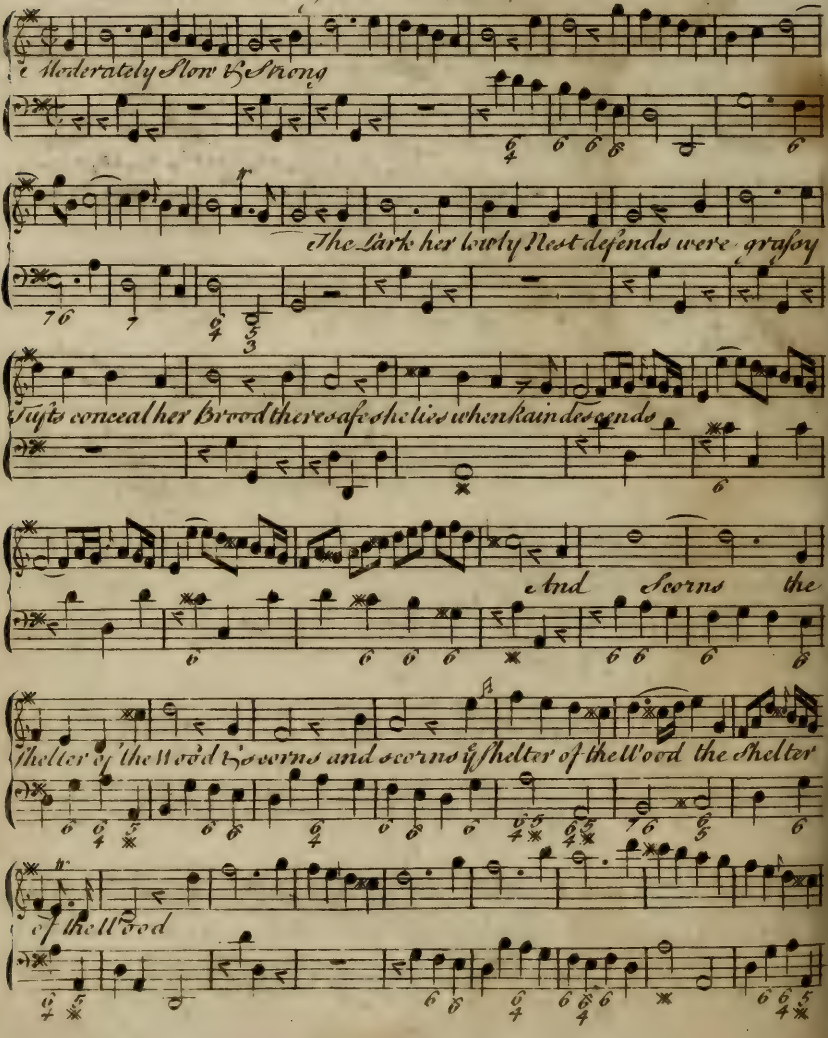
A Favourite Song



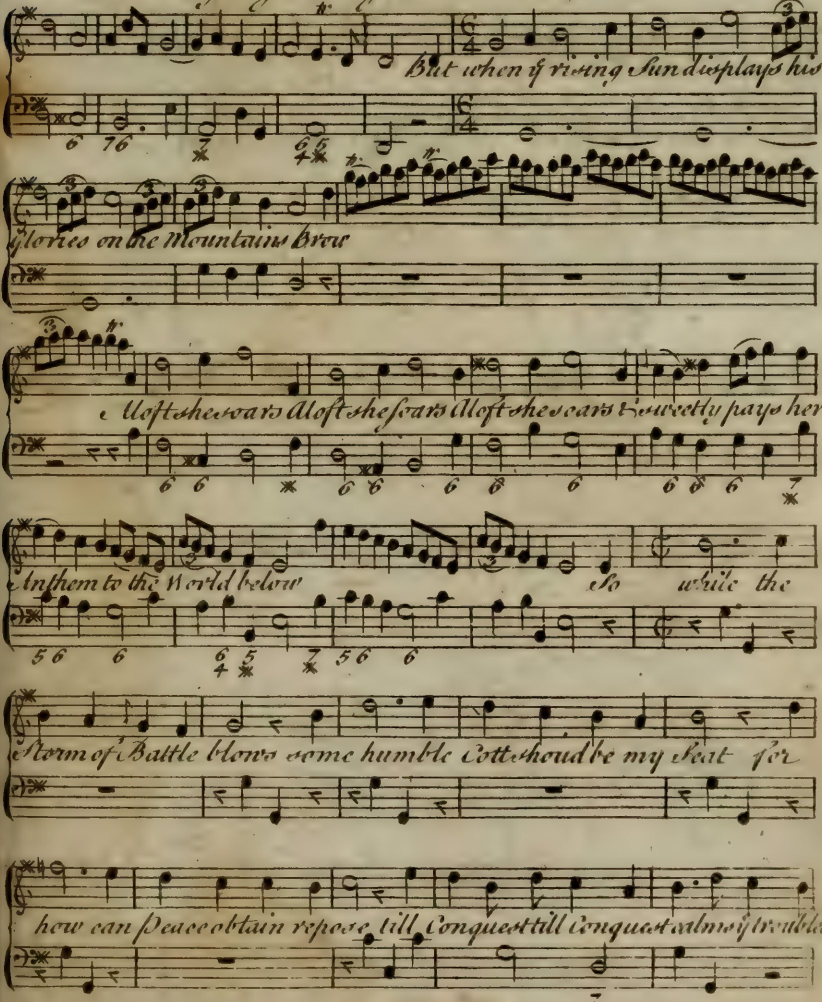
Set to Musick by Mr. Travers



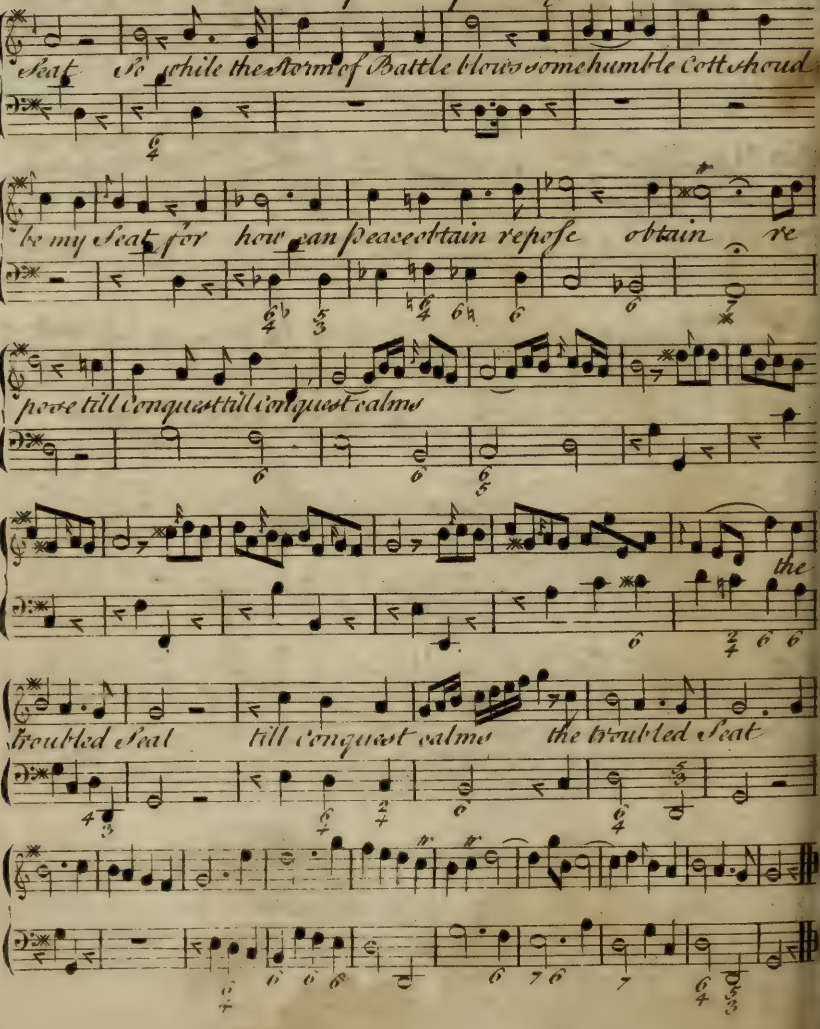
The Sky Lark


Moderately Slow & Strong
The Lark her lowly Nest defends wcre grassy
Tufts conceal her Brood there safe she lies when Rain descends
And Scorns the
Shelter of the Wood & scorns and scorns ye Shelter of the Wood the Shelter
of the Wood

Sung by Signora Frasi

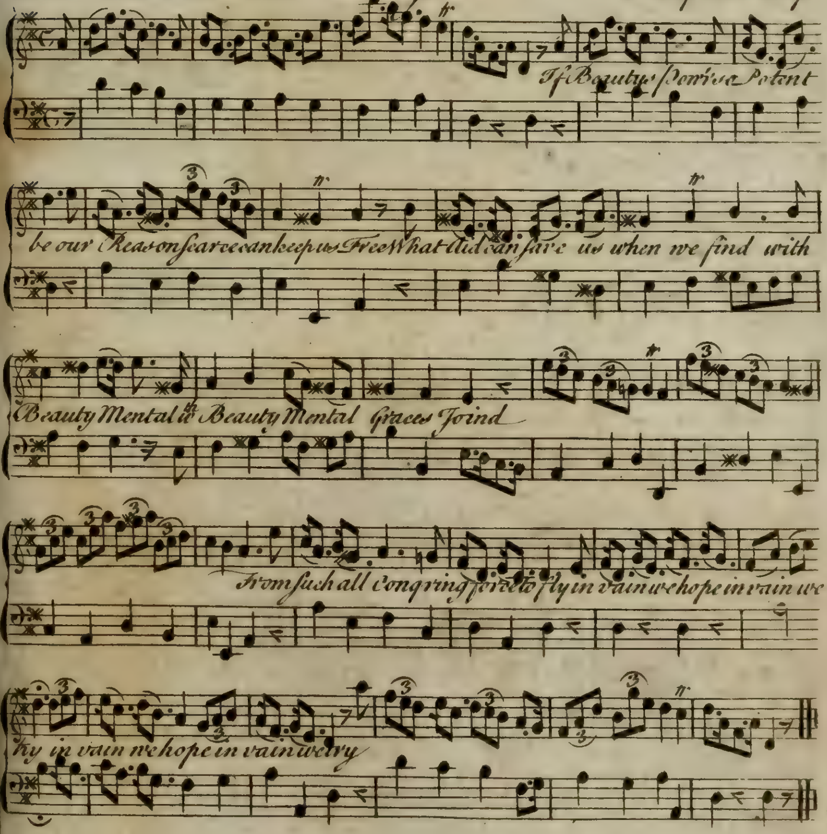


in the Opera of Eliza



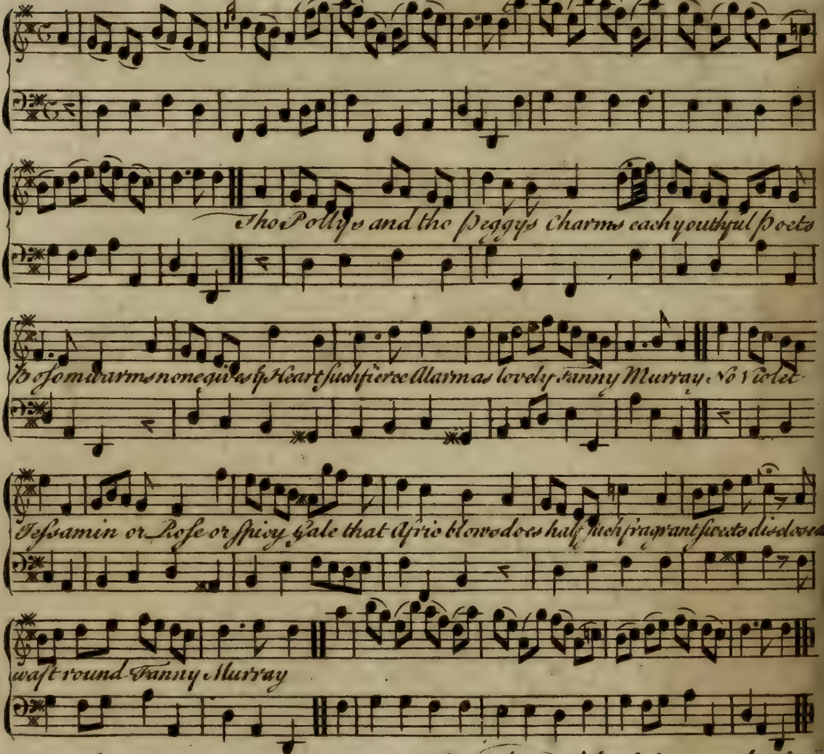
A New Song

Set by Mr Selby



Since then Dear Maid that force is thine
An Heart your Captive I resign
So you afford a kind retreat
For higher Bliss it ne'er will beat
But dedicate it's future Hours
To guard those Virtues it adores.

Fanny Murray



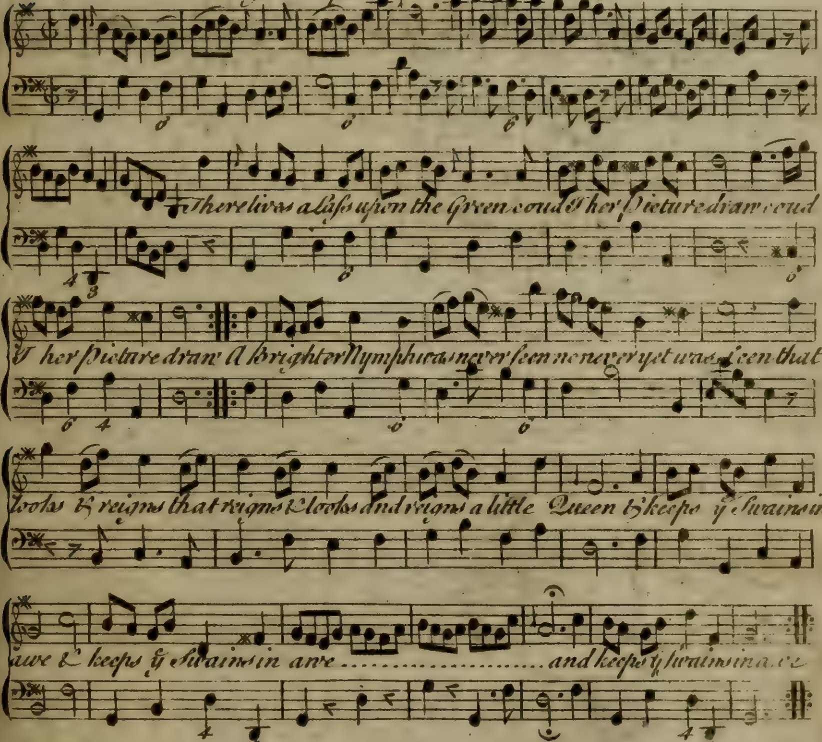
Let other Swains to Courts repair
And view each glitt'ring Beauty there
'Tis Art alone makes them so fair
But Nature Fanny Murray

Give others Titles Honours Pow'r
The Riches of Potosi's Shore
I ask not Bawbles I implore
The Heart of Fanny Murray

What Paint with her Complexion vies
What Jewels sparkle like her Eyes
What Hills of Snow so white as rise
The Breast of Fanny Murray

Possest of that of that alone
On India's Monarch I'd look down
A Cot my Palace & my Throne
The Lap of Fanny Murray

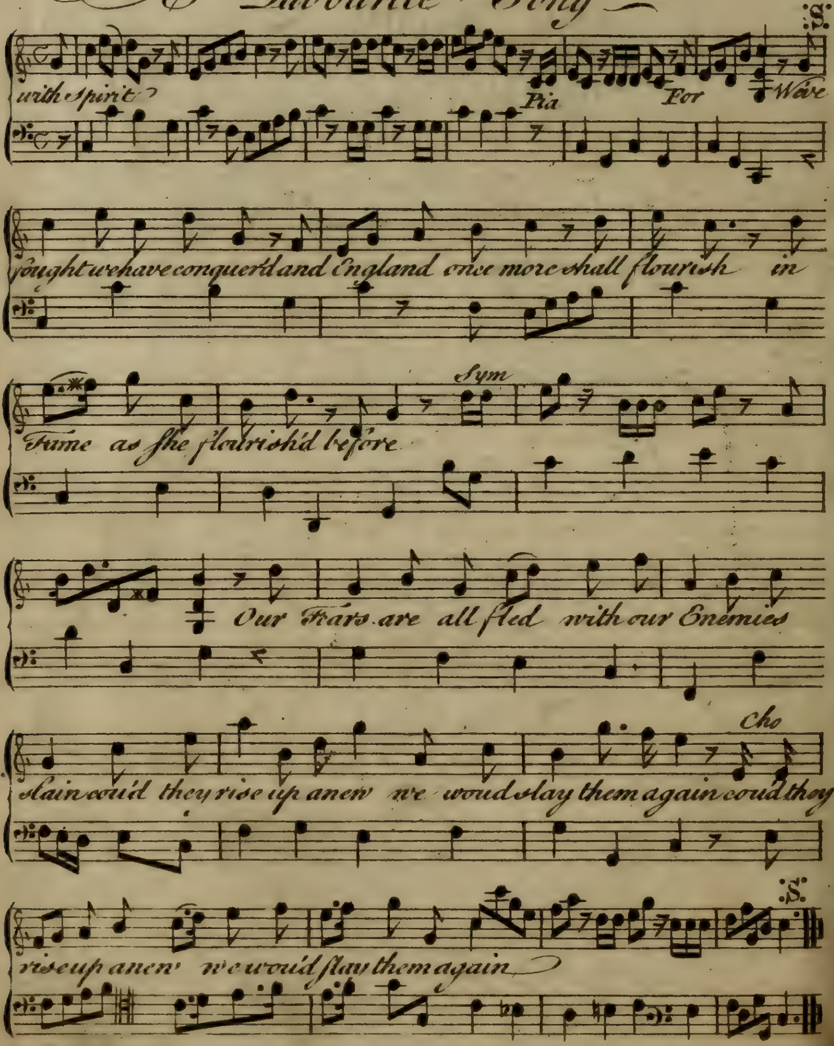
The Lass of the Green



Her Eyes are Cupids Darts and Wings
Her Eyebrows are his Bow
Her Silken Hair the Silver Strings
Which sure and Swift Destruction brings
To all the Vale below.

If Pastorellas dawning Light
Can warm and Wound us so
Her Noon will shine so piercing Bright
Each glancing Beam will kill outright
And evry Swain Subdue.

A Favourite Song



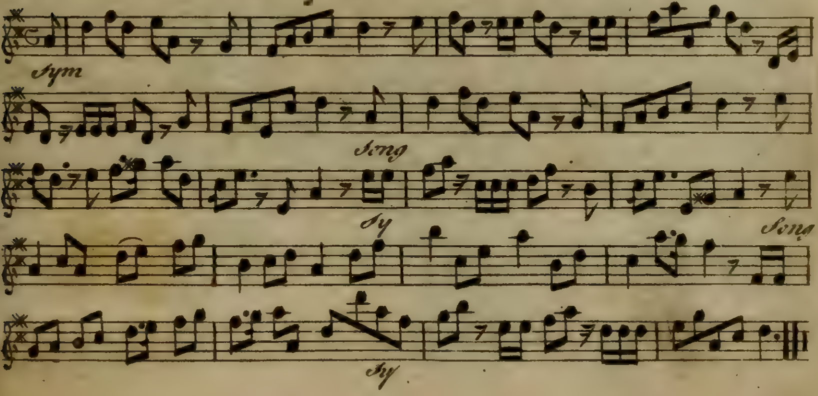
Sung by Mr. Beard

His Monarch to serve or to do himself right
No Englishman ever yet flinch'd from the Fight
For why Neighbours all we are free as the King
Tis that makes us brave & that makes us sing.

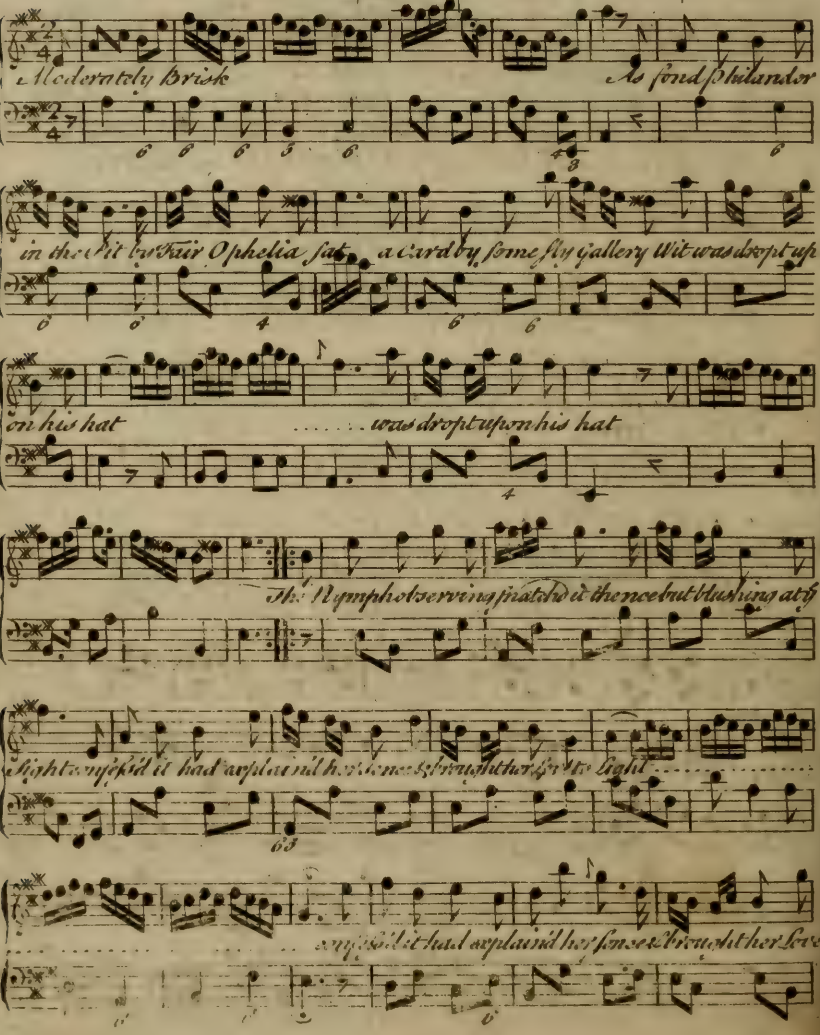
Our Prince too for this may be thankful to fate
It is in our freedom he finds himself Great
No force can be wanting nor meaner Court Arts
He is Master of all who will reign in our Hearts.

Should Rebels within or should Foes from without
Bring the Crown on his Head or his Honour in doubt
We are ready still ready & boldly foretell
That Conquest shall ever with Liberty dwell.

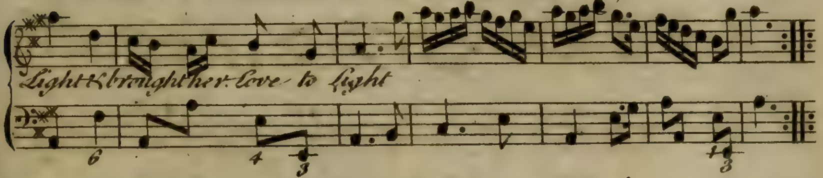
And now bring us forth as the Crown of our labour
Much Wine & good Chear with the Pipe & the Tabor
Let our Nymphs all be kind & our Shepherds be gay
For England Old England is happy to Day.



Fond Philander

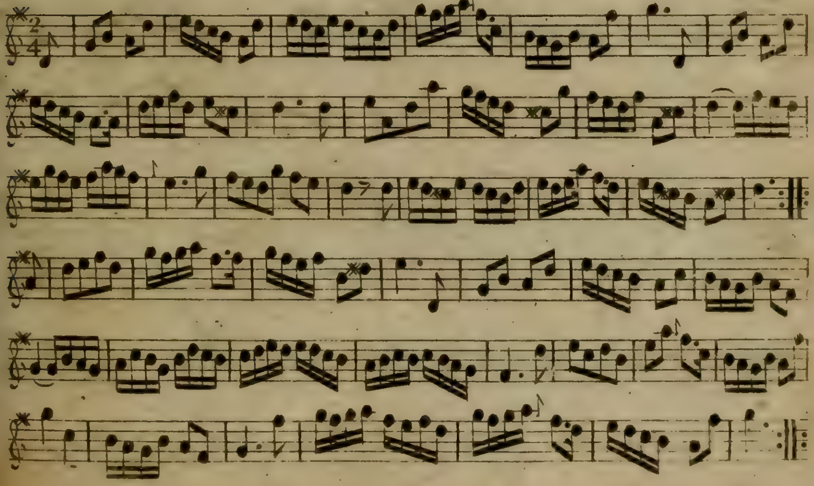


Set to Musick by Dr Green

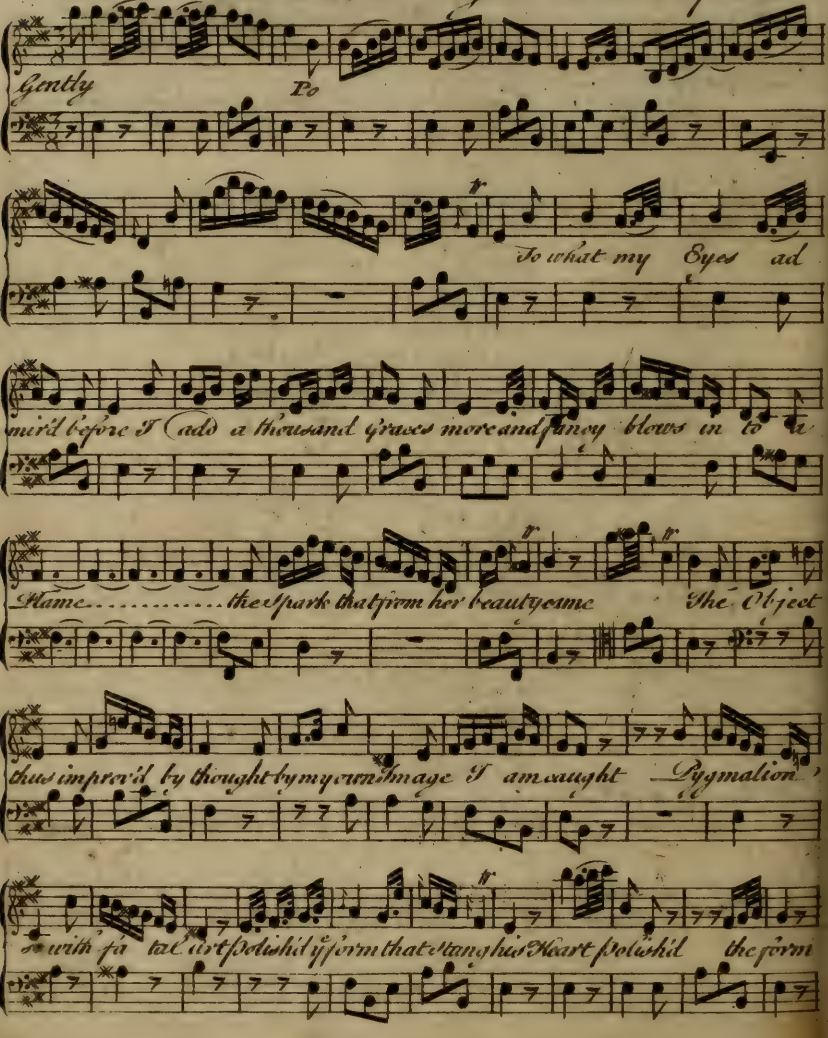


The Swain perceiving her chang'd Look
With Sudden Rapture Starts
The Card with Sweet Compulsion took
And found it King of Hearts
The King of Hearts! O Fortune blest
Were I but Such he cry'd
You reign already in my Breast
She lovingly reply'd.

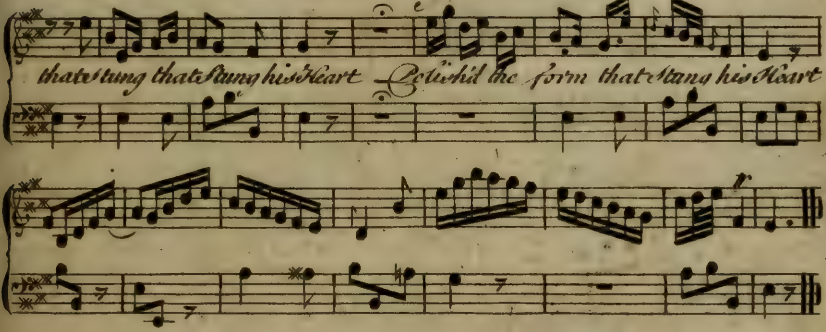
FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



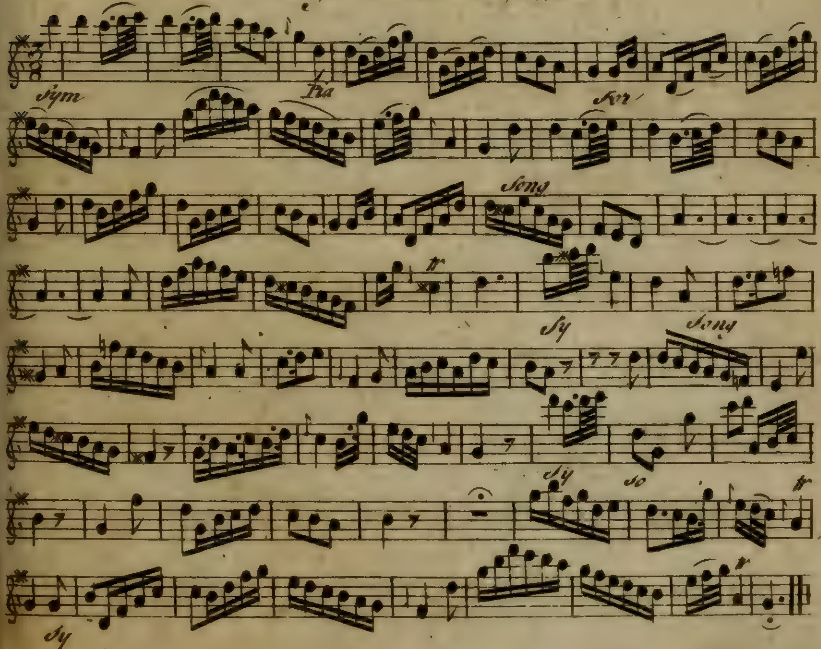
A Favourite Song in the Tempest



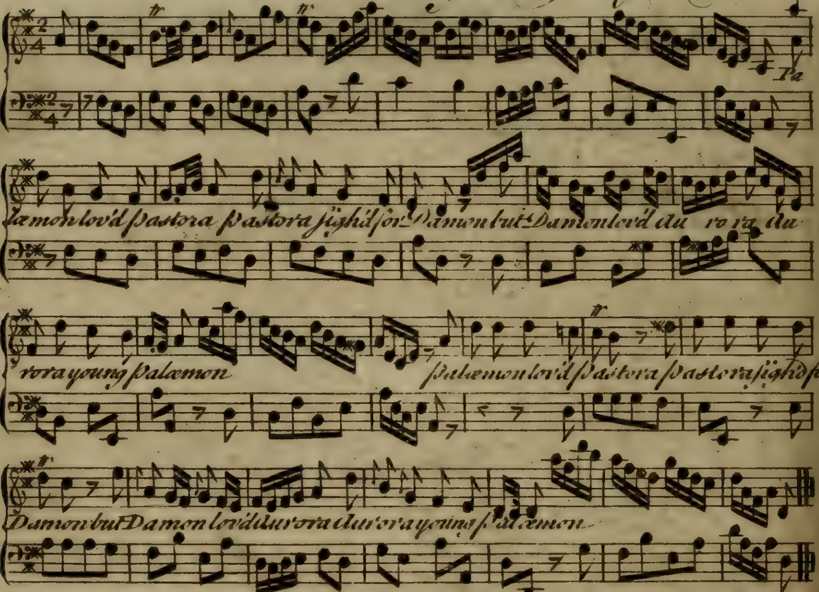
Set to Music by Mr. Smith



For the German Flute



A New Song Set by Mr Baildon



Palæmon gave Pastora,
A Wreath & Shepherd's Crook:
And Damon gave Aurora
A Knot and Reaping hook

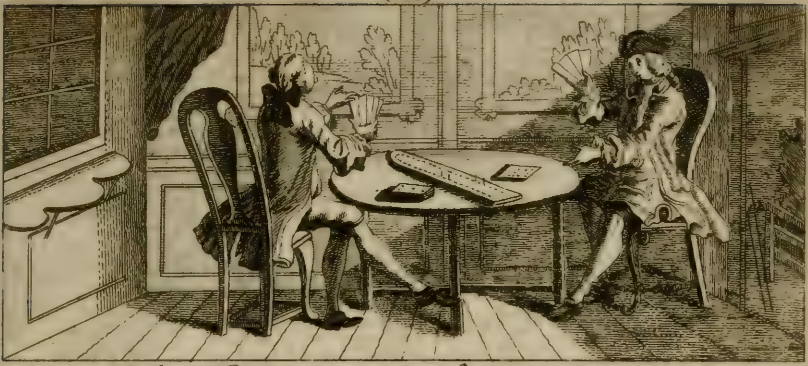
Pastora gave to Damon
A Cap with Chaplets crown'd:
Aurora gave Palæmon.
A Pipe with Hazel bound

The Cap with Chaplets crown'd
Young Damon gave Aurora
The Pipe with Hazel bound
Palæmon gave Pastora

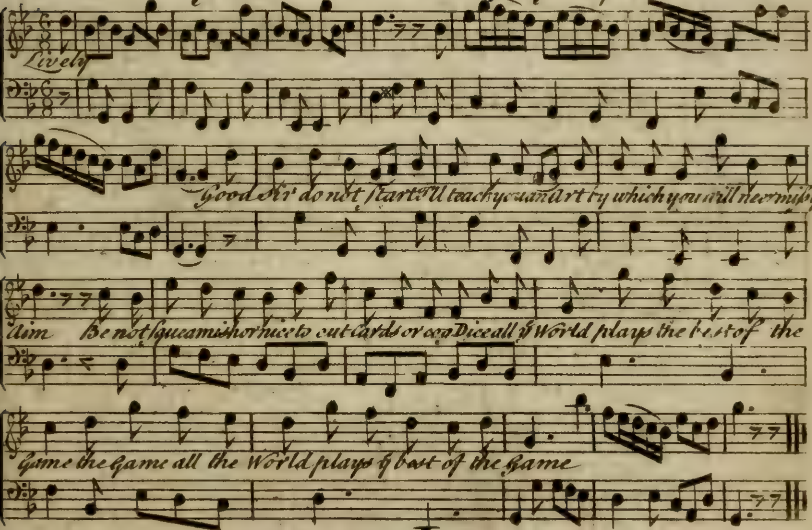
The Wreath & Shepherd's Crook
Pastora gave to Damon,
The Knot and Reaping hook:
Aurora gave Palæmon

The first line in this Stanza to be Sung thus

So Crossly turn'd their Presents went,
Their Loves so oddly vary'd
That ev'ry Token which was sent,
Its true Design miscarry'd



The Gamester's Song set by Mr Oswald



See how each Profession & trade through y Nation
Will dupe all they can without shame
Then why shoud not we in our turn be as free
All the World plays the best of the Game.

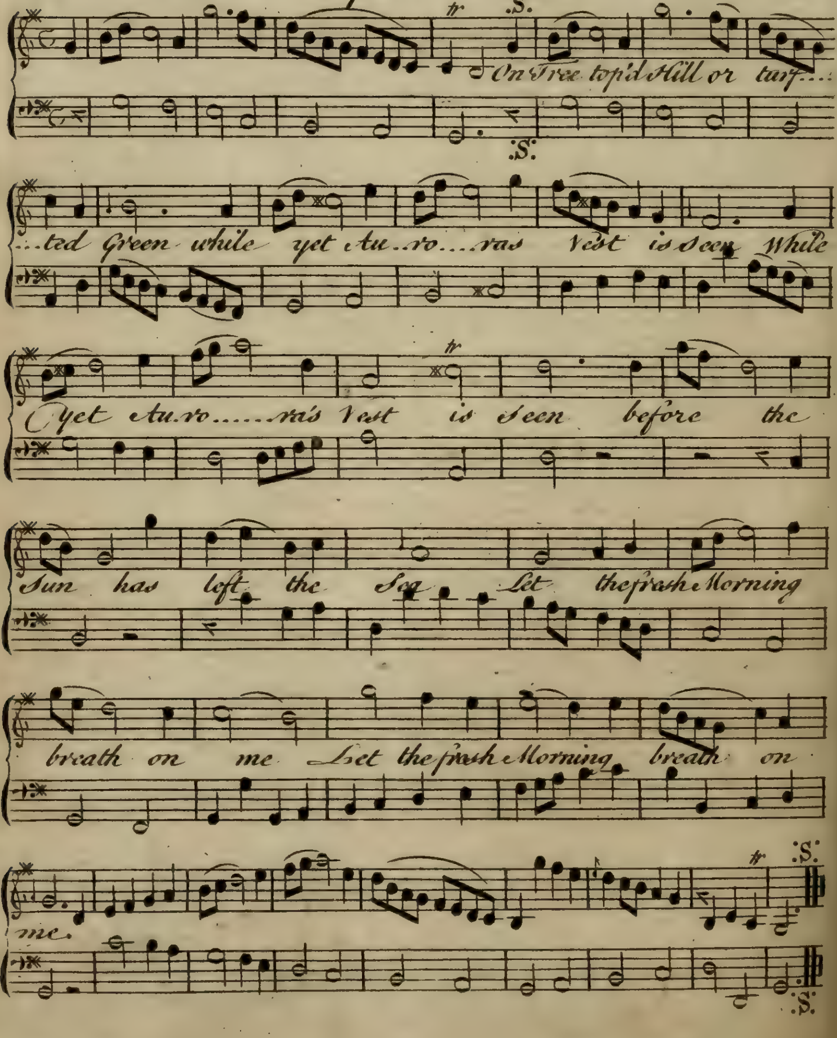
The Lawyers of Note who squabble and quote
Are expecting both Riches & fame
And all is but trick the poor Client to nick
For the Law plays the best of the Game.

To gain his base ends each Lover pretends
To talk of his Darts & his flame
By which he draws in the poor Maiden to Sin
Who is left with the worst of the Game.

And so the coy Maid with modestys Aid
To foolish fond Man does the same
When the fools in the Net the Prude turns Coquet
And her Spouse has the Worst of the Game.

Then since the great Plan is Cheat who Cheat can
Pray think not my Notions to blame
Join Lawyers & Proctors Maids Lovers & Doctors
All the World plays the best of the Game.

On Tree top'd Hill



Set to Music by Mr. Smith

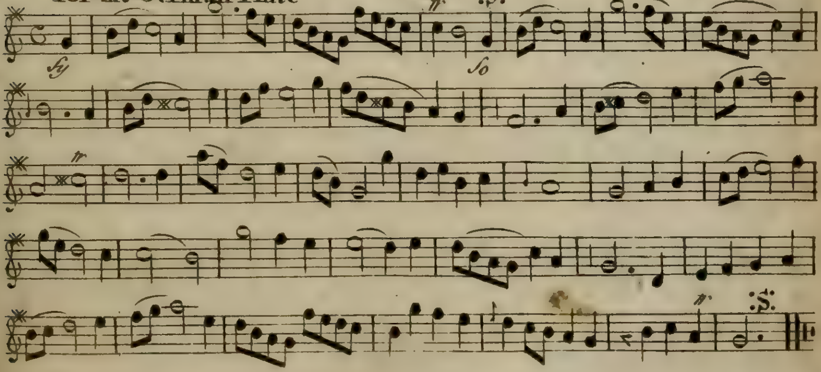
To furze blown Heath on Pasture Mead
Do thou my happy footsteps lead
Then show me to the pleasing Stream
Of which so oft at Night I dream

At Noon the mazy Wood I'll tread
With Autumn Leaves and dry Moss spread
And cooling fruits for thee prepare
For sure I think thou wilt be there

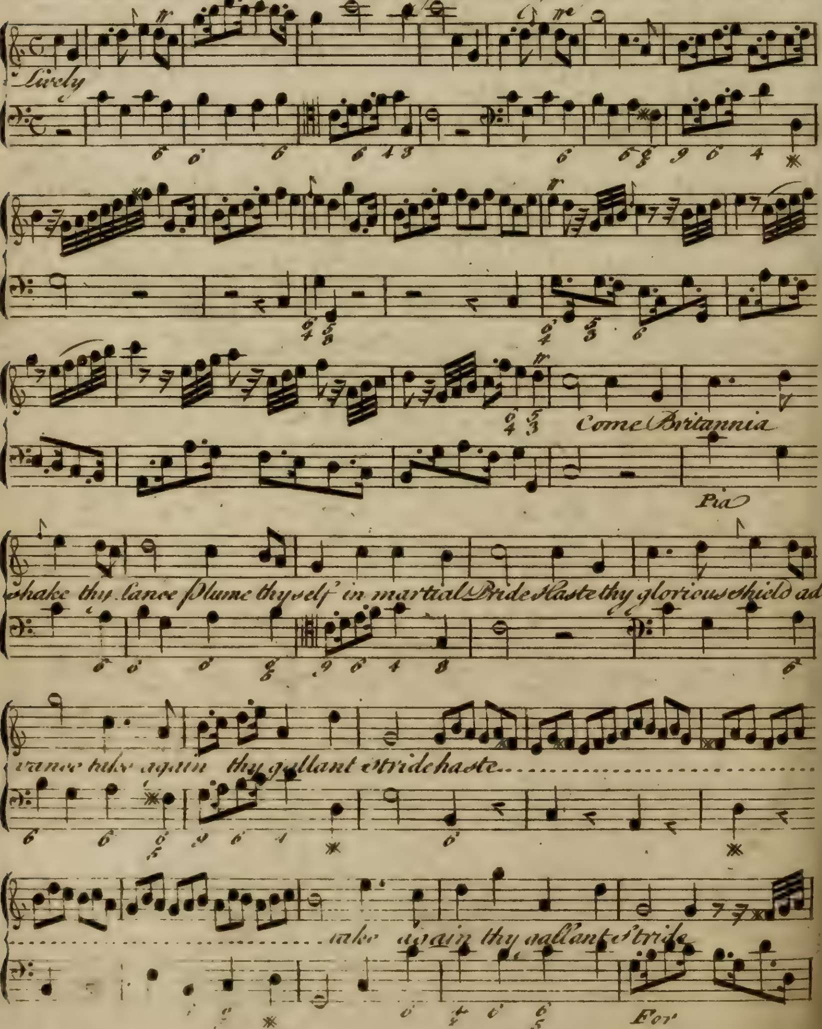
Till Birds begin their Evening Song
With thee the time seems never long
O let us speak our Love that's past
And count how long it has to Last

I'll say eternally and thou
Shall only look as kind as now
I ask no more for that affords
What is not in the force of Words

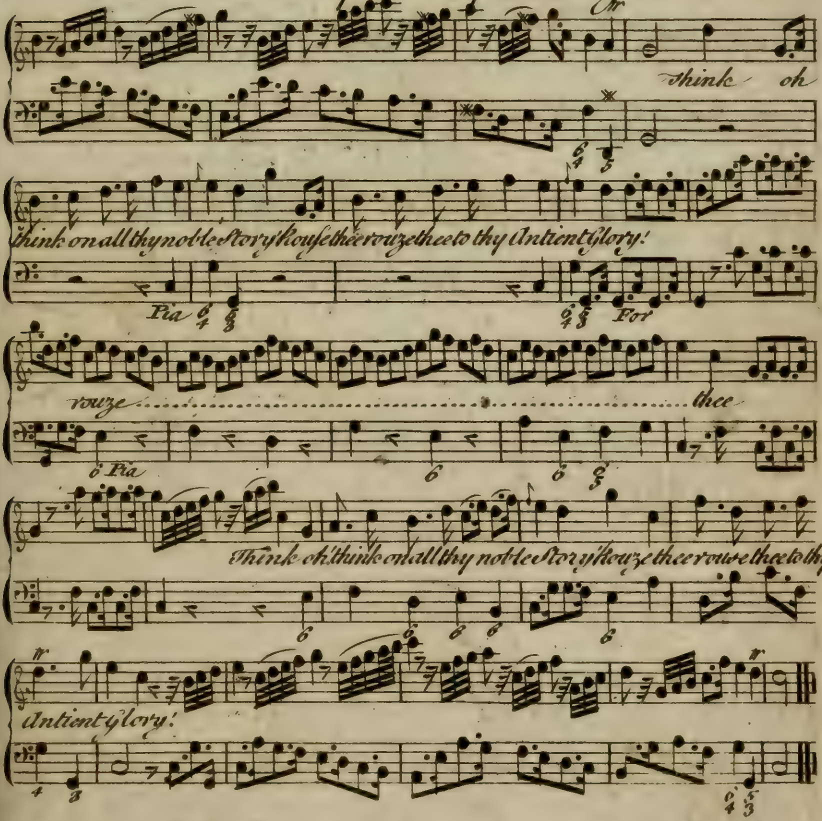
For the German Flute



A Favourite Song Sung by Mrs Vernon



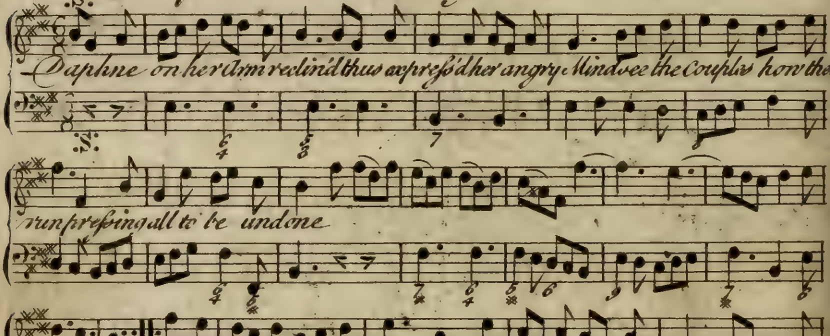
in the Opera of Eliza



Hasten hasten hence away,
All thy martial Ardour show.
Clad in terrible Array,
Thou shalt vanquish ev'ry Foe
Think, oh think on all thy noble Story,
Rouze thee rouze thee to thy Antient Glory.

A favourite Song

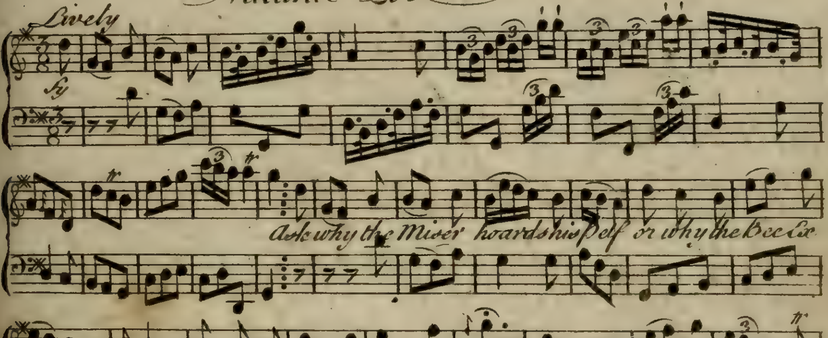
Set by Mr. Defesch.



Visionary Scene and vain
Fancied Joy but real Pain
Tis to sight a goodly Flow'r
But it changes in an hour
Dian take me to thy Shade
I with thee will dwell a Maid
Deaf to Courtour Wit or Beau
When they sue I'll thunder No

Thus the Fair in anger spoke
Gainst poor Hymens rugged yoke
Cupid in the form of Youth
Swore he'd prove ye Virgins truth
Ev'ry human art he try'd
Knelt & vow'd & wept & sigh'd
Must I say Expire in woe
Daphne sigh'd & whisperd No

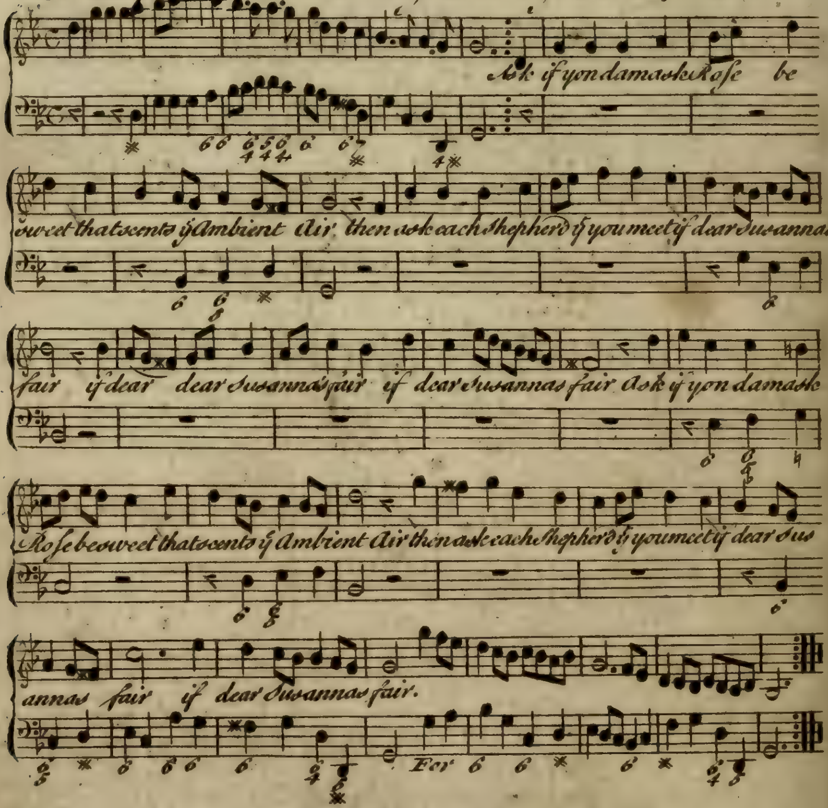
Natural Love



Why upwards does y^e Flame aspire
Why to the North the Needle tend
Why Nature Courage does inspire
Or why the good & bad does blend
Then willingly I'll try to Prove
My charming Delia why I Love

Coud I but hope Loves keenest Dart
Woud ever make your Bosom burn
And move that Icy frozen Heart
To mutual Passion in return
It once you'd see at once you'd prove
My charming Delia why I Love

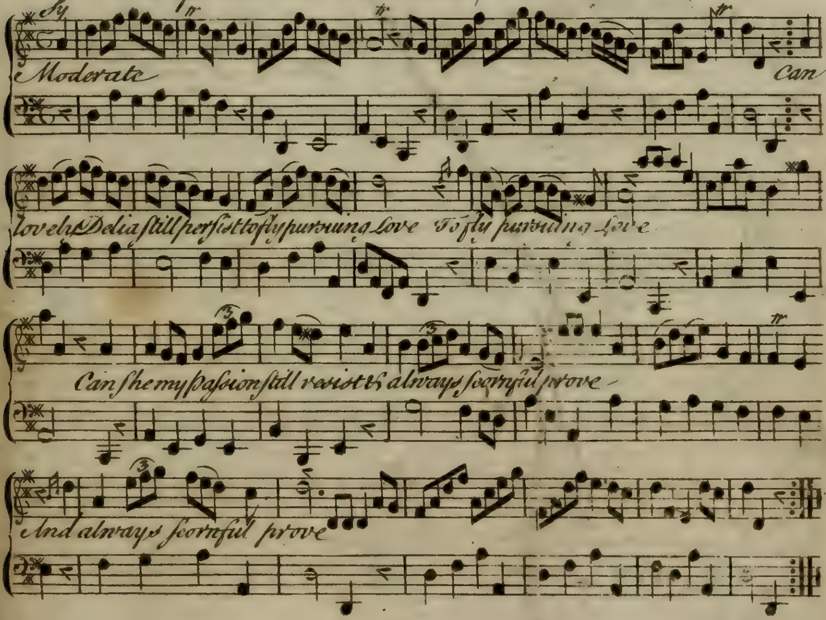
A favourite Song Set by Mr. Handell



Say will the Vulture leave his Prey,
And warble thro the Grove;
Bid wanton Linnets quit the Spray,
Then doubt thy Shepherds Love.

The Spoils of War let Heroes share,
Let Pride in Splendor shine;
Ye Bards unenvy'd Laurels wear,
Be fair Susanna mine.

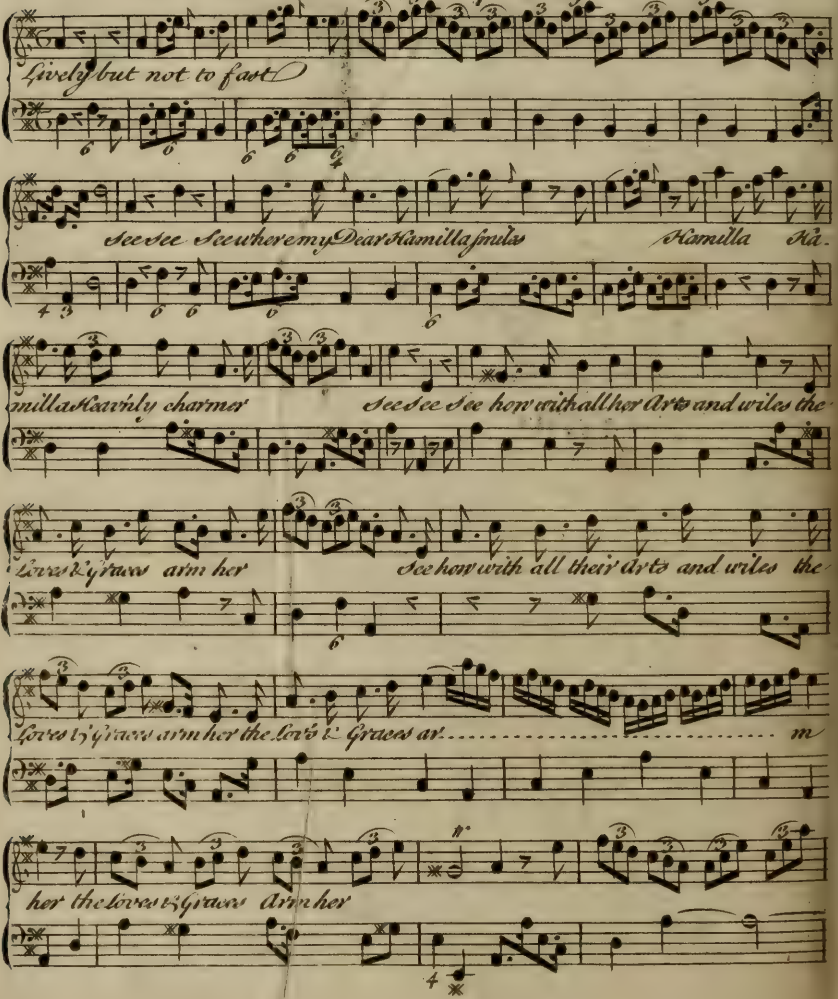
Corydon and Delia



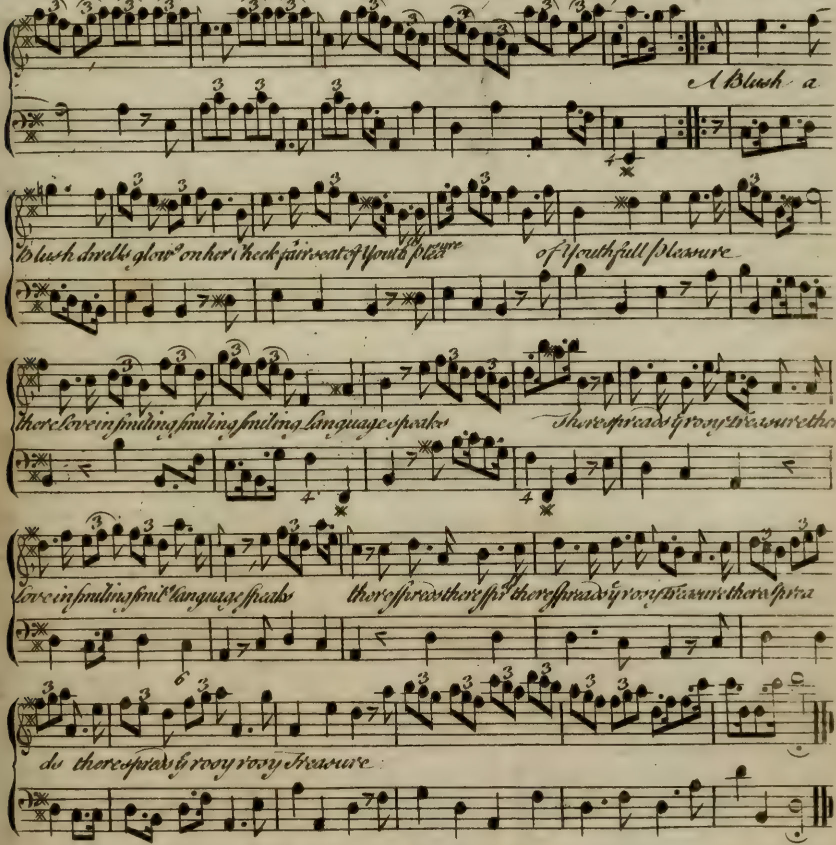
With Sighs and Tears I told my Tale,
And did it oft repeat,
But Sighs and Tears will not avail,
She all my hopes defeat.

Pitty my Fate ye Powers above,
Relax the Fair One's Heart,
And grant that Delia may in Love,
With Corydon bear part.

Hamilla or the Raptur'd Lover

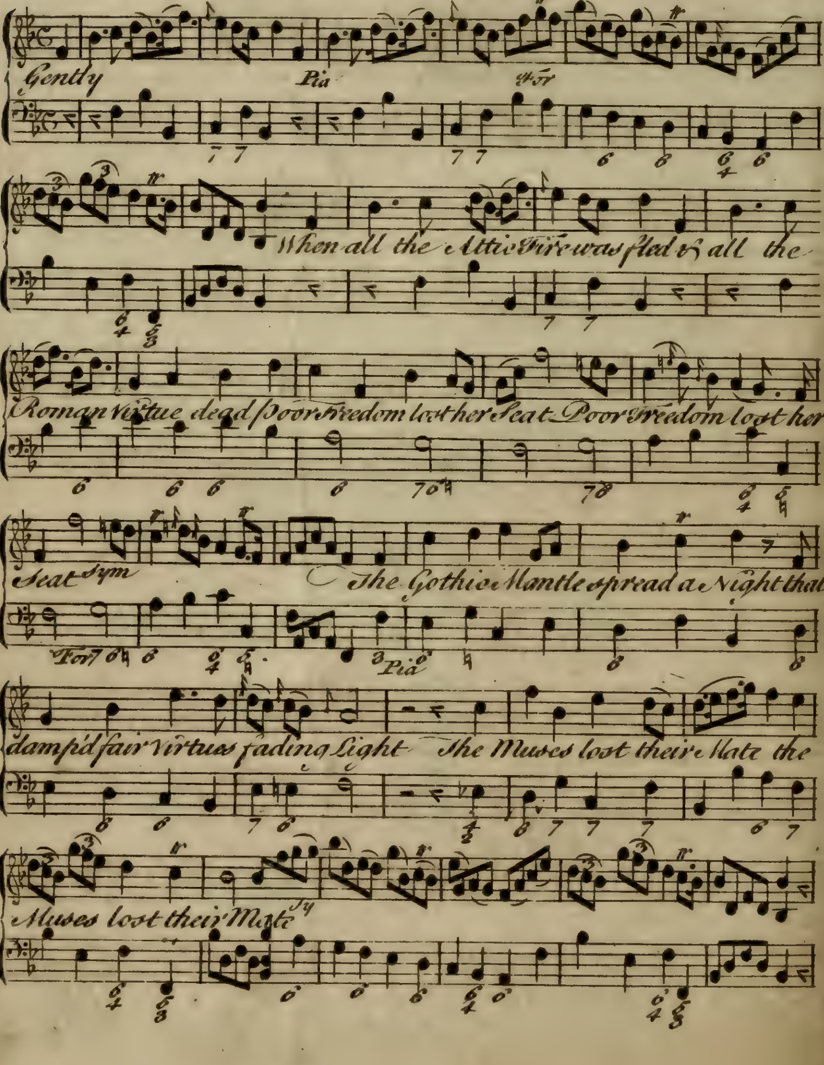


Set to Musick by Dr Green

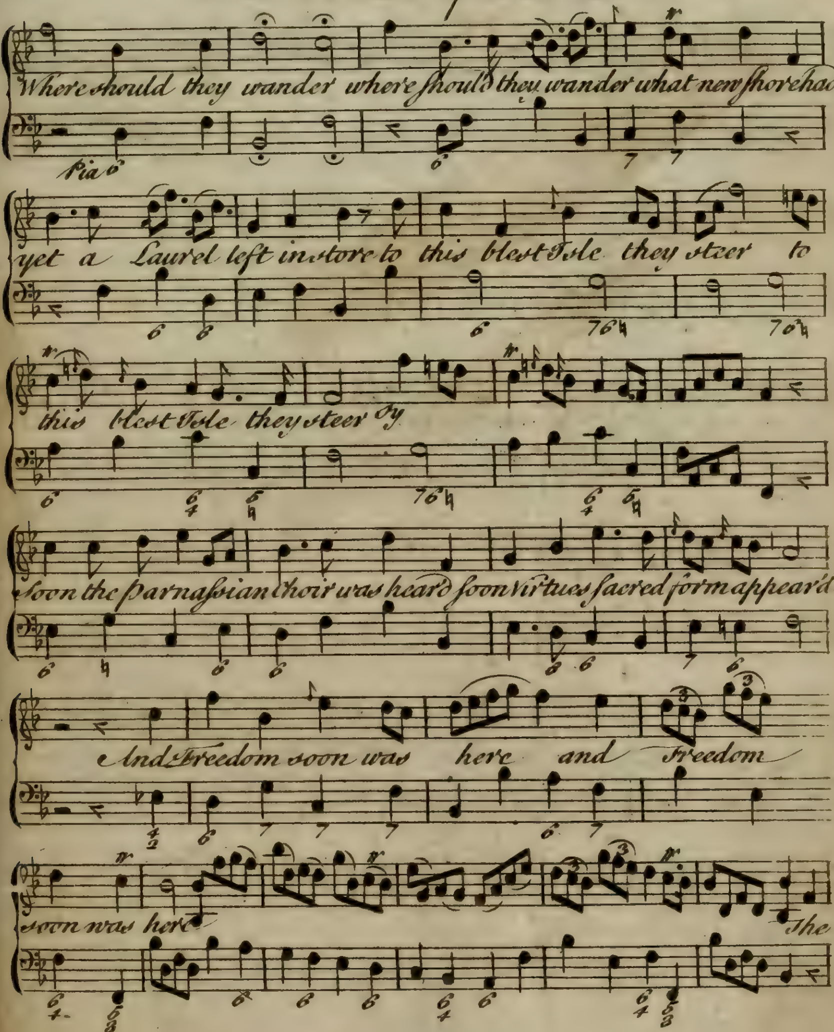


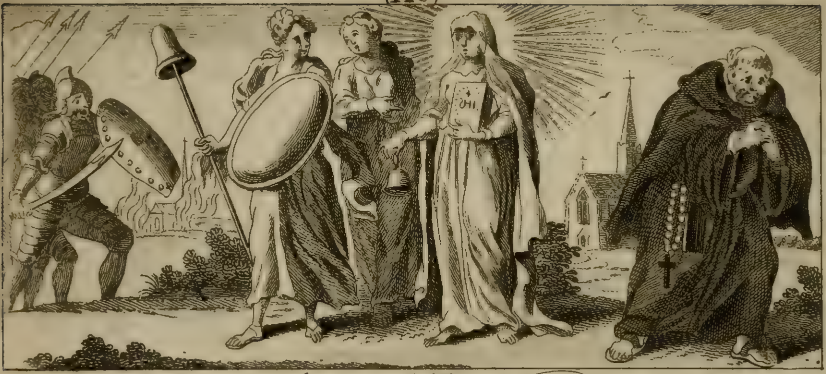
O fairest Maid I own thy Power
I Gaze I Sigh I Languish
Yet ever, ever will Adore
And triumph in my Anguish
But ease O Charmer ease my care
And Let my torments move thee
As thou art fairest of the fair
So I the Dearest Love thee

When all the ATTIC FIRE

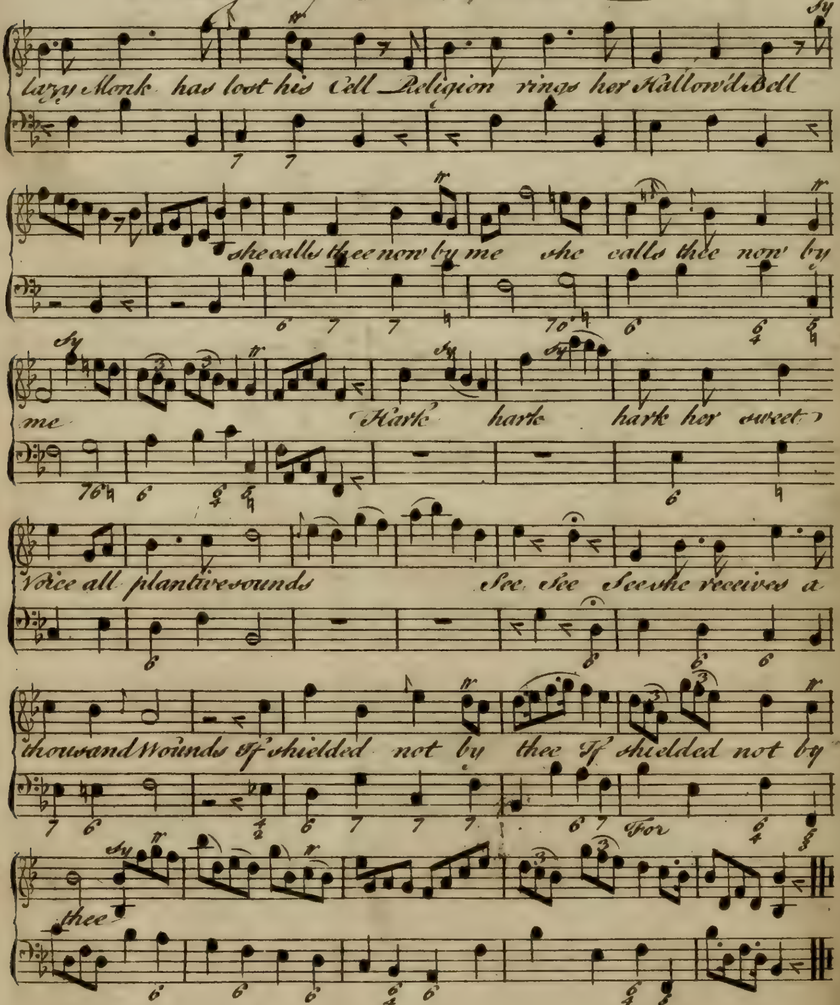


in the OPERA *of* ELIZA

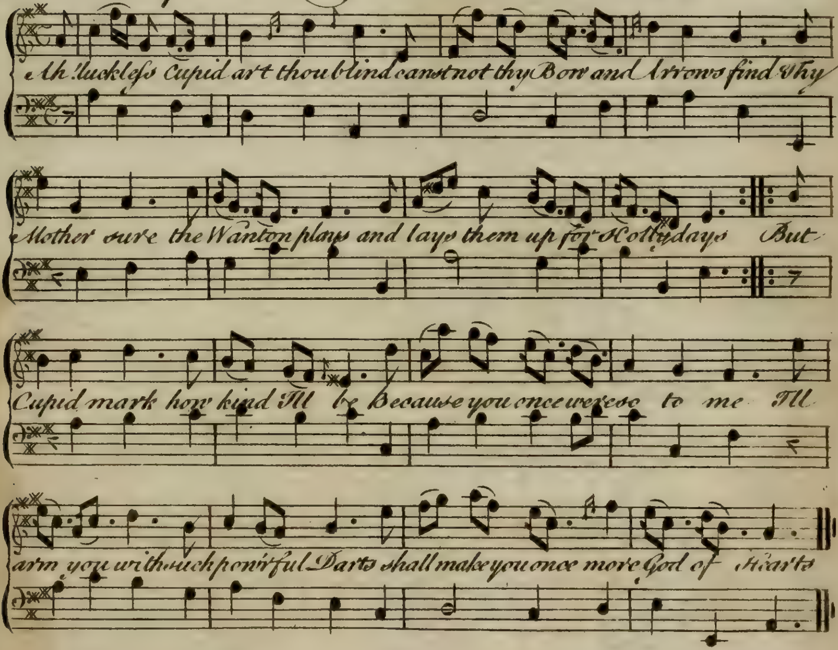




Sung by Mrs Vernon

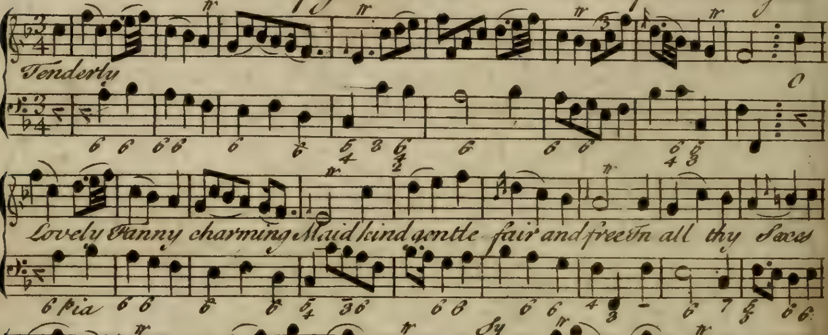


Cupid's Power restor'd. Set by Mr Atfield



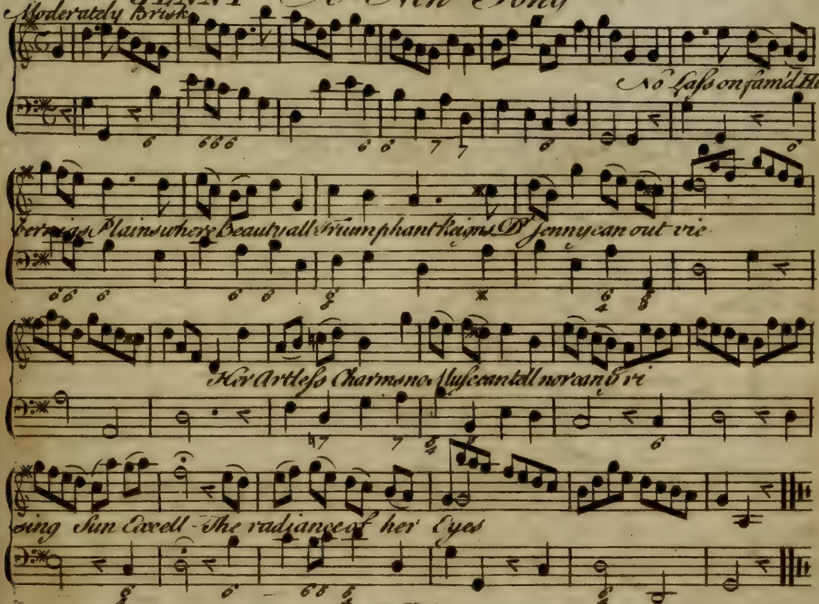
My Cloe's Breast shall be the court,
Where little Loves shall play and sport;
Her snowey Arms shall be thy Bow,
Which none but Love can bend you know:
And of the Ringlets in her Neck,
You shall your trembling Bow-strings make,
Then taking Arrows from her Eyes,
Who e'er you shoot at surely dies.

The Confession   Set by Mr. Bryan



The Fair in gen'ral I've admir'd,
Have long been false and true;
And when the last my fancy tir'd,
It wanderd round to you,
Then while I can I'll be Sincere
As Turtles to their Mates
This moments yours and mine my Dear,
The next you know is Fates.

JENNY A New Song



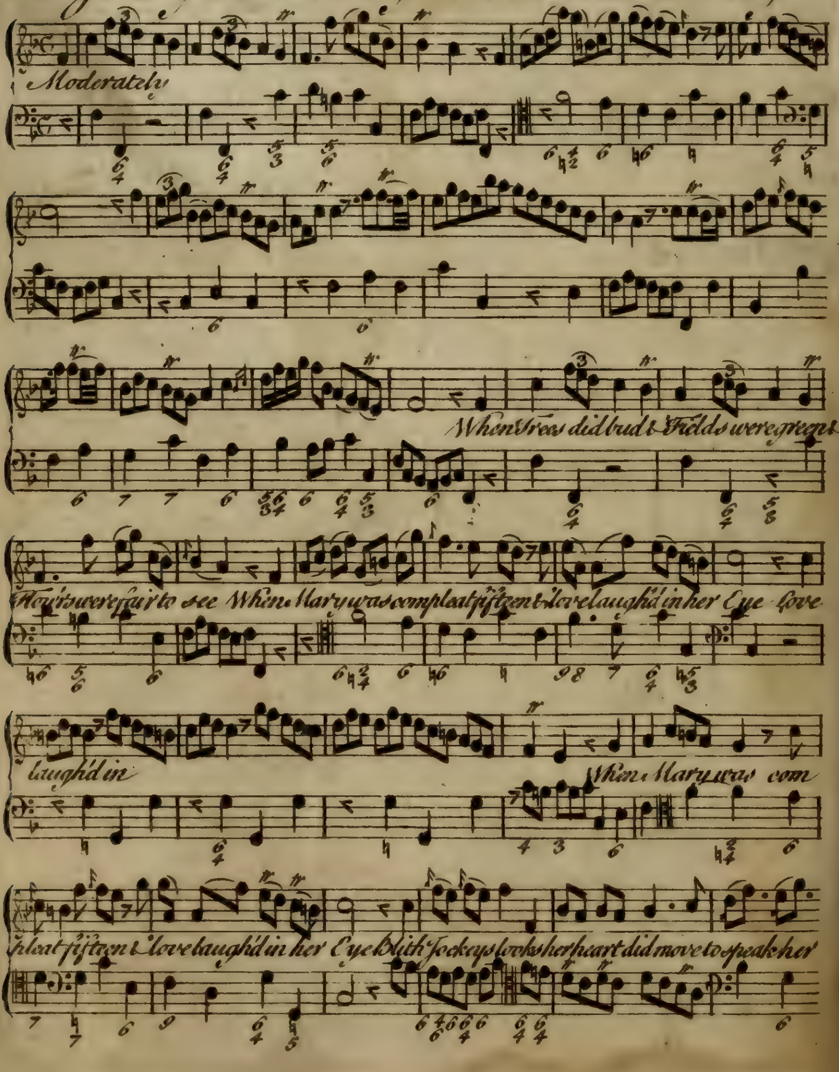
Unnumber'd Graces round her move
At once Inspiring awe and Love
How Heavenly is her smile
With what a Sweet bewitching mein
Not to be told or safely seen
She can the hours beguile

Good nature chearfulness & ease
Improve ye fair ones Pow'r to please
Which no vain pride destroys
While meaner beauties gain by Arts
Of vulgar growth ye Coxcombs Hearts
She scorns the worthless Toys

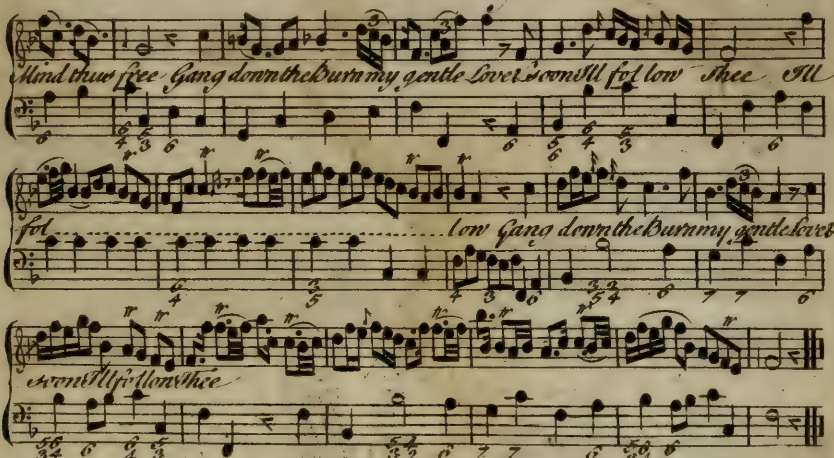
Be bold my Muse and tell ye fair
No tinsel charms can e'er ensnare
A Heart thats worth the pains
A short liv'd Flame indeed may raise
Which rapid as it grows decays
And scarce a day remains

But would you fix the constant Love
Of swains who worth & sense approve
Pursue my Jennys plan
No other way you can Succeed
For tho you may the Fopling lead
You'll neer secure the Man

Jockey and Mary A Favourite Song



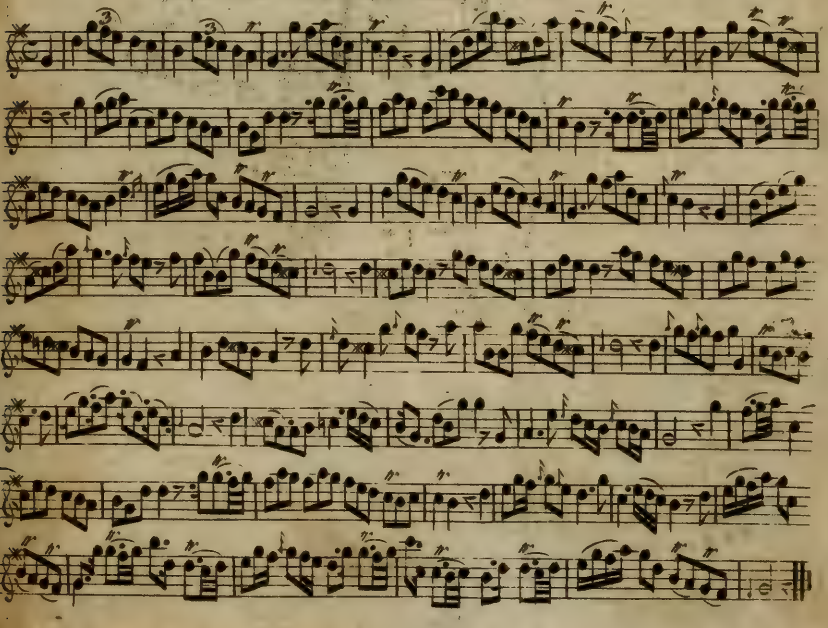
Set to Musick by Mr Arne



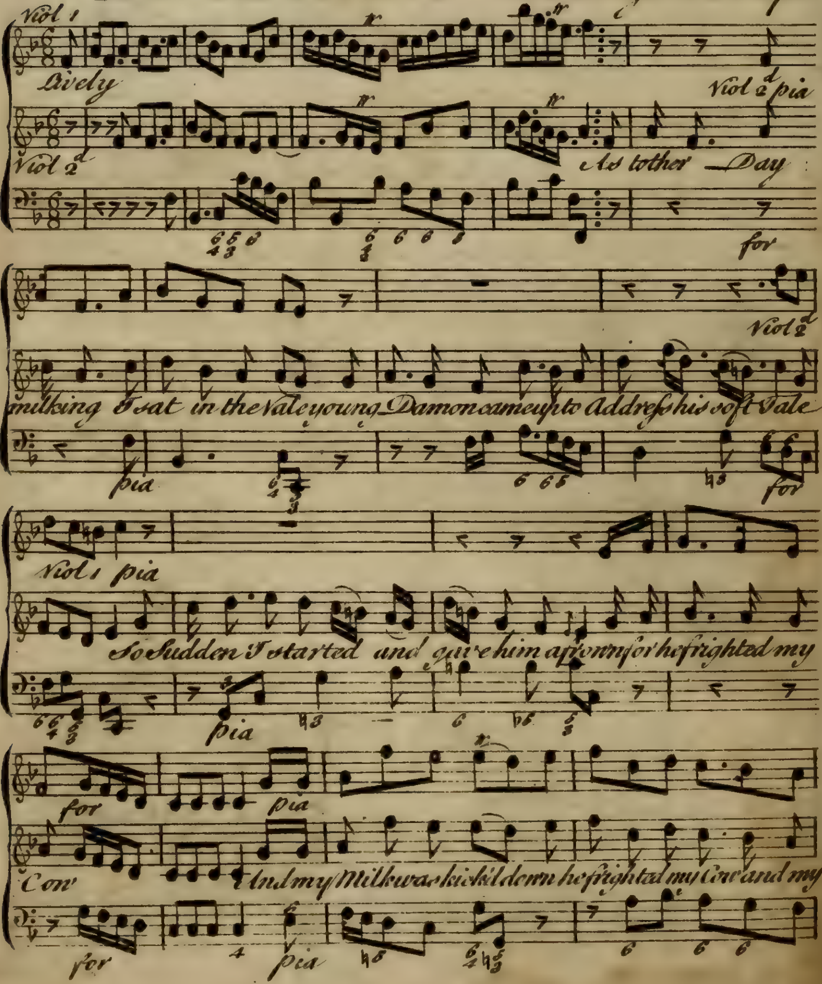
Now Jockey did each Lad surpass
That dwell on this Burn side
And Mary was a bonny Lass
Just meet to be a Bride
Her Cheeks were rosy red & white
Her Eyes were azure blue
Her Looks were like Aurora bright
Her Lips like dropping Dew.

What pass'd I guess was harmless play
And nothing sure unmeet
For ganging home I heard them say
They lik'd a walk so sweet
His Cheek to hers he fondly laid
She cry'd sweet Love be true
And when a Wife as now a Maid
To Death I'll follow you.

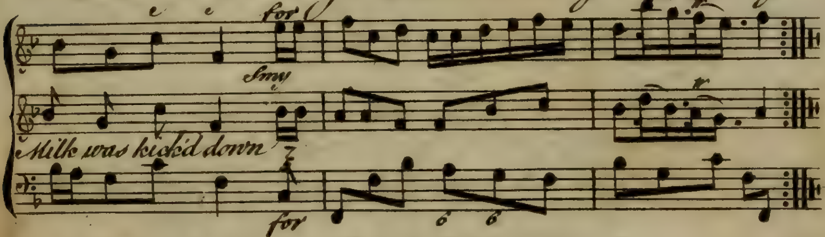
For the German Flute -



The ACCIDENT Written by Mr. Boyce



Sung by Miss Thomas set by Mr Bryan

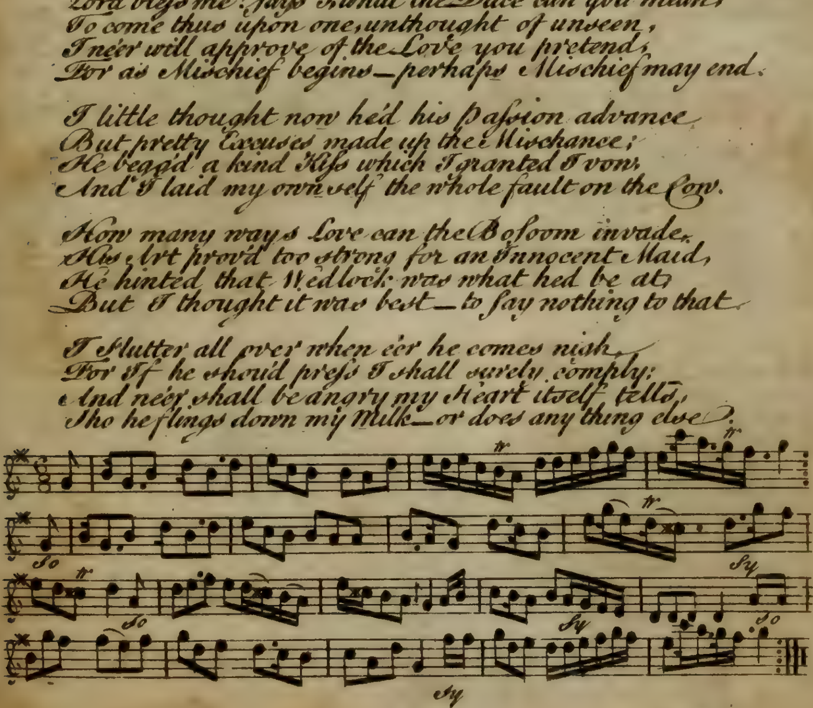


Lord bless me! says I what the Duce can you mean,
To come thus upon one, unthought of unseen,
I ne'er will approve of the Love you pretend,
For as Mischief begins—perhaps Mischief may end.

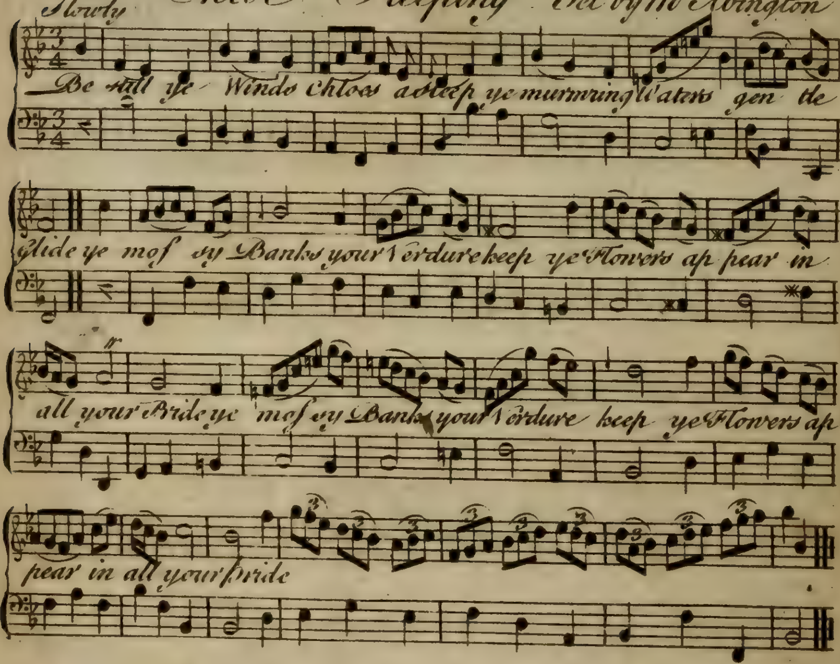
I little thought now he'd his Passion advance
But pretty Excuses made up the Mischance;
He begg'd a kind Kiss which I granted I vow,
And I laid my own self the whole fault on the Cow.

How many ways Love can the Bosoom invade.
His Art prov'd too strong for an Innocent Maid,
He hinted that Wedlock was what he'd be at,
But I thought it was best—to say nothing to that.

I flutter all over when e'er he comes nigh,
For If he should press I shall surely comply;
And ne'er shall be angry my Heart itself tells,
Tho he flings down my Milk—or does any thing else.



Chloe Sleeping. Set by Mr. Abington



Raise, raise, ye Songsters of the Grove
To harmony your little throats
Each wish, each latent Passion move
With all your thrilling amorous Notes.

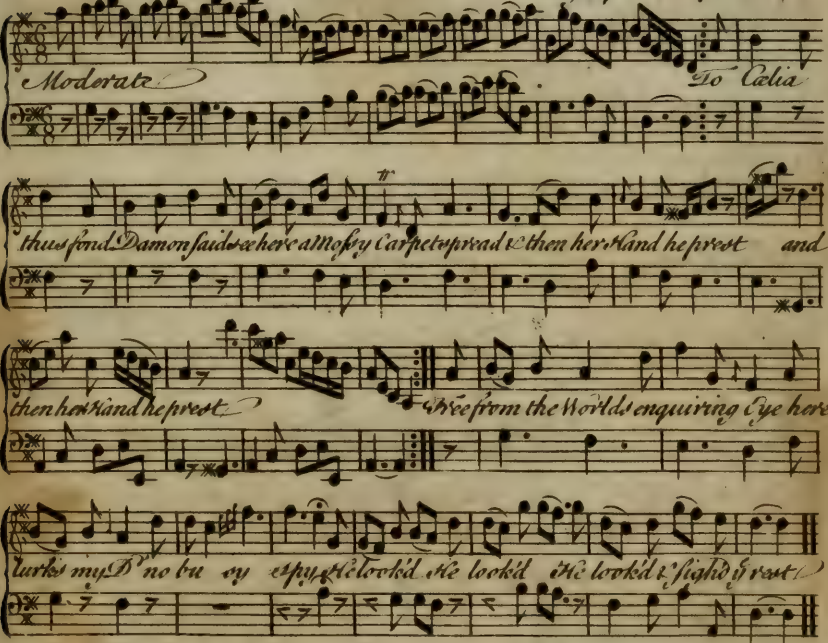
Your leafy Arms, ye Beeches spread
And with ye Elms & Oaks entwine
Whilst fragrant dews drop on her head
From Rose buds & the Eglantine.

Morpheus strew thy Poppies round,
In leaden sleep confine her fast,
Her Mantles loose, her loins unbound
The Graces revel round her Waist.

Auspicious Cupid guide me there,
O lay me gently on her Breast,
Tis done & thee all charming fair,
Asleep unknowing is Possest.

High revelling in vast delight,
Panting, sighing, dead I seem'd,
Strephon she cry'd, wak'd in a fright,
Is't you? O Lord! I thought I dream'd.

Damon and Cælia Sung by Mr. Lowe

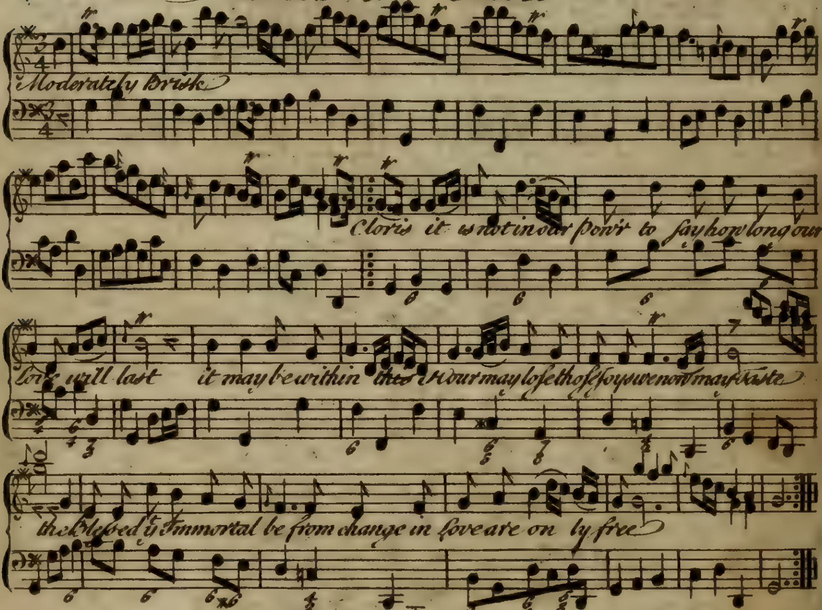


She started with a faint Surprize
While Pleasure sparkling in her Eyes
Sure Damon does not mean
The Shepherd stopt her with a Kiss
And clasp't her panting Breast to his
My Dear we are not seen

Then by a thousand Kisses more
A thousand tender Oaths he swore
His Love should never end
She calld on ev'ry Pow'r above
None heard her but the God of Love
And he was Damons Friend

And is their then no help she said
By Damon thus to be betray'd
Then hung her Head and blush'd
Oh Damon Damon yet be good
The shepherd smil'd and swore he would
She sigh'd and all was hush'd

Advice to Cloris

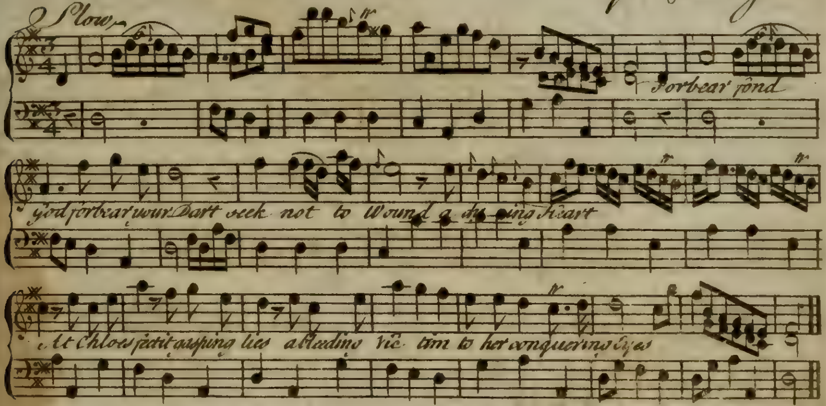


And tho' you now Immortal seem
Such is the exactness of your frame
Those that your Beauty so esteem
Will find it cannot last y^e same
Love from your Eyes has stol'n my fire
As apt to waste and to expire

Then since we Mortal Lovers are
Let's question not how long 'twill last
But while we Love let us take care
Each Minute be with Pleasure past
It where a Madness to deny
To live because we're sure to dye

Fear not tho' Love and Beauty fail
My Reason shall my heart direct
Your kindness now will then prevail
And Passion turn into respect
Chloris at worst you'll in the End
But change your lover for a Friend

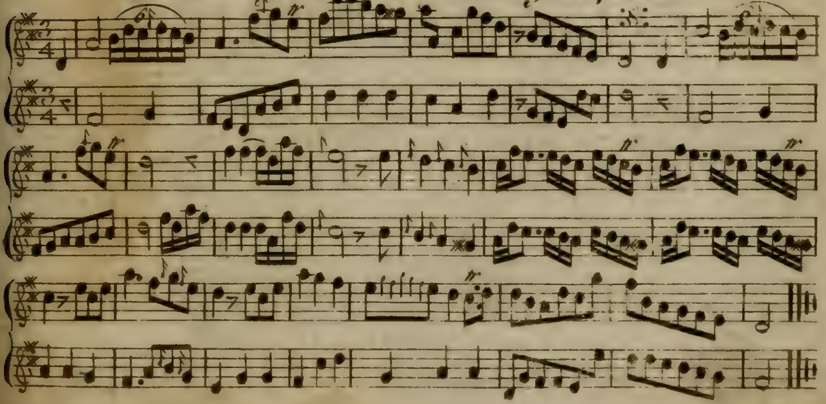
Chloes Power — Set by M.r Arne Jun.r



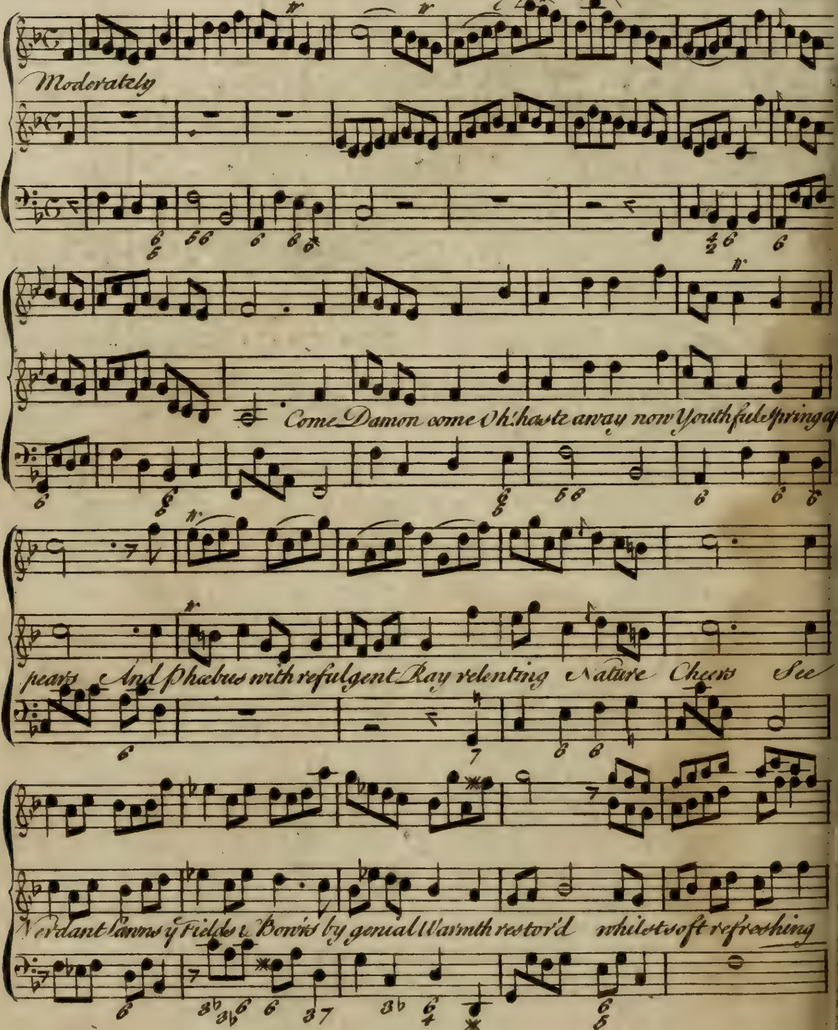
From her Deaths such a pleasing pain
I wish to live to dye again
With Joy to him the Blow is given
That has so near a prospect of his Heav'n

You and the little Loves all fly
To light their Torches at her Eye
By her alone loves Empire thrive
This Vestal keeps loves sacred fire alive

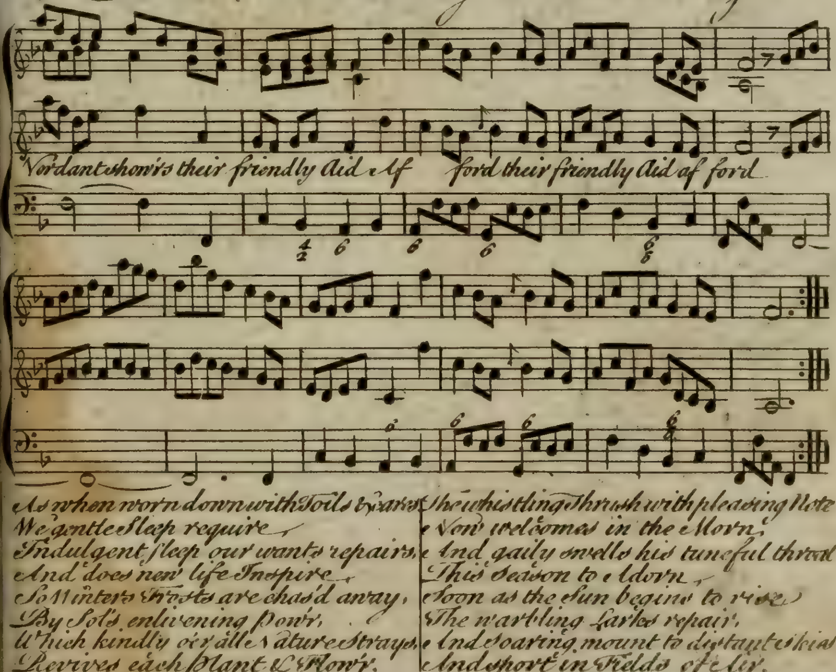
Then Chloe tis not strange that you
Weak Mortals yielding Hearts subdue
Since you another Venus prove
And give new being to the God of Love



A Favourite Song in Compass of the Ger Flute



Set to Music by an Eminent Master



As when worn down with Toils & cares
We gentle Sleep require,
Indulgent sleep our wants repairs,
And does new life Inspire.
So Winters Frosts are chas'd away,
By Sol's enlivening Pow'r,
Which kindly o'er all e Nature Strays,
Revives each Plant & Flow'r.

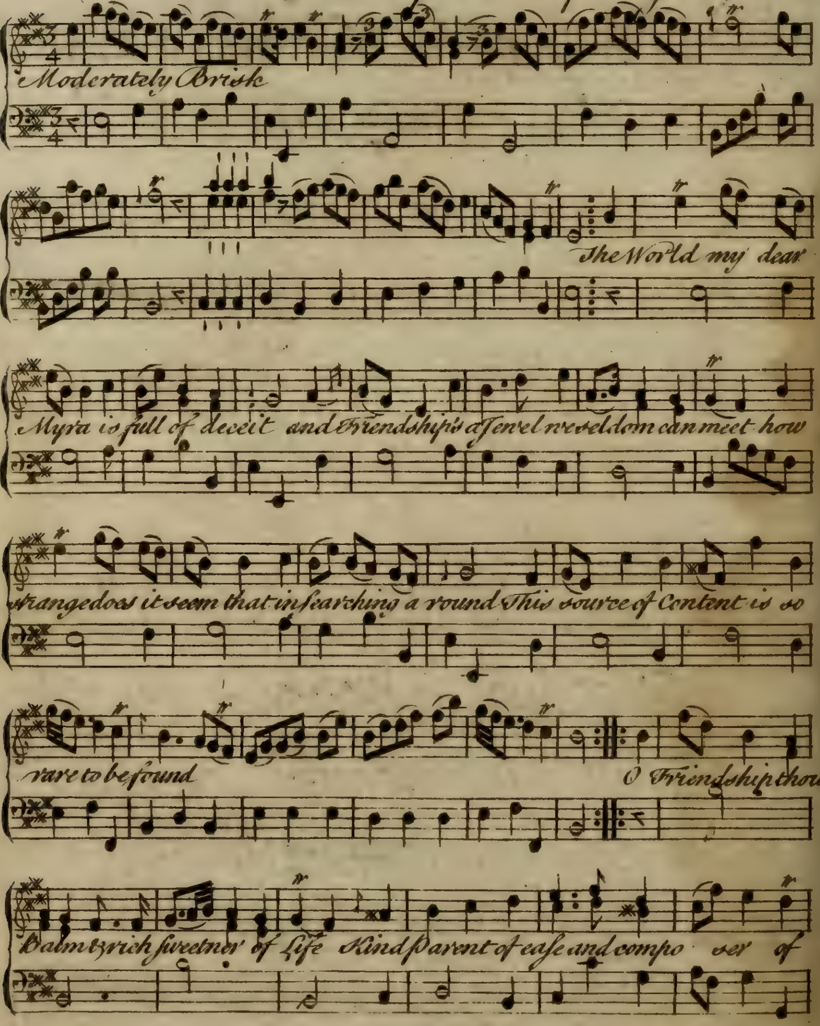
The whistling thrush with pleasing Note
Now welcomes in the Morn;
And gaily swells his tuneful throat
This Season to Adorn.
Soon as the Sun begins to rise,
The warbling Larks repair,
And soaring mount to distant skies
And sport in Fields of Air.

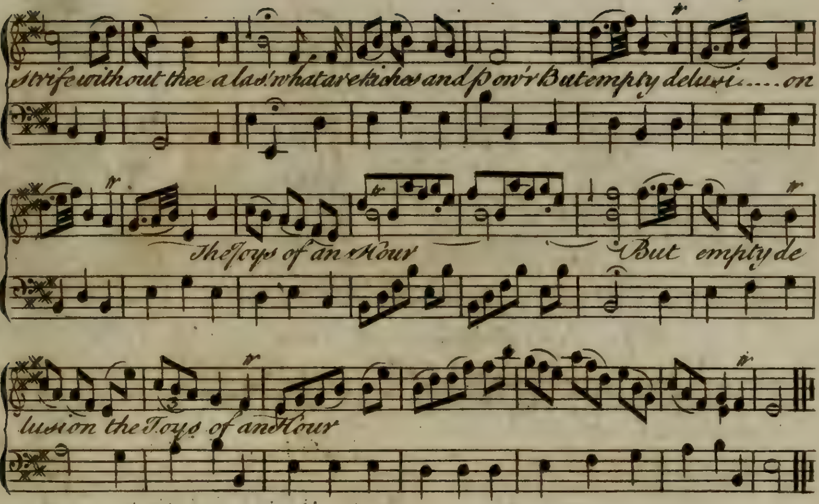
The Primrose sweet & Cowslip too
Bedeck the lovely Green,
Where e're we turn & take a View,
Kind natures Smiles are seen,
In wanton Play the sportive Lambs
On Meadows frisk it o'er,
Or feeding with their bleeting Dams
There choicest Grass explore.

Midst lonely Woods & silent Bow'rs
When Sol in West retreats,
In plaintive Notes poor Philomel,
Her Evening Tale repeats,
Then well together ev'ry Day
O'er flow'ry Meadows rove,
Or whilst soft gentle Zephyrs play
Frequent the shady Grove.

There we will tell sweet tales of Love
There Cupids force I'll own,
Invoke each gentle Pow'r above,
My Bliss with thee to Crown,
As from each harm, the carefull swains,
Secure their Fleecy care
So will kind heav'n while life remains,
Preserve a faithful Pair.

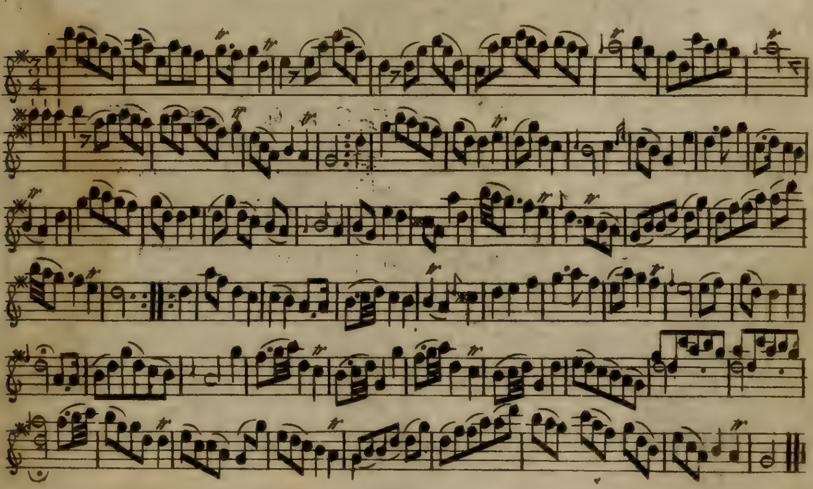
On Friendship Set by Mr. John Gerrard



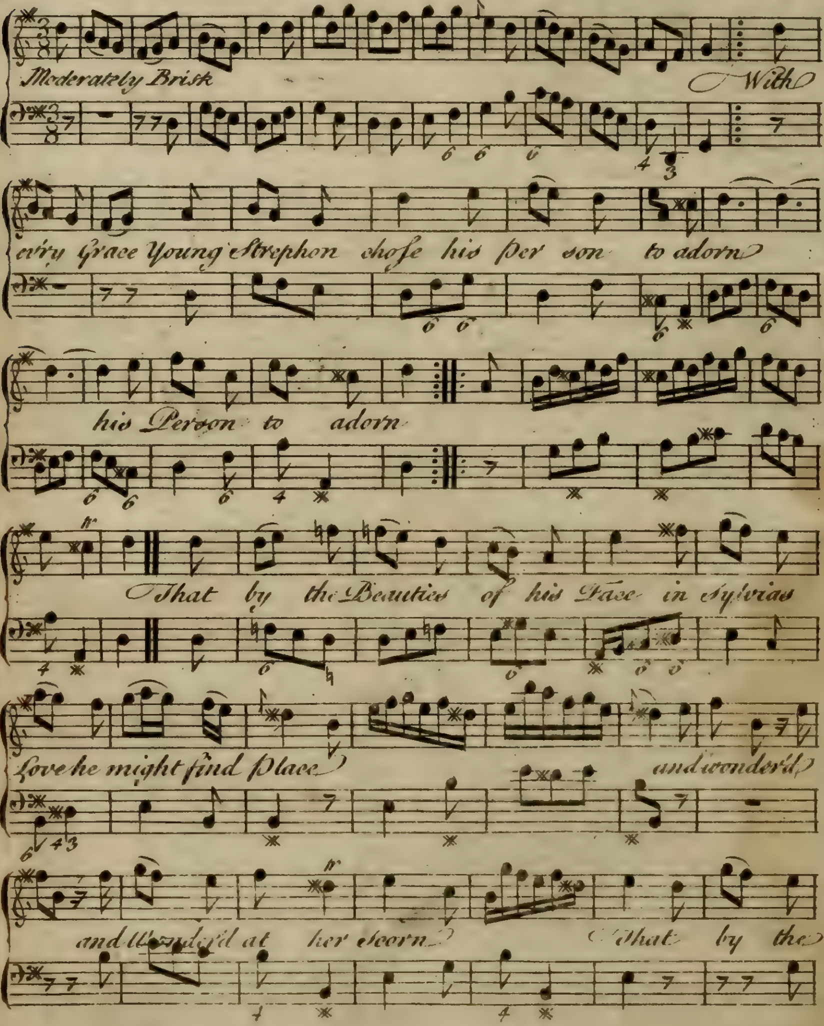


How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a Friend
On whom we may always with safety depend;
Our Joys, when extended, will always increase,
And Griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.
When Fortune is smiling, what Crowds will appear,
Their kindness to offer and Friendship sincere;
Yet change but the Prospect, and paint out Distress,
No longer to court you they eagerly press.

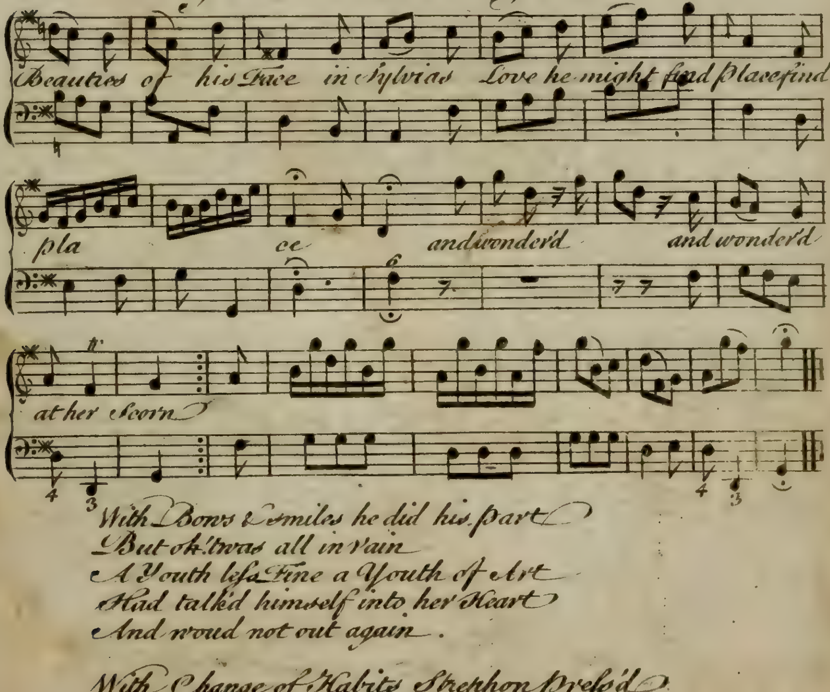
For the German Flute



The Wit and Beau



Sung at the Publick Gardens

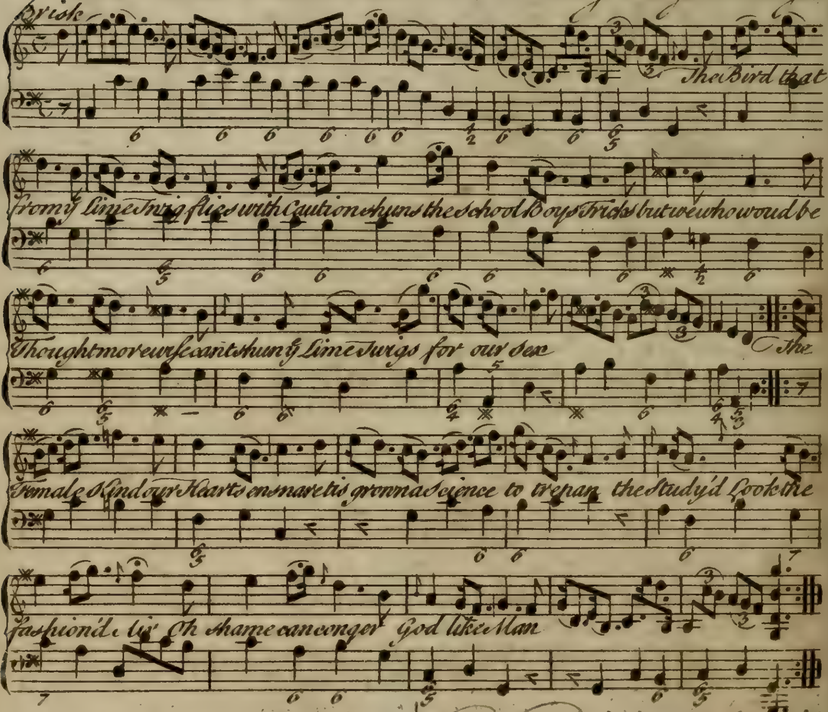


With Bows & Smiles he did his part
But oh! twas all in vain
A Youth less Fine a Youth of Art
Had talk'd himself into her Heart
And woud not out again.

With Change of Habits Strephon press'd
And urg'd her to Admire
His Love alone the other Drest
As verse or prose became it best
And mov'd her soft Desire.

This found his Courtship Strephon ends
Or makes it to his Glass
There in himself now seeks Amends
Convinc'd that were a Wit Pretends
A Beau is but an Ass.

AN ODE Address'd to a Lady set by Mr. Abington

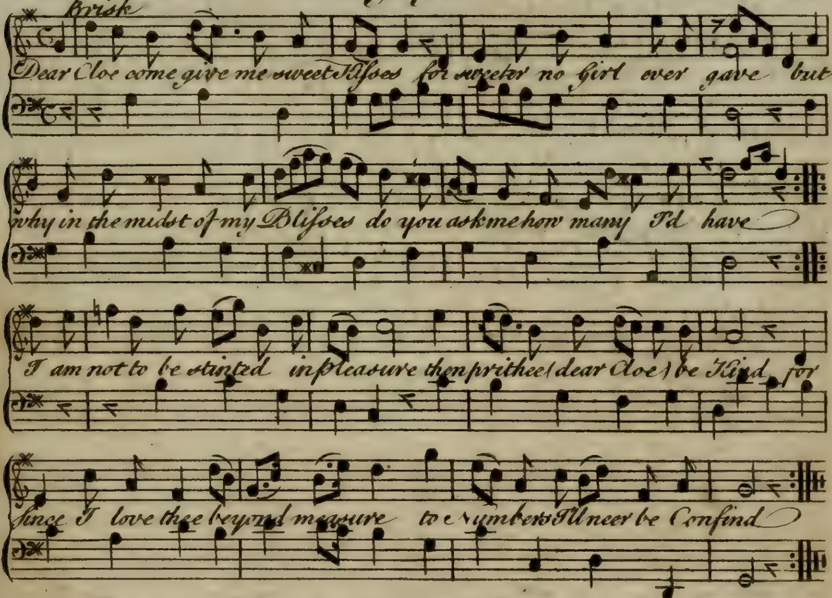


To sooth the feeling social Breast,
And calm the noisy Worlds alarms,
To welcome Rapture, Peace, & Rest,
With Beauty soft endearing Charms,
By native Pow'r of Face and Mind,
To be at once both bless'd and bless,
For this ÿ Gods the Fair design'd!
And not to patch, to paint & dress.

When Nature kind, exerts her Skill,
And frames a heavnly Face & Mien
How vain to contradict her Will,
Oh, let the Angel still be seen,
Such Beauty needs no mortal Aid,
But ever brightens in the Good,
Believe me Nature never made
A gay Coquette or formal Prude.

The Glare of tinsel Vanity,
The mental Eye may chance approve,
But sense & heav'n-born Modesty,
Must win the Soul, the Seat of Love.
The blooming Maid whom these adorn,
With pitty views her Sex's Folly,
And radiant as the Rays of Morn,
These Virtues shine in thee Molly!

The Fond Lover Sung by Mr. Lowe at Vaux Hall

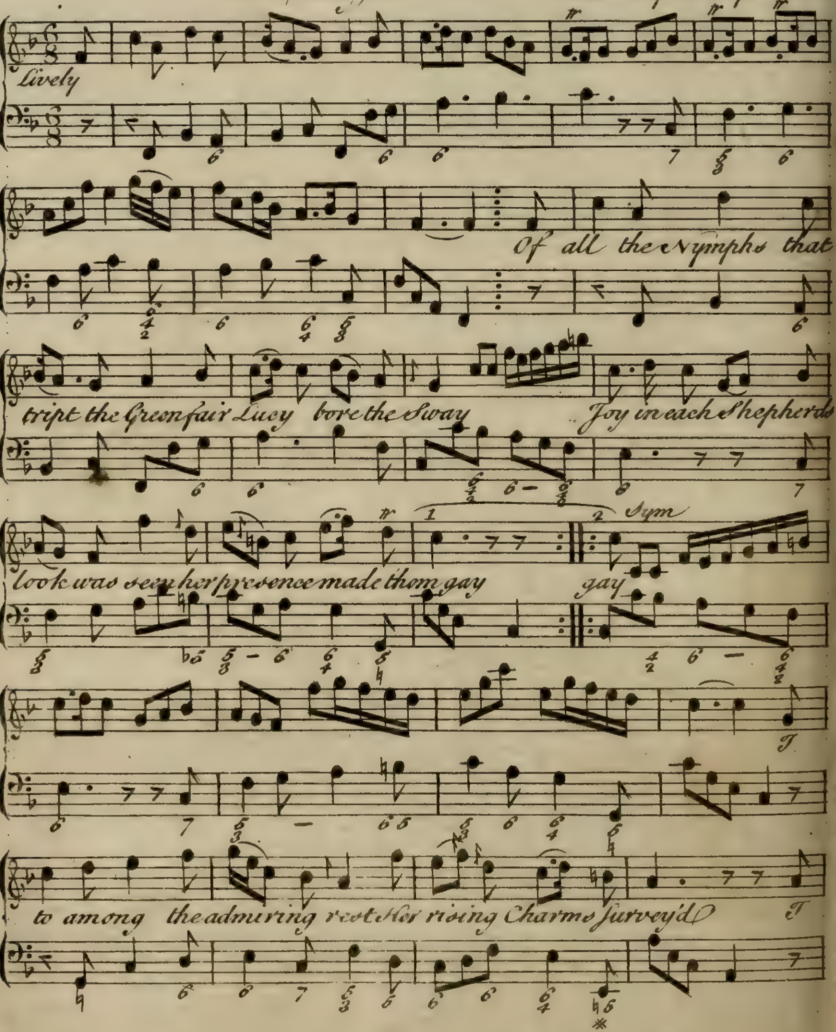


Count the Bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the Flow'rs that enamil the Fields,
Count the Flocks that on Tempe are straying,
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;
Count how many Stars are in Heav'n,
Go number the Sands on the Shore,
And when so many Kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

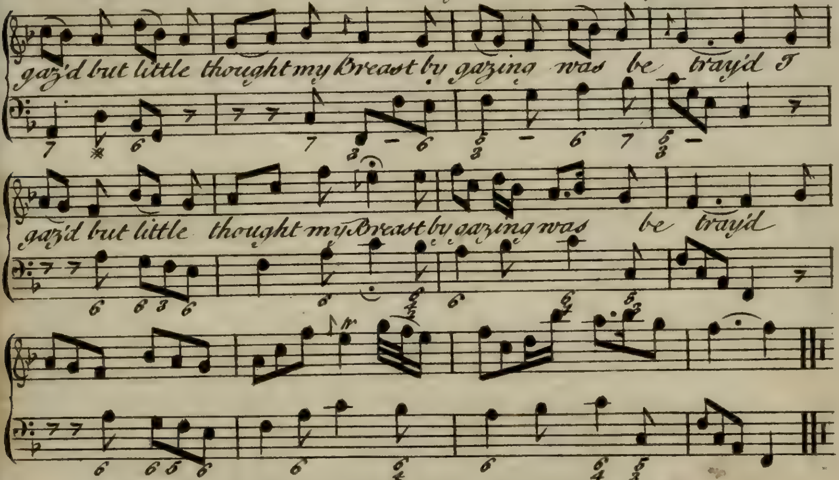
To a Heart full of Love let me hold Thee,
A Heart which (dear Cloe) is thine.
In my Arms I'd for ever enfold Thee,
And twist round thy Neck like a Vine,
What Joy can be greater than this is,
My Life on thy Lips shall be spent,
But the Wretch who can number his Kisses,
Will allways with few be content.

Lucy

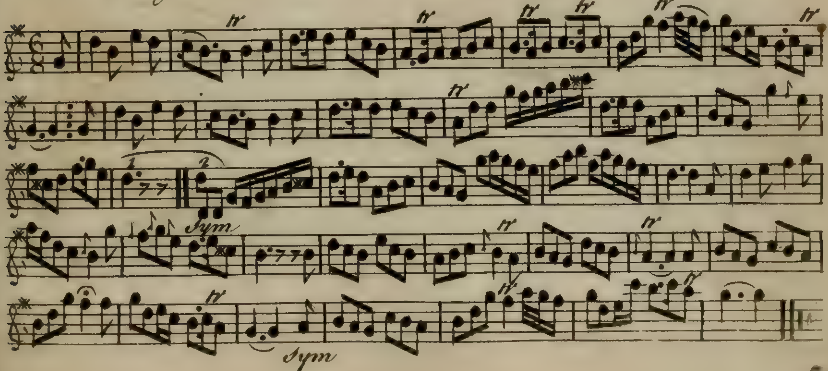
Written by Mr. Green



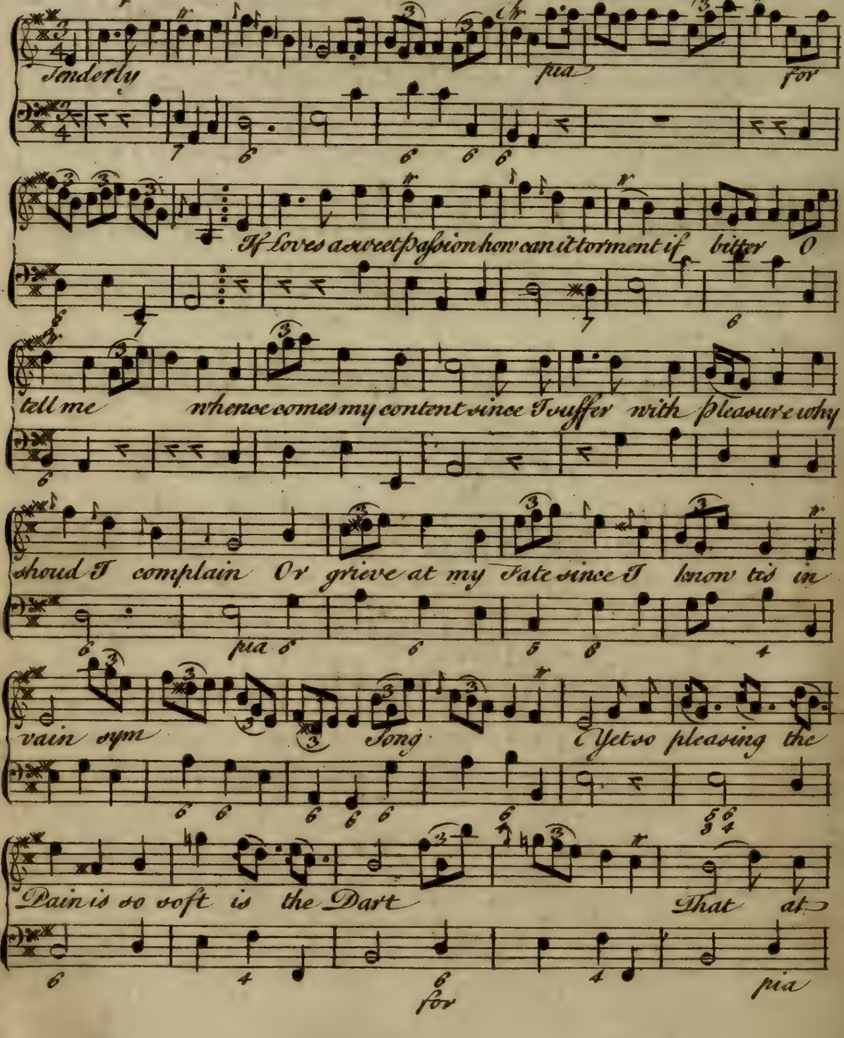
Set to Musick by Mr. Bryan



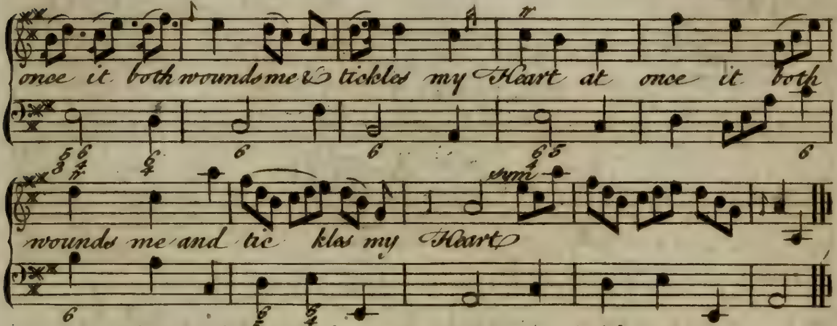
But since I've heard with sweet surprize
Her pleasing Voice & Strain,
Resolv'd my Rebel Heart denies,
With me more to remain,
Farewell my Heart since then you'l go,
Farewell too late you'l find,
Fair Lucy's Charms dont stoop so low,
As your fond Tale to mind.



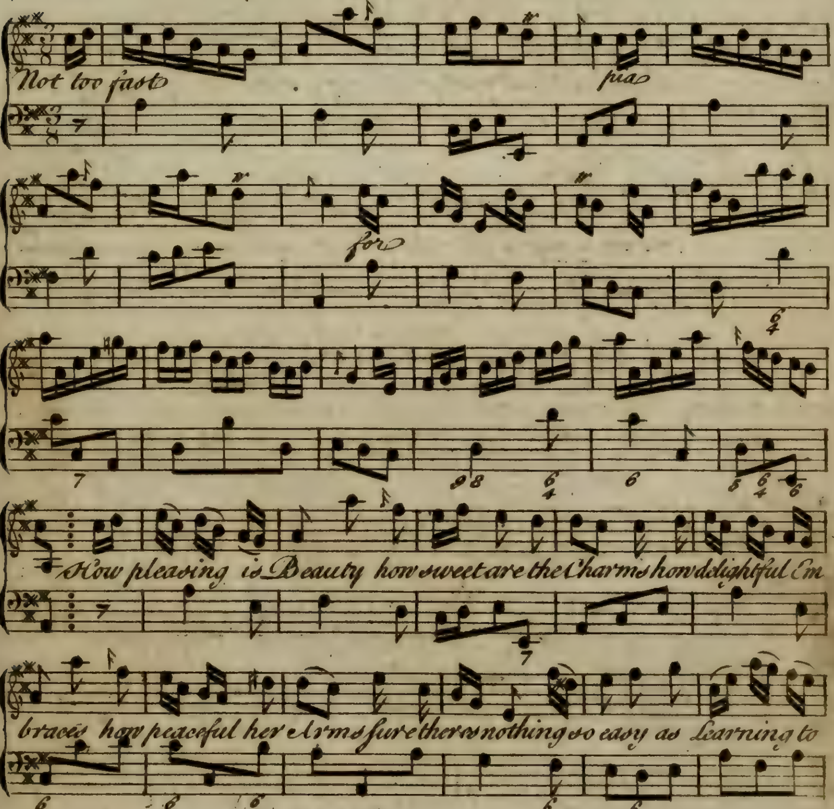
If Love's a sweet Passion



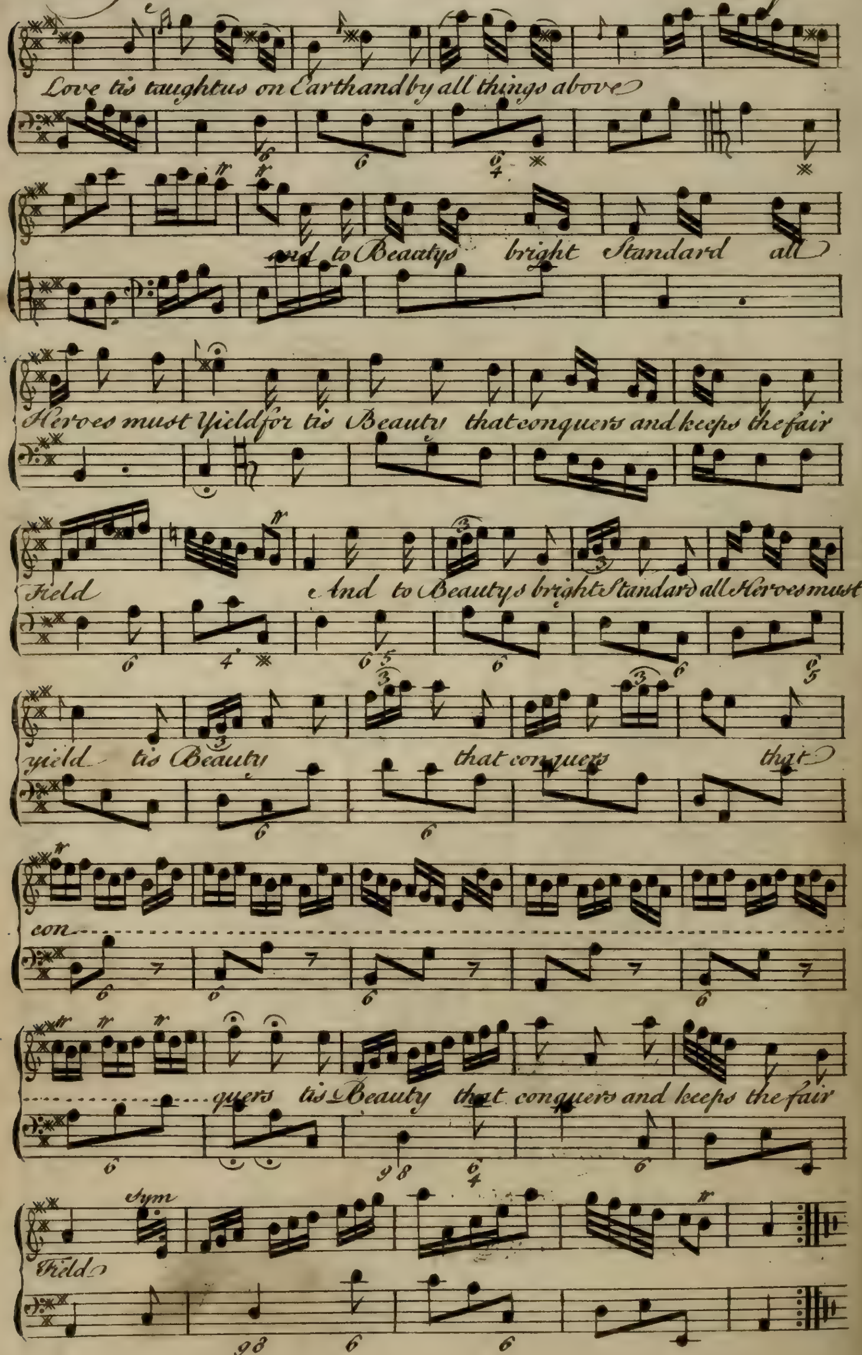
Set to Musick by Mr Baildon



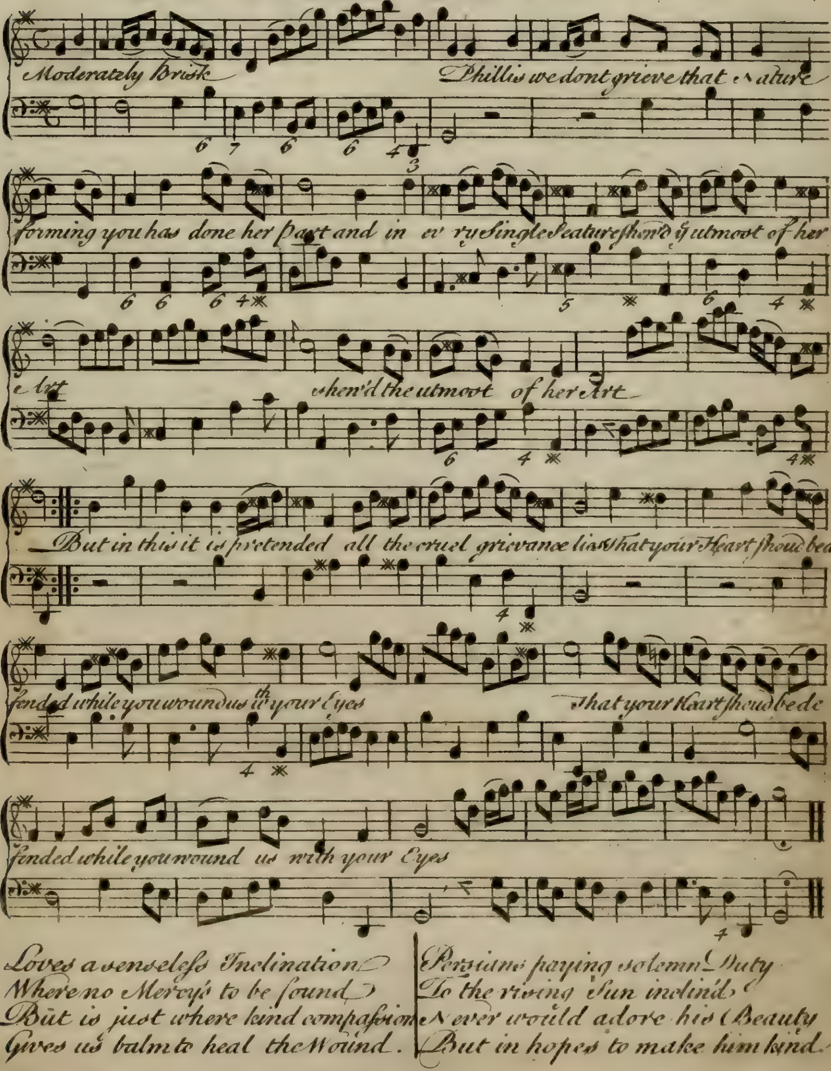
I grasp her Hand gently look languishing down
And by passionate silence I make my Love known
But oh how I'm bless'd when so kind she does prove
By some willing Mistake to discover her Love
When in striving to hide she reveals all her Flame
And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare Name.



Sung by Mr. Lowe at the Theatre Royal



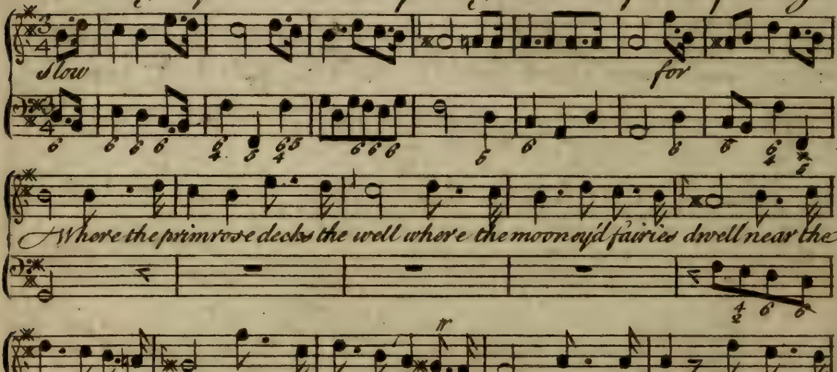
A Favourite Air



Loves a senseless Inclination
Where no Mercy's to be found
But is just where kind compassion
Gives us balm to heal the Wound.

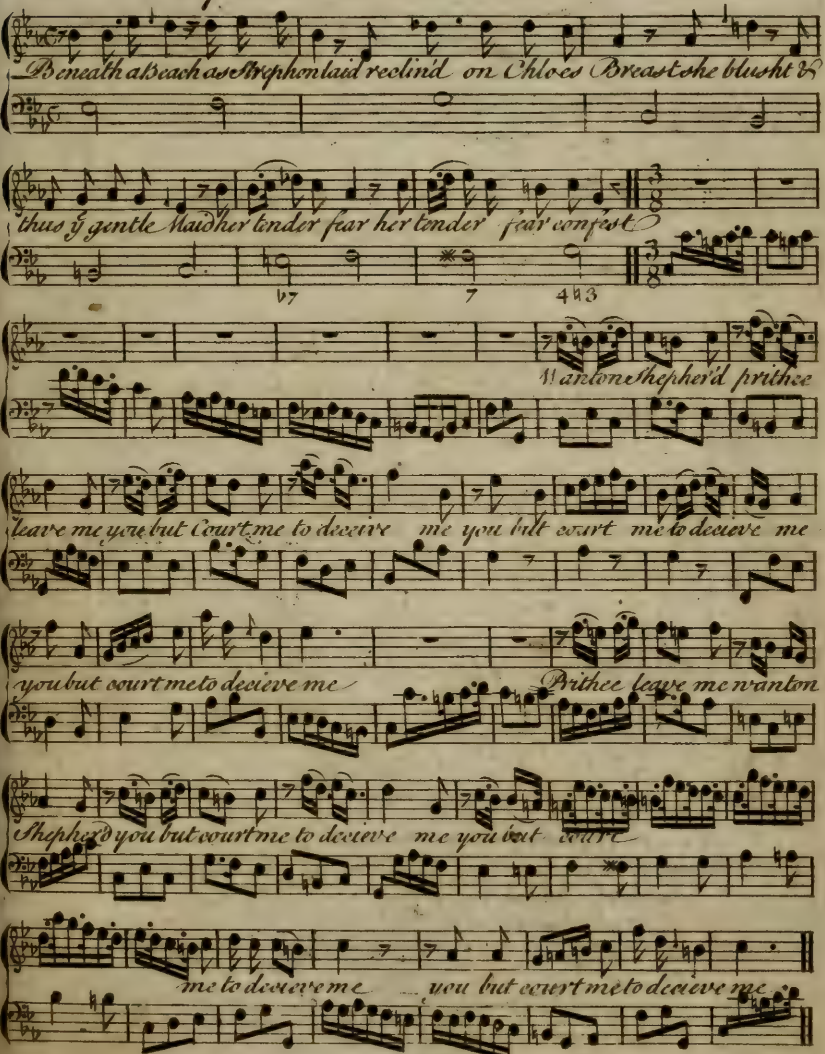
Persians paying solemn Duty
To the rising Sun inclin'd
Never would adore his Beauty
But in hopes to make him kind.

Sung by Miss Young in the Opera of Eliza

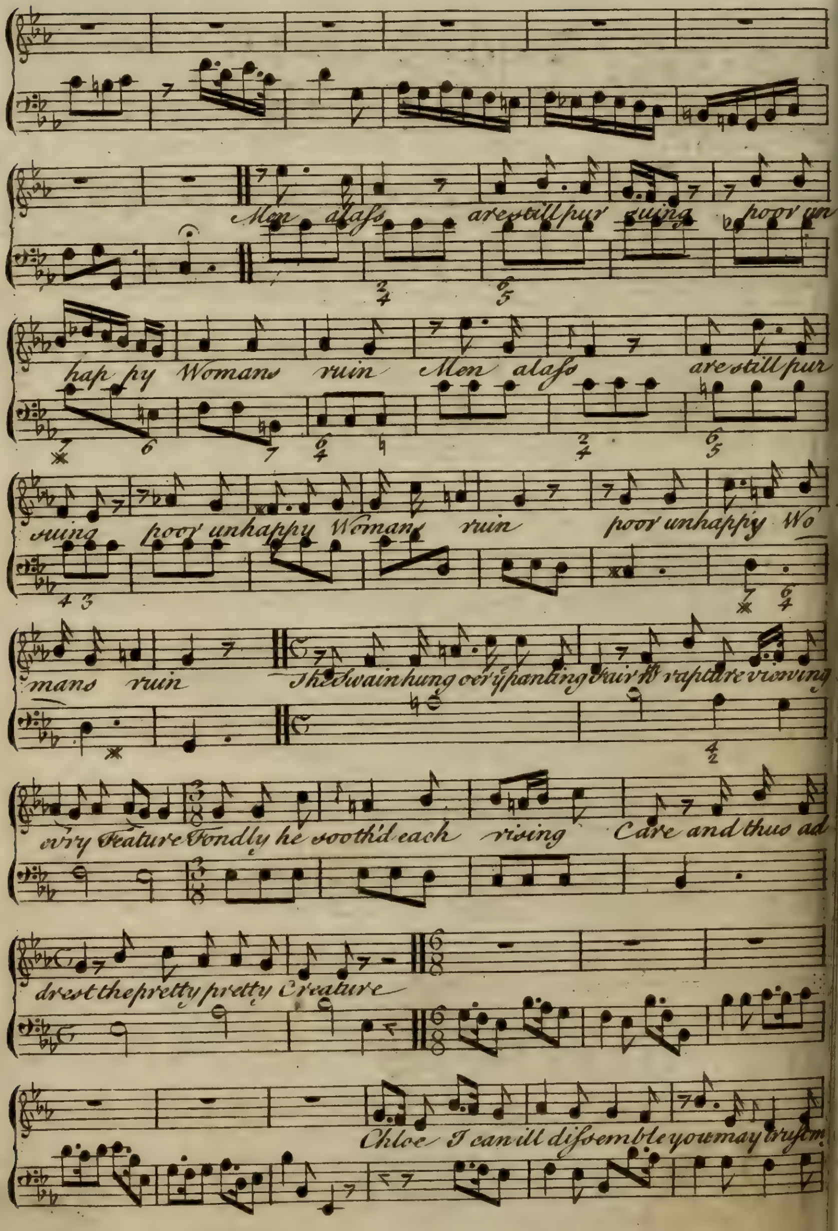


O'er the spreading Lawn, and Vale,
Through the Copse I chant my tale:
Nor the shady thicket leave,
Till bright Vesper brings the Eve,
While the Village Milk-maid sings,
While the solemn Curfew rings,
While the plowman whistles home,
Ah! how pensive do I roam.

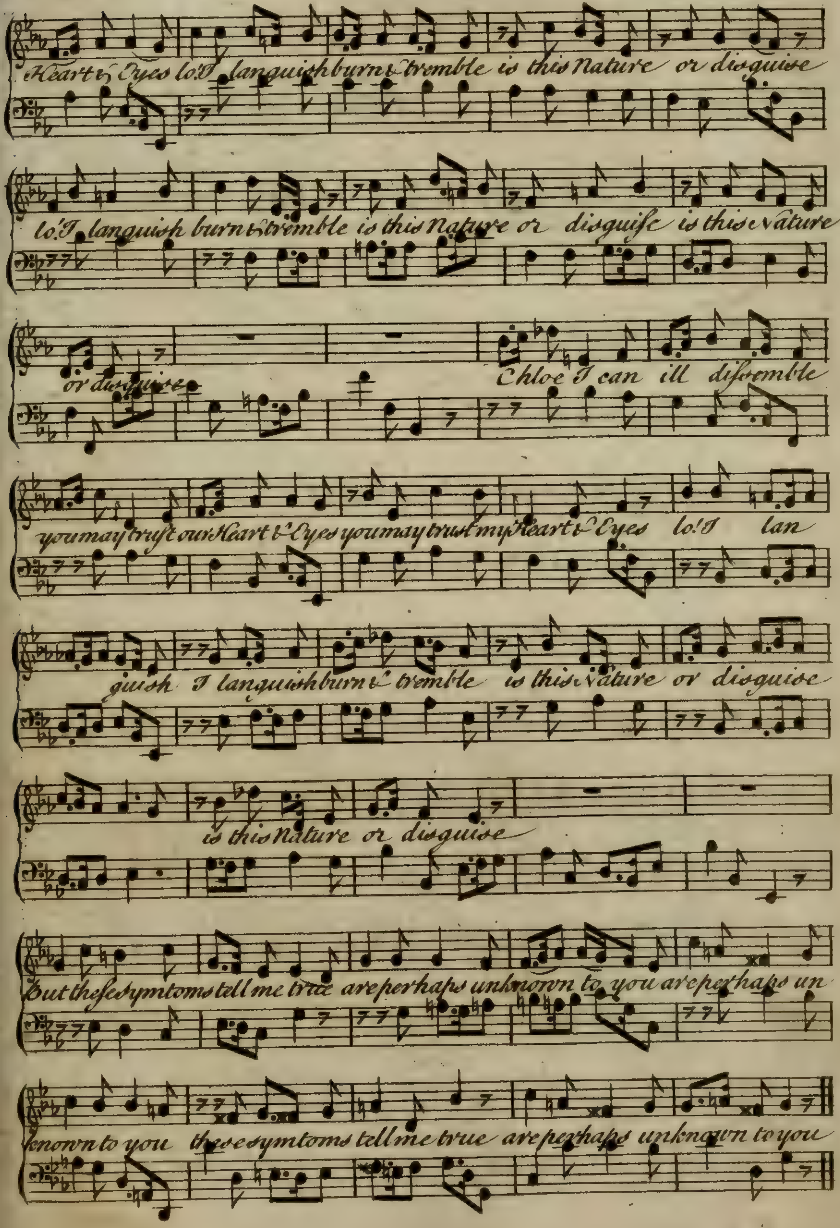
Strephon & Chloe



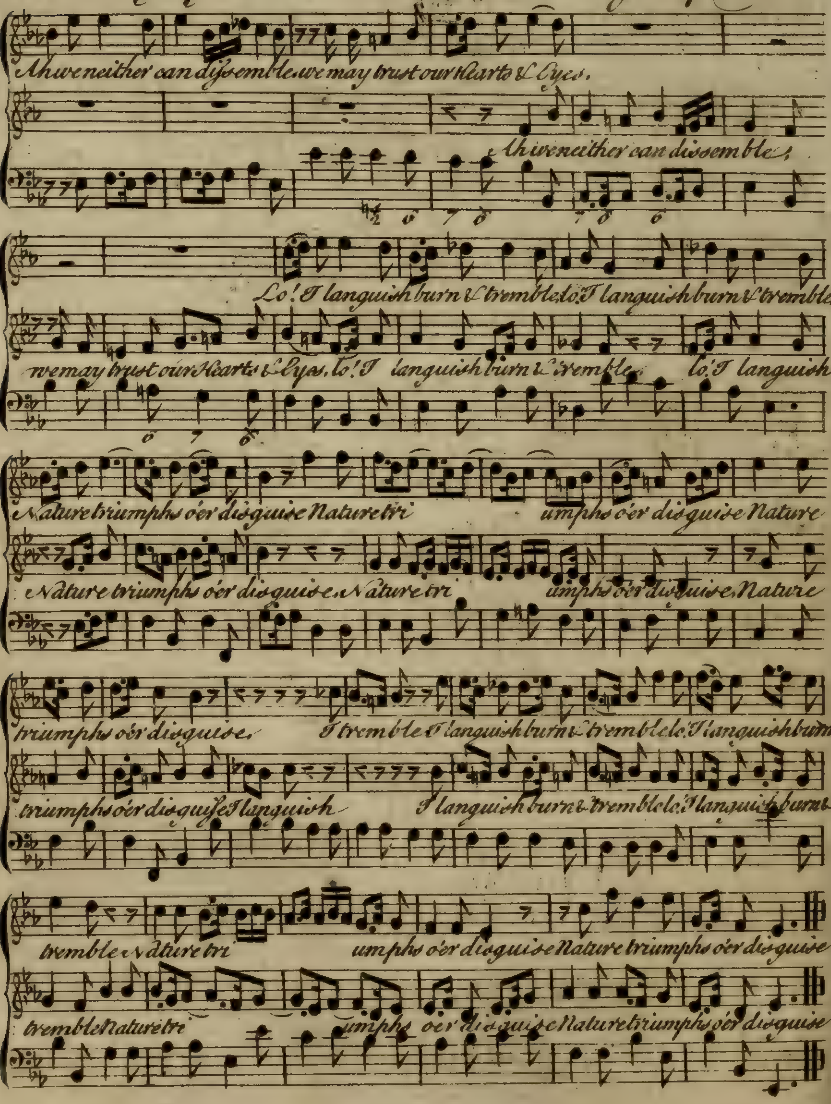
A favourite Cantata



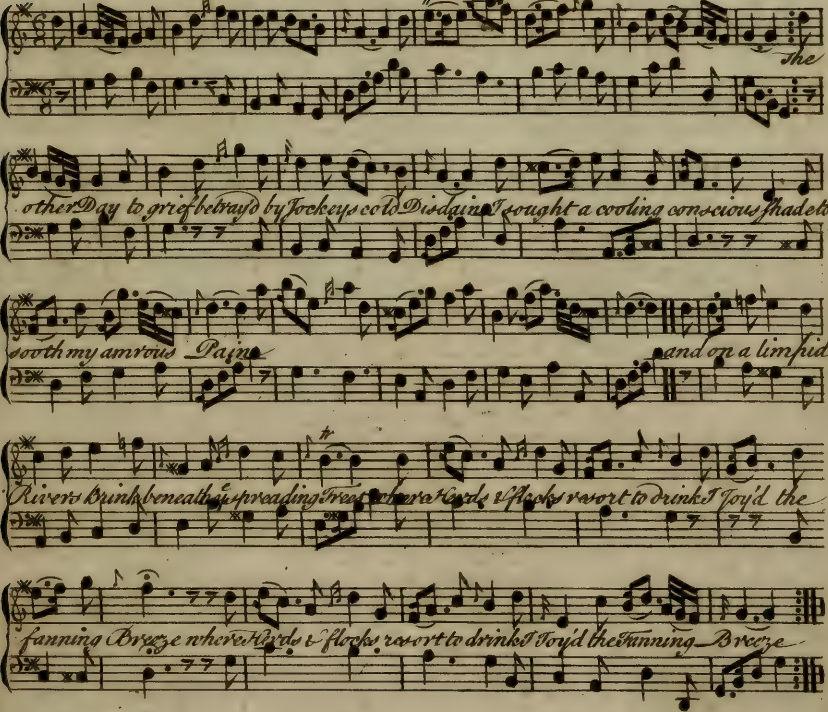
Set to Musick by Dr. Green



Sung by Mr. Beard and Miss Young



A New Song

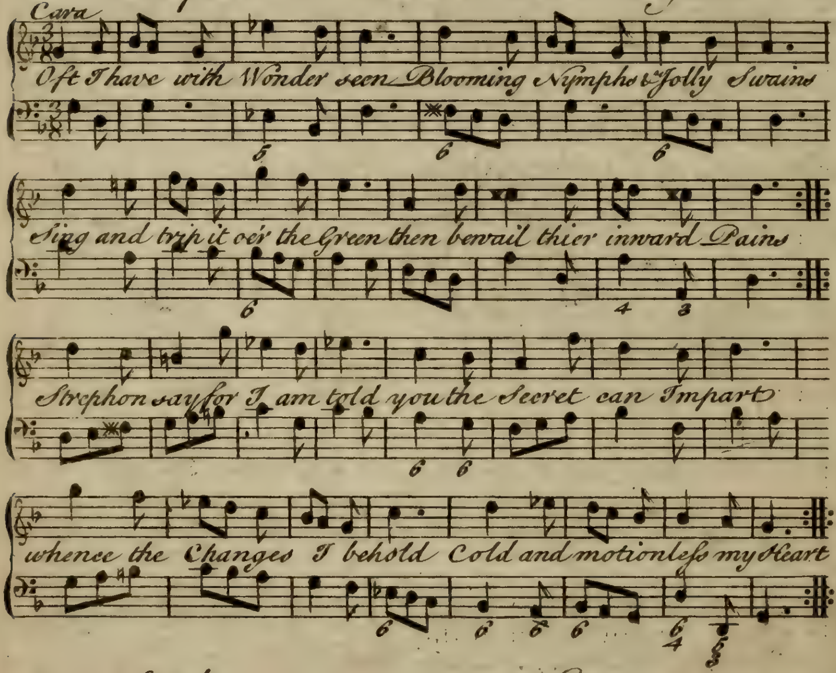


The Birds to tell their little Loves
All strain'd their warbling throats
And Eccho answer'd through ye Groves
The modulated Notes.
The meads & Lawns in motly Dyes
Diffus'd their sweets around
And various Beauties met my Eyes
Along the enameld Ground.

Soon was my ev'ry Sence Suppress'd
In leaden Slumbers stole
Each Care was lull'd within my Breast
And sleep Inform'd the whole
Methought while thus I lay reclin'd
The Rover of the Plain.
Cry'd Phillis calm thy tortur'd mind
For Jockey's thine again.

Then starting at so sweet a Sound
With rapt'rous Joys in view
To soon my self awake I found
And on my Shepher'd flew.
Think fair ones how Surpriz'd was I.
How shocking it must seem
To find no Jockey had been by
And all my Bliss a Dream.

Strephon & Cara A Dialogue



Strephon

Have you, Cara never read,
Of a blind, Mischeivous Elf:
Gods and Men his power dread;
Nay, sometimes he wounds himself

Cara

Of the Urchin I have heard,
Of his Sharp, envenom'd Darts.
Shew, how I may always guard,
Cold, & motionless my Heart.

Strephon

Vain are precepts to disuade,
Or to rase an amrous Flame,
Wait with Patience, lovely Maid,
Nature, is in all, the same,
Artless Darts you thro around,
Darts sink deepest without Art:
But beware, the fatal wound,
Feircer flames the unpractis'd Heart

Cara

Darts, & Pains, & Flames, & Wounds
Whence do all these Mischiefs spring
These are strange Misterious sounds
I've heard Farrinelli sing,
At Quadrill seen Mamma play,
Harliquin exert his Art;
Some faint pleasure these convey,
Cold & motionless my Heart.

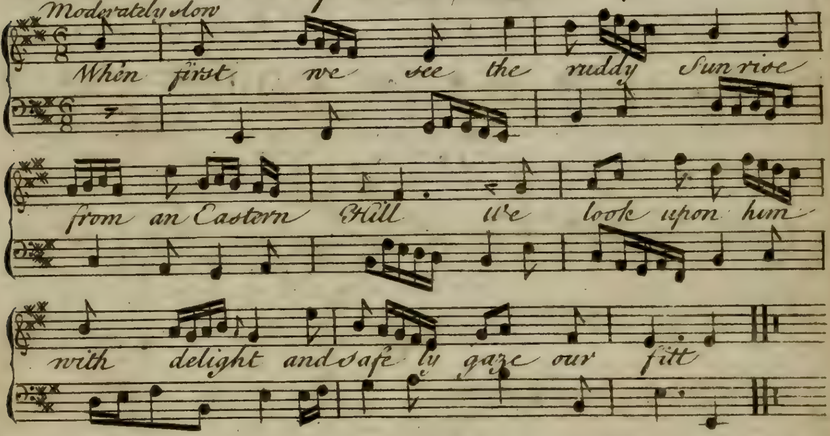
Strephon

Cara in thy tender Breast,
Jewell, treasur'd up remains;
Once if fir'd adieu to Rest,
Stiffled, greater are the pains.
Damon view, if you would learn
Whence proceeds the amrous Dart

Both

Too, too well {I / you} can discern,
Ah {my / how} frail {ah / your} fluttring Heart

The Comparison Set by Mr Travers



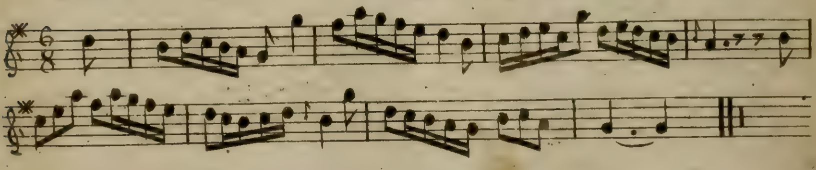
But when with noontide rays he shines
The glaring Light we shun.
It hurts our feeble Eyes to view,
The Sun's Meridian.

Thus when in wrapping Gown you rise
To fence the Mornings Cold
Tis perfect Rapture to approach
Youre Heav'n to behold.

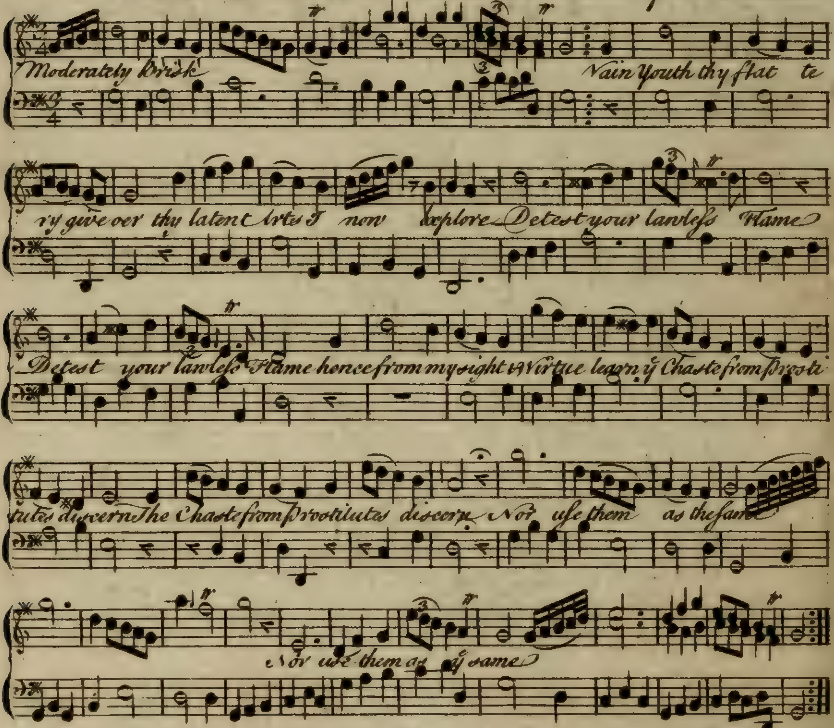
But when at midday gayly dress'd
In Gold & Gems you shine,
The splendor of ye Sun is far;
Less dangerous than thine.

He must be more than Man that dare
To view a Face so Bright,
For he will loose both Eyes & Heart
With the too Glorious Sight.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



The Maiden's Advice Set by Mr. Holmes

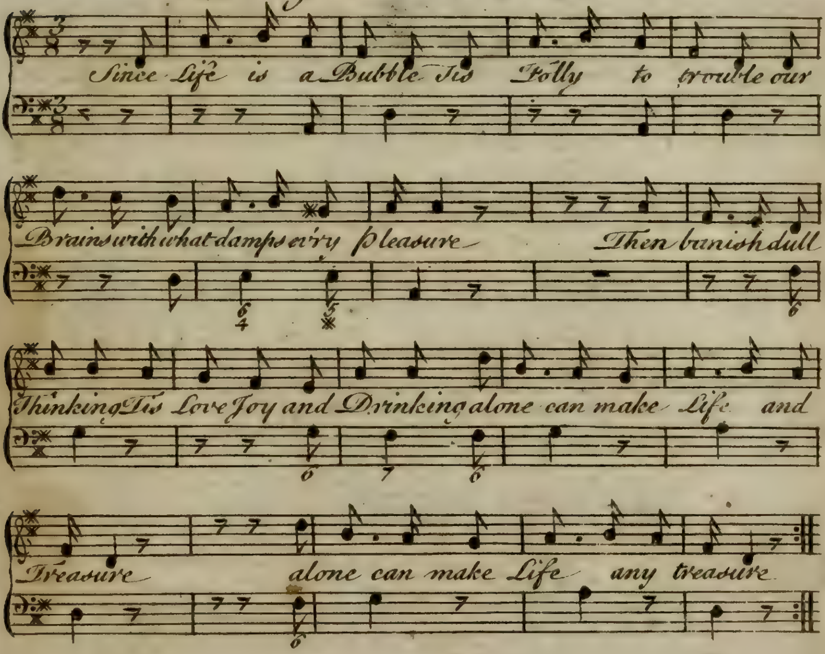


You say an Angel I appear,
As one why do you not revere,
Seek not my ruin thus,
Brittons their Females should respect
From Foreign Insults them protect
And they'd be bless'd by us.

You vow'd you lov'd me more than life
But yet refus'd me for your Wife,
When I seem'd to comply,
Love is a pure and sacred Fire,
Yours but a Sensual desire,
Which you would gratify.

The Precept learn which I impart,
Ne'er strive to gain a Virgins Heart,
Only to please your will,
Have nobler thoughts of the fair Sex,
Your actions let them ne'er perplex,
For chaste are Women still.

The Jovial Fellow

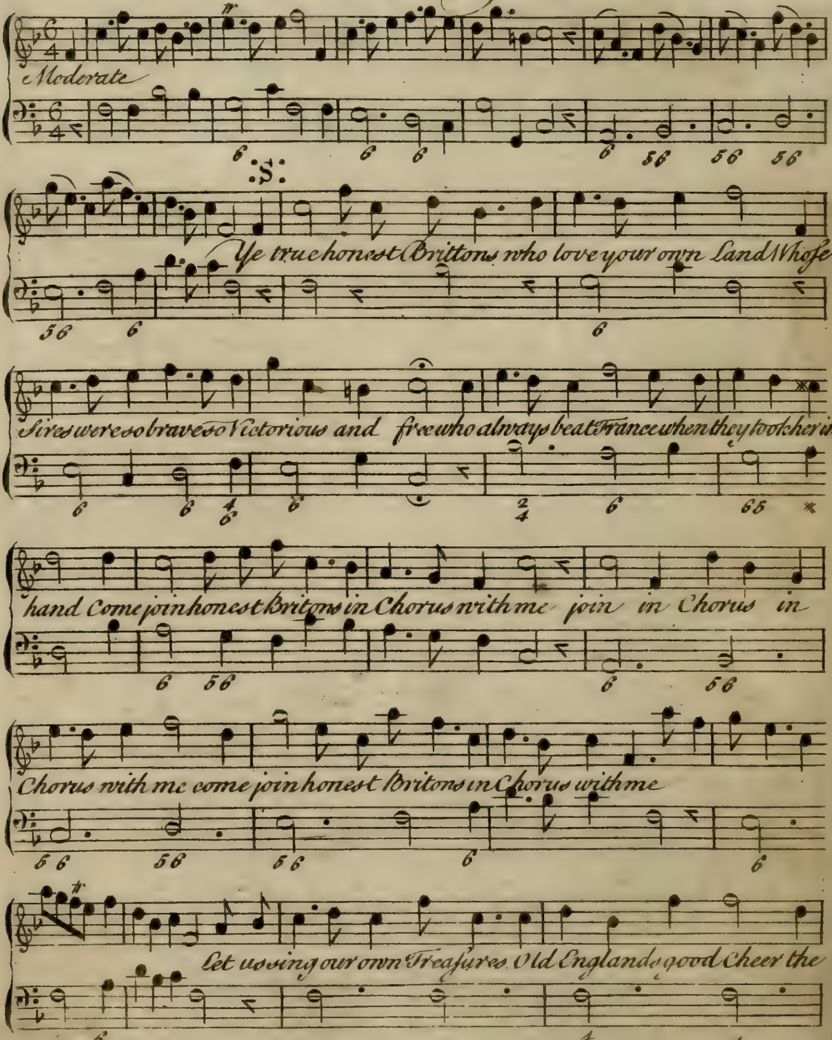


Since our time is so Short
Well grasp ev'ry Sport
And still lets be frolick & Gay
Why shoud we incumber,
With cares our vain Slumber
Tis wisdom to live whilst we may.

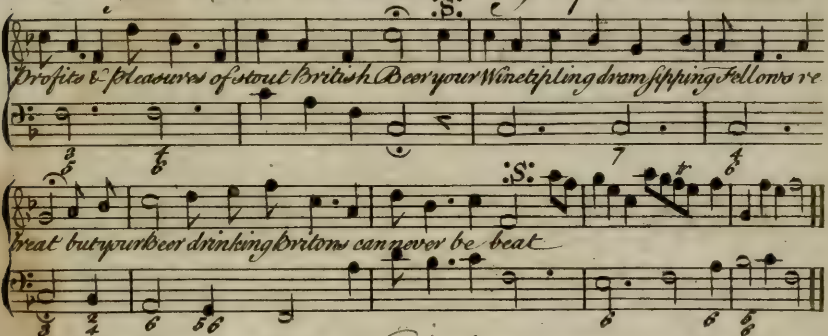
Heres Gold & Misers Stiffle
And hoard the gay Triffle
But we'll make y Slave do it's Duty
It only Dispences,
True bliss to our Sences,
When it purchases Nectar & Beauty

Then push round the Glass,
The soft melting Lass,
Succeeds it to make you more blest
Our Joys shall be common
In wealth Wine and Woman,
Each pleasure of Life is possest

The Beer-drinking Britton

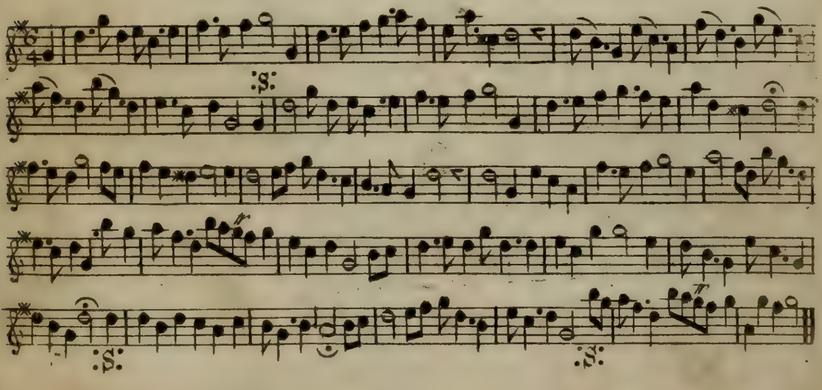


Set by Mr. Arne & Sung by Mr. Beard

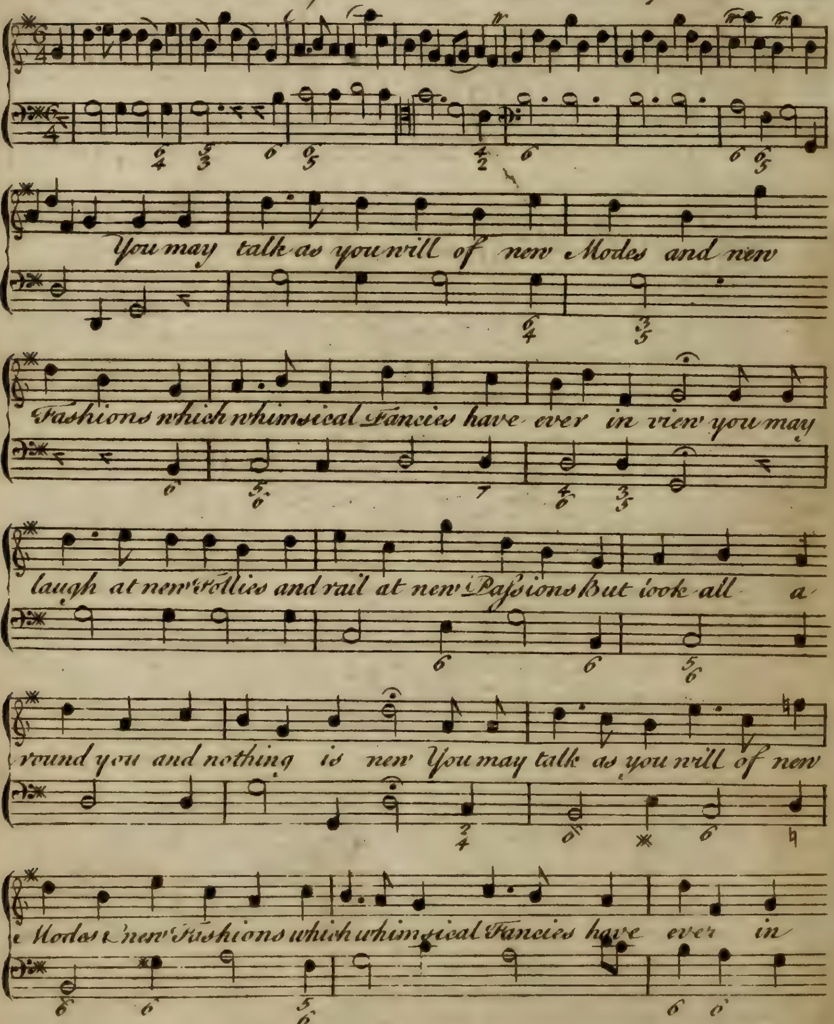


The French, with their Vineyards, are meagre and pale,
They Drink of the Squeazing of half ripin'd Fruit;
But we who have Hop Grounds to Mellow our Ale
Are Rosy & Plump, and have Freedom to Boot,
Let us Sing our own Treasure &c.

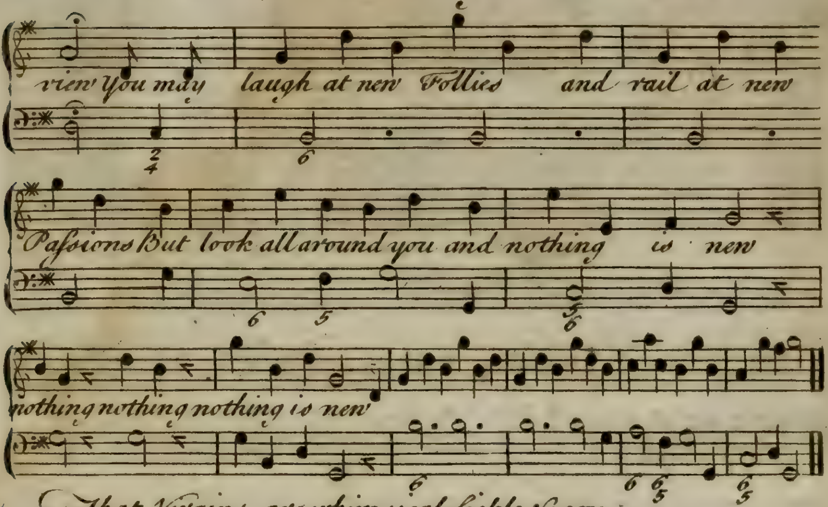
Shou'd the French dare invade us, thus Armd with our Poles,
We'll bang their bare Ribs, make their lanthorn Jaws ring,
For your Beef eating, Beer-drinking Brittons are Souls,
Who will shed their last Drop for their Country & King.
Let us Sing our own Treasure &c.



Nothing New the Words by Mr. Worsdale



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



That Virgins are whimsical, fickle & coy,
Affecting to shun what they fondly pursue,
Coquetting, yet sighing for conjugal Joy;
Confess, O ye Lovers, Is this folly new.

That Ladyes are Rakes, & turn Gamesters, that's worse,
And have nought but Intrigue, and Diversion in View,
With Loss of their Virtue redeeming their Purse,
Is a Nations disgrace, and I wish it were new.

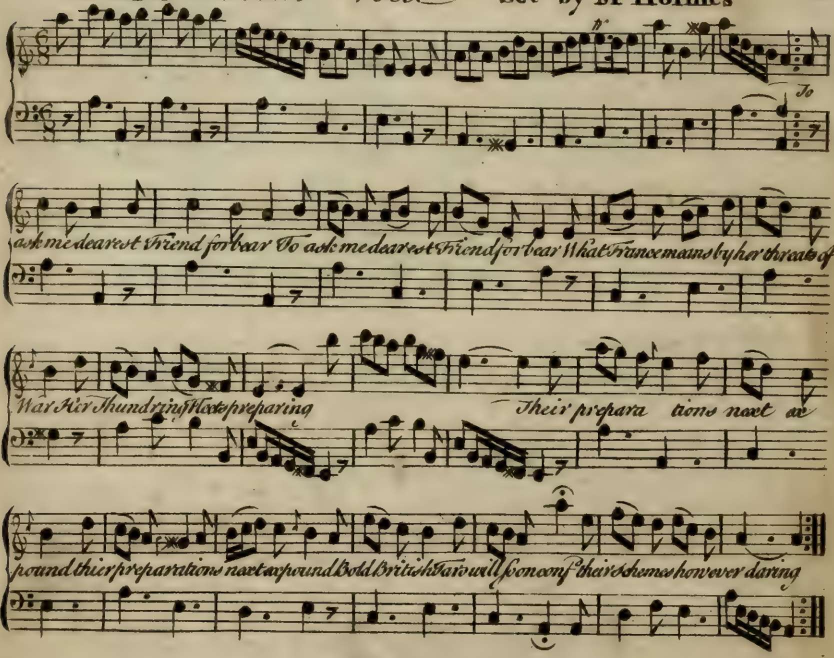
That Frenchmen are Robbers and Bravos in War,
But drub'd into Manners, their Insolence rue,
That they sculk into Holes from the brave English Tar,
And lower their Topsails, is not at all new.

That the Hero of Prussia victoriously flies,
From Conquest, to Conquest, o'er thousands with few,
That Vienna is faithless to all her Allies,
Let England proclaim, who has prov'd it not new.

Let Britons unite and be wise as they're brave,
And bid to Contention & Faction adieu;
Then Glory shall crown them as Lords of the Wave,
And their Conquests of old, be surpass'd by the New.

End of ye 2d Verse......Confess confess is this Folly new
End of ye 3d Verse.......I wish I wish I wish it were new
End of ye 4th Verse.......Not new not new is not at all new
End of ye 5th Verse........Not new not new who has prov'd it not new
End of ye 6th Verse......Surpass'd surpass'd surpass'd by the new

Brevitas Vitæ Set by Mr Holmes



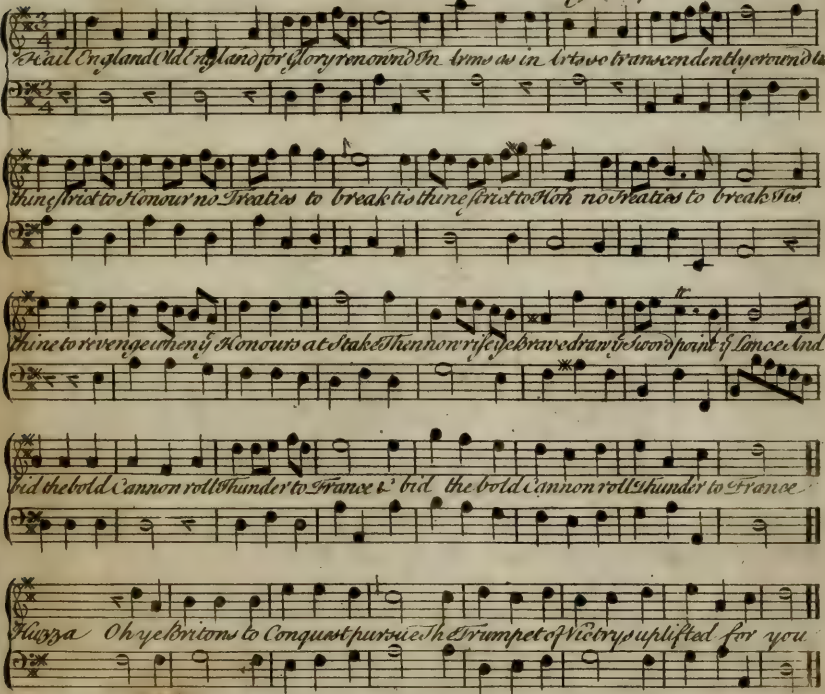
Our blooming Youth with all its flights
Its jovial Days & bliss full Nights
What various Joys attend
When Time has powderd oer with snow
Our locks what have we more to do
With Father Brother Friend.

The flowers that yearly glad ye sight
And Lunas variable Light
Will fade & be no more
Then why this anxious care & strife
This trouble for so short a Life
Thats dying evry Hour.

Let us my Friend in some cool shade
For secrecy and Friendship made
The fleeting hours improve
Tis Wine alone dispels our Care
The Glass will drown to morrows fear
And make us fit for Love.

Here you Sir Waiter in a Trice
Fill up the Bowl and here entice
Cloe my Hearts Desire
Tell her her Harp she must prepare
Bid her not stay to braid her Hair
For I am all Desire.

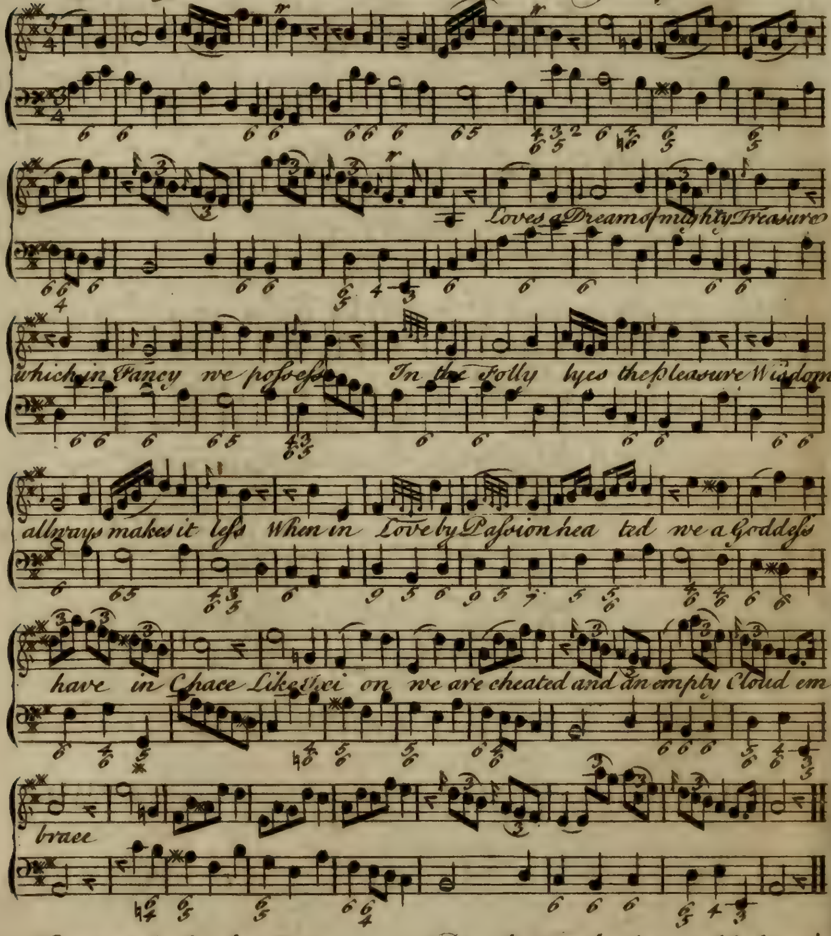
An Occasional Ode on the Success of our Arms



Hark, Truth, speaks already our Heroes prevail,
The rouz'd English Lyon makes Gallia turn pale!
Thy Cunning, oh France, its own Fate will decree,
Success, lo, dawns on us by Land & by Sea!
And wide o'er the Main shall the Brittish Flag fly,
To force that Submission which pride would deny. Huza &c.

Britannia rejoices your Ardour to see,
My Sons, fight she cries, tis for Freedom & me
Tho' Gallic Ambition Alliance explore
You'll conqer them now, whom you've conquer'd before,
And triumph these Truths, to all Nations shall sing,
The Ocean is George's, & George is your King Huza &c.

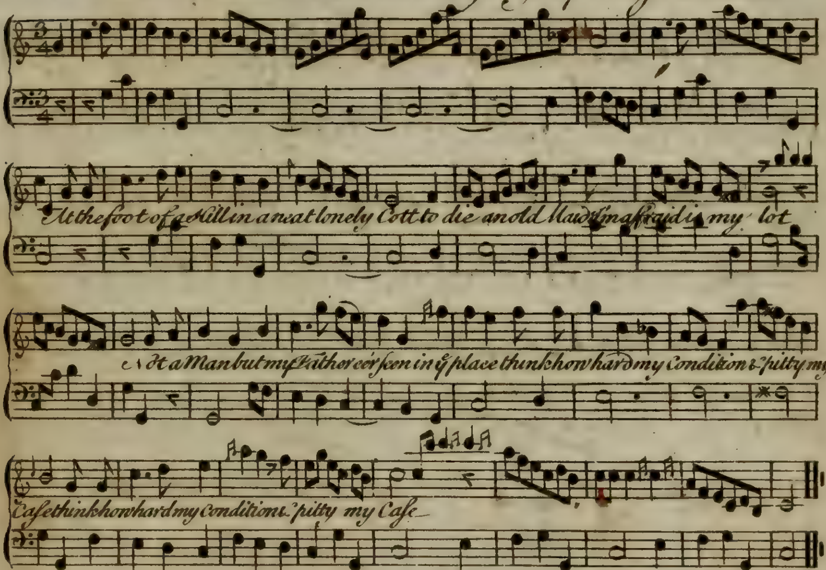
Credulity in Love recomended Set by Mr. Arne



Happy only is the Lover
Whom his Mistress well deceives
Seeking nothing to discover
He contended lives at Ease.

But ye Wretch who woud be knowing
What the Fair one woud disguise
Only seeks his own undoing
Changing happy to be wise.

The Maidens Case Sung by Miss Thomas



Young Willey the pride of the Plains I adore,
He's handsome, good humour'd, has Riches in store,
But I'm a poor Damsel of Parentage base,
Think how hard my Condition, & pity my Case.

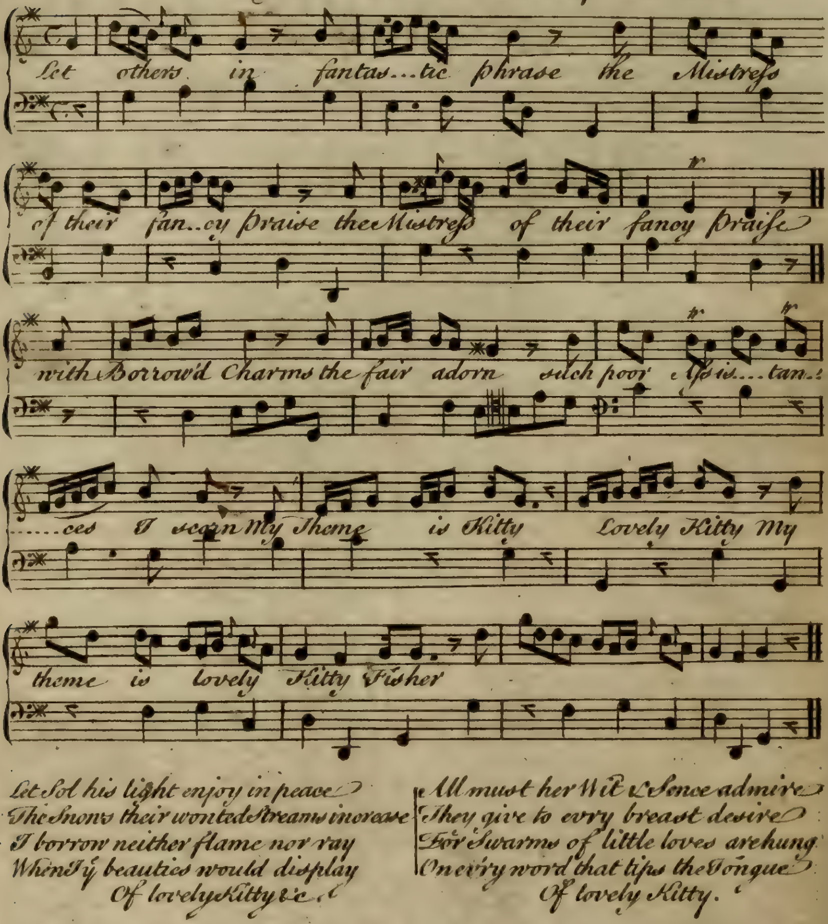
My Mother once caught us alone in the Dark,
She chid me and forc'd me away from my Spark
Then talk'd much of Sorrow, of Shame, & Disgrace,
Think how hard my Condition and pity my Case.

Such a strange Alteration has seiz'd me of late,
Like a Turtle I mourn all the day for my Mate
At night in my Dreams his blest Image I trace
Think how hard my Condition & pity my Case.

When e'er I think of him I sigh, and look pale,
My Mother she asks me what is it I ail,
My rural Companions, all look in my face,
And in friendly compassion they pitty my Case.

O Hymen! be kind, & give ear to my sighs,
Restore my young Shepherd once more to my Eyes;
The dear nuptial moment with Joy I'll embrace
And Maidens shall envy, not pity my Case!

Kitty Fisher — Set by Mr. Baker —



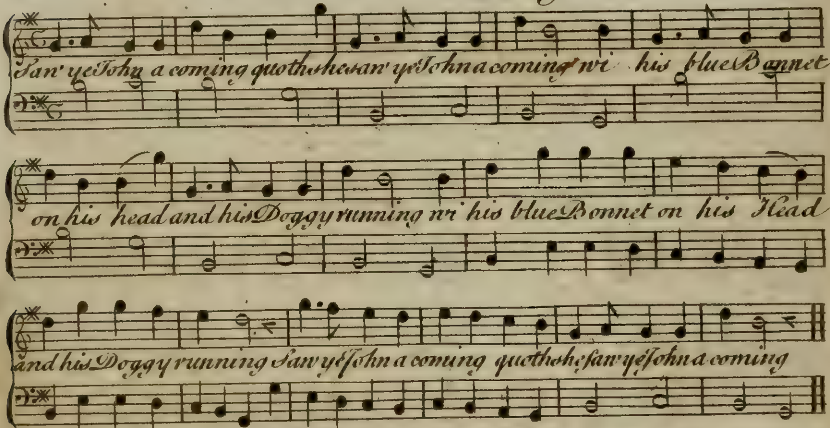
Let Sol his light enjoy in peace
The Snows their wonted Streams increase
I borrow neither flame nor ray
When I ye beauties would display
Of lovely Kitty &c.

All must her Wit & Sence admire
They give to evry breast desire
For Swarms of little loves are hung
On ev'ry word that tips the Tongue
Of lovely Kitty.

The Roses bloom upon her Cheek
Less white's the lilly than her Neck
Her Eyes are brighter than ye Day
And Sweets ye breath as new Mown hay
Of lovely Kitty &c.

Blest is the Man who in her Arms
Possesses her unbounded Charms
I'll envy not Joves bliss devine
If but the happy fate be Mine
To clasp sweet.

A new Scotch Song



Oh! how weel I Loo him quoth she
Oh! how weel I Loo him,
For he is a bonny Lad,
An' a weel doing,
For he is a bonny Lad
And a weel doing.
Oh! &c

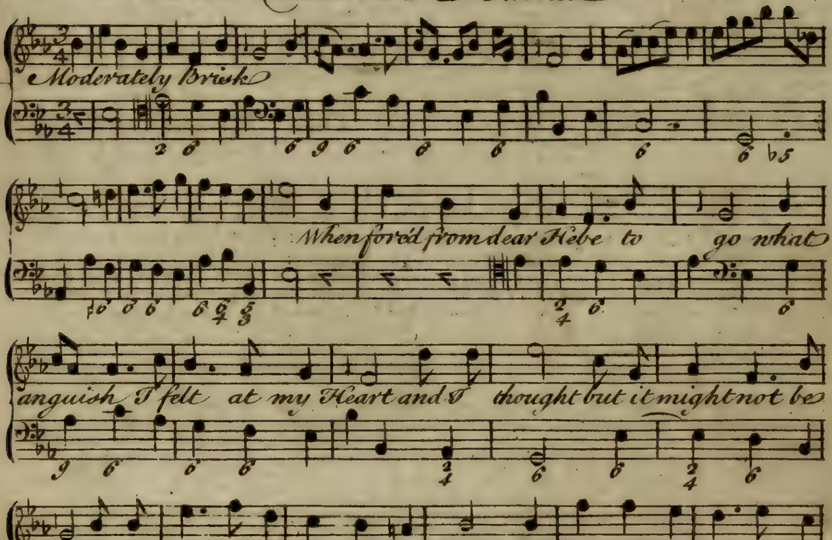
If ye donna fee him Father,
If ye donna fee him,
Ise gird my Coat about my wayst
And Ise gang wi him,
Ise gird my Coat about my waist
And Ise gang wi him.
If ye &c

Fee him Father, fee him quoth she,
Fee him Father, fee him,
For a the Work about the House
Gangs forward when I see him,
For a the work about the House
Gangs forward when I see him,
Fee him &c

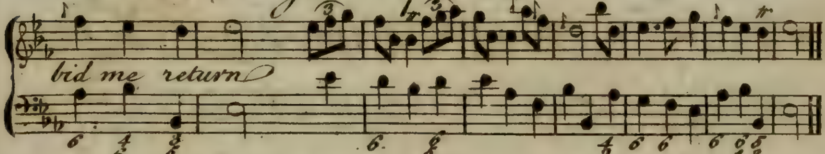
What mun I do wi him quoth he
What mun I do wi him,
Hes neer a Sark unteel his back,
Nor ha I ean to gi him,
Hes neer a Sark unteel his back,
Nor ha I ean to give him;
What mun &c

Hell muck the Byer thrash ith Barn,
And Lig wi me at E'en,
I ha twa Sarks within my Kist,
The best othem Ise gi him,
I ha twa Sarks within my Kist,
The best othem Ise gi him
And I will make his Bed at E'en
And Lig down wi him,

Hebe a Pastoral Ballad



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne Senr



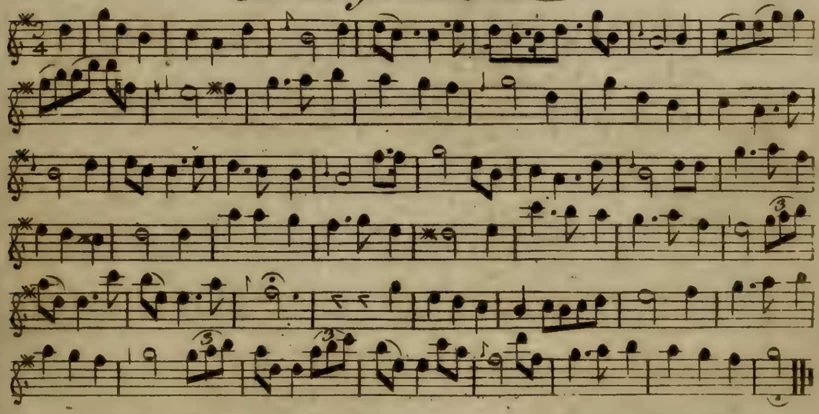
Methinks she might like to retire,
To the Grove I had labour'd to rear
For whatever I heard her admire,
I hasted and planted it there;
Her Voice such a pleasure conveys
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak & whatever she says,
I'm sure still to love her the more

And now e're I haste to ye Plain,
Come Shepherds & talk of her ways
I cou'd lay down my life for ye swain,
That will sing me a song in her praise
While he sings may ye Maids of ye Town
Come flocking & listen the while,
Nor on him let Hebe once frown
But I cannot allow her to smile.

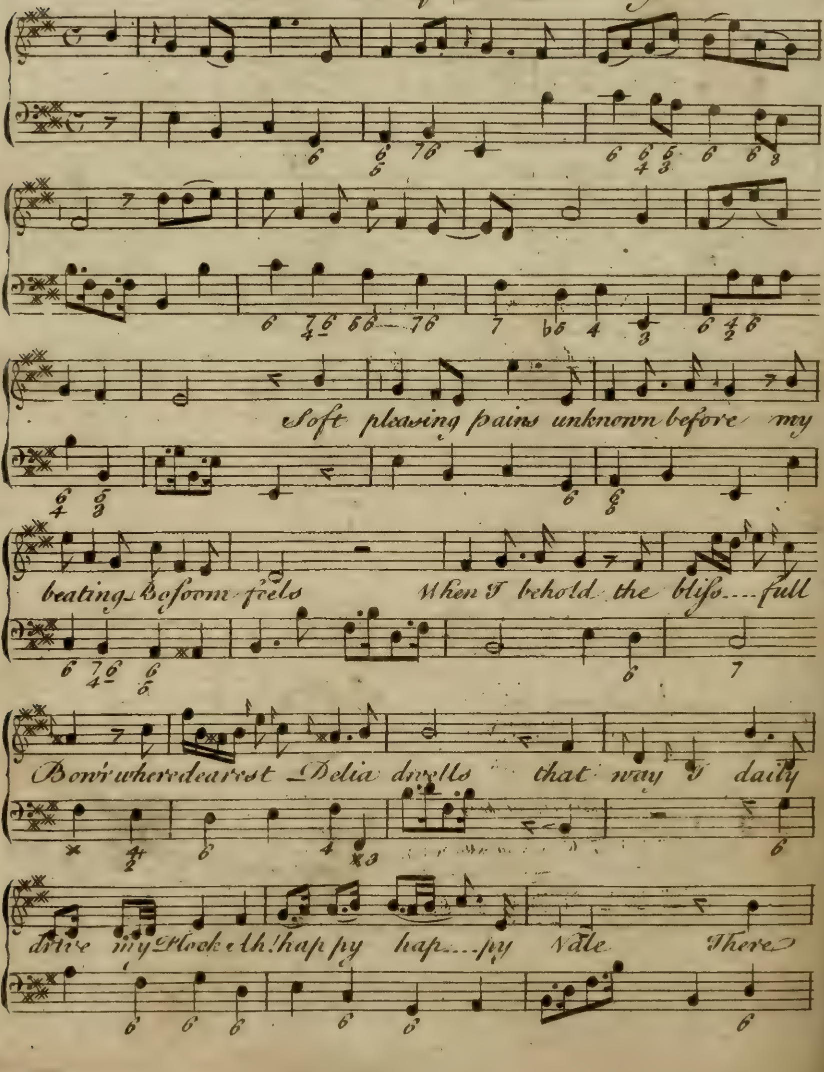
To see when my Charmer goes by
Some Hermit peep out of his Cell
How he thinks on his Youth wt a Sigh
How fondly he wishes her well;
On him she may smile if she please
It will warm the cool bosom of age
Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O! cease
Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no Flow'rets yt grow
To paint ye dear Charms I approve
For what can a blossom bestow
So sweet so delightful as Love,
I sing in a rustical way,
A Shepherd & one of the throng
Yet Hebe approves of my Lay
Go Poets and envy my Song.

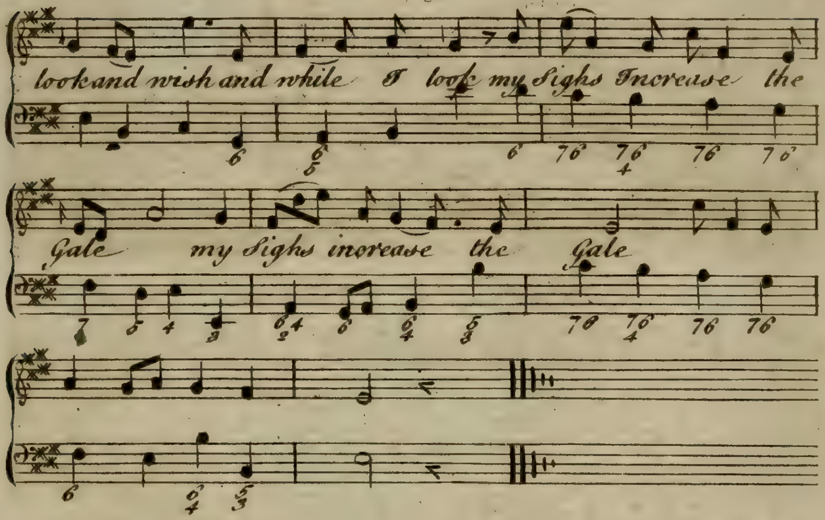
For the German Flute



Delia A favourite Song



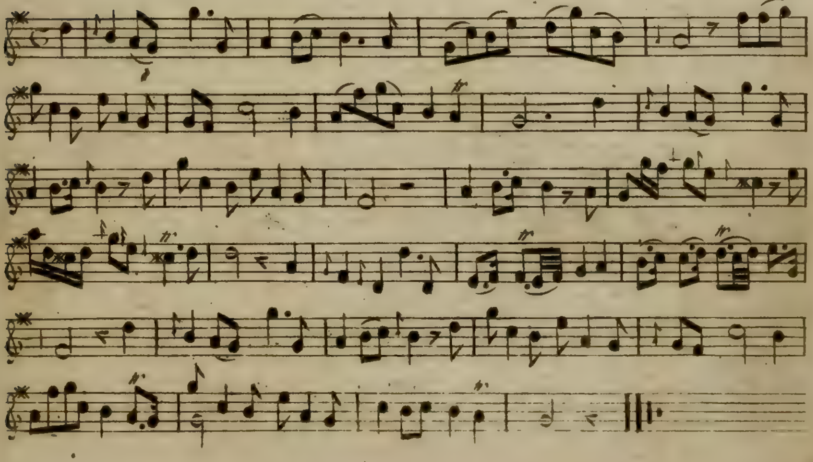
Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



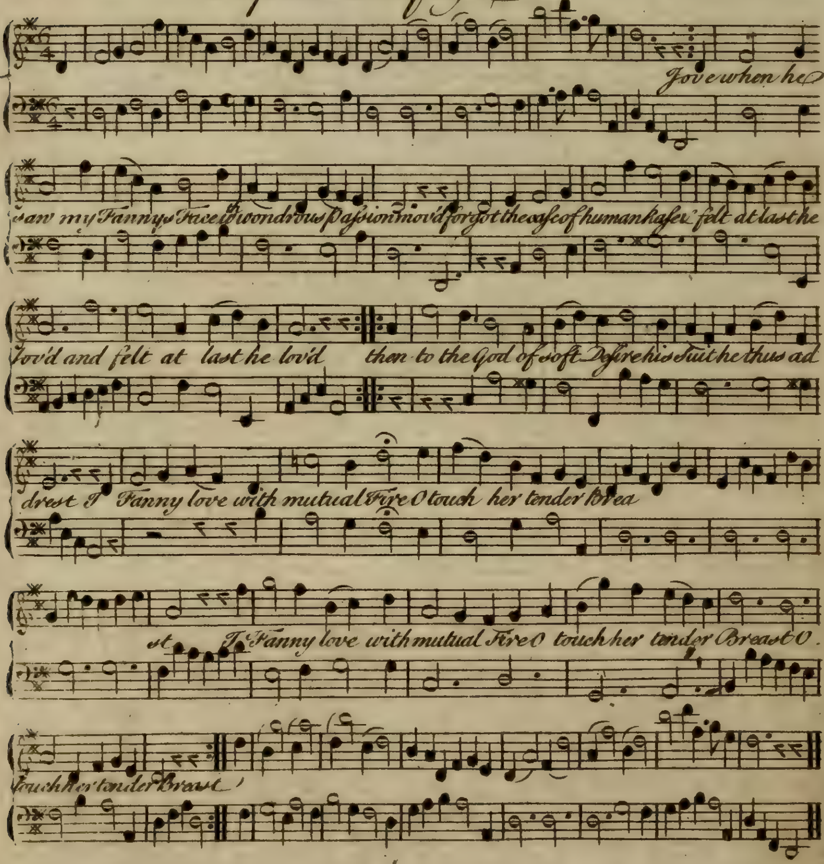
Sometimes at Midnight do I stray
Beneath inclement Skies
And there my true Devotion pay
To Delias Sleep seald Eyes
So pious Pilgrims nightly roam
With tedious Travel faint
To kiss alone the Clay cold Tomb
Of some lov'd fav'rit Saint.

O tell ye Shades that fold my Fair
And all my Bliss contain
Ah why shoud ye those blessings share
For which I sigh in vain
But let me not at Fate repine
And thus my Griefs impart
She's not your Tenant she is mine
Her Mansion is my Heart.

For the German Flute



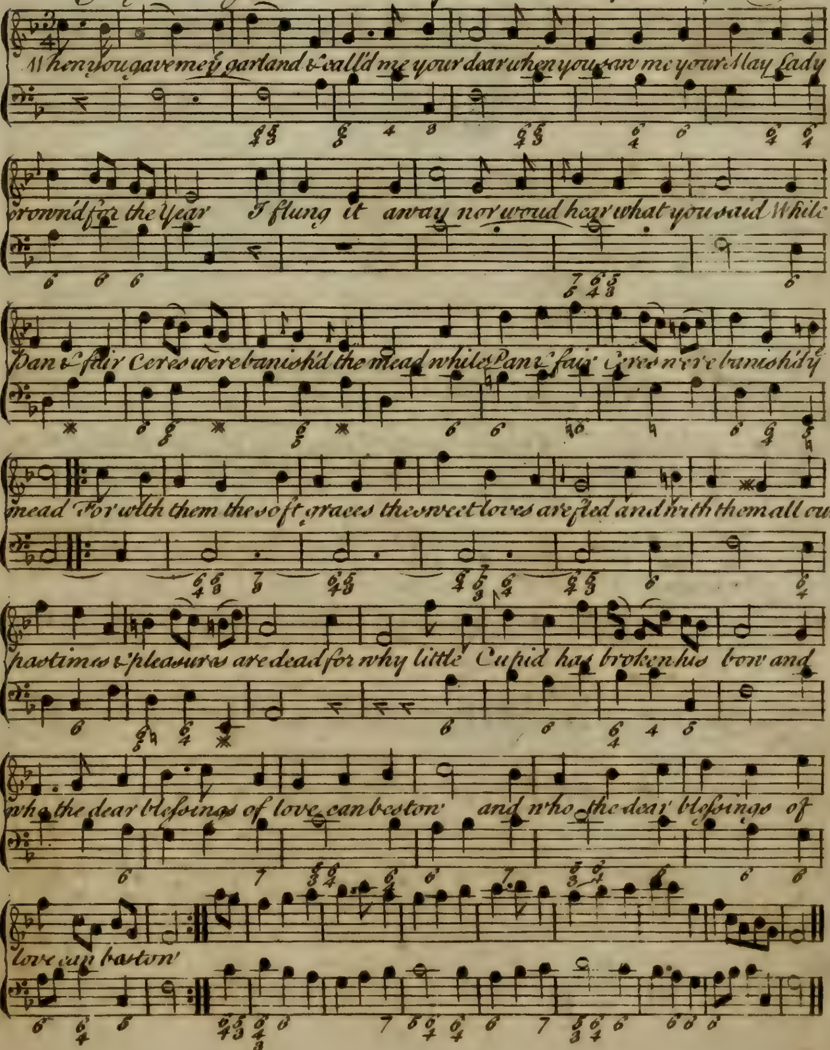
Cupids Refuge



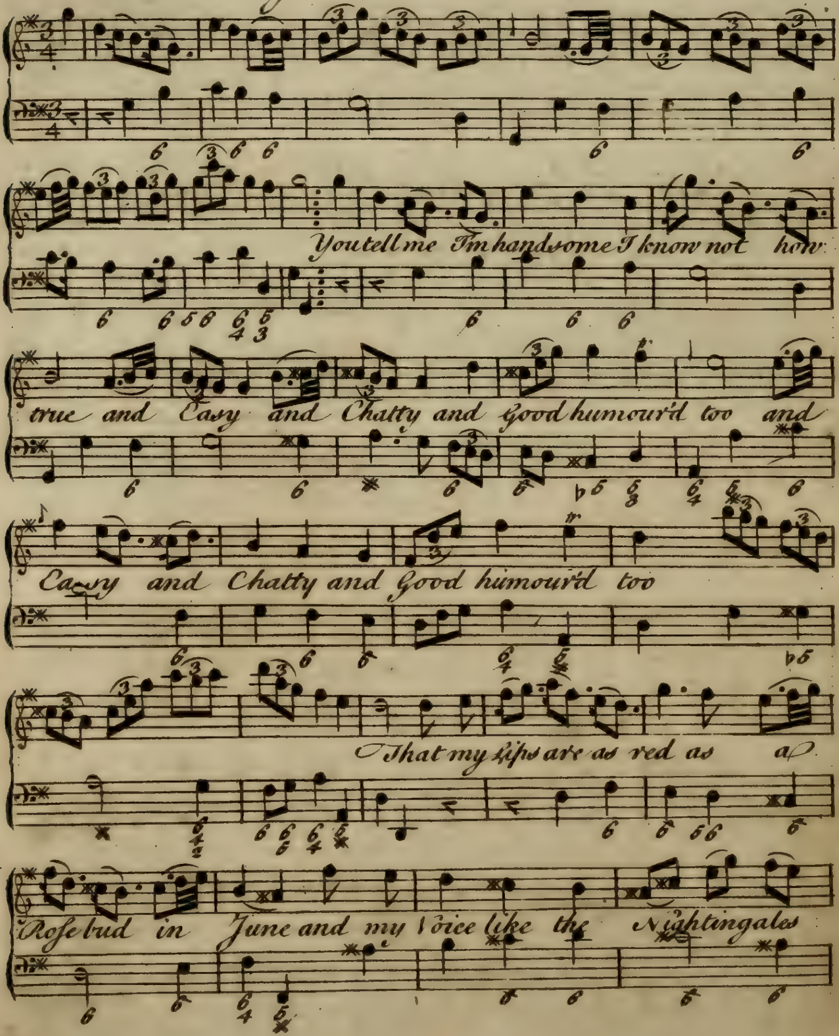
Your sighs are hopeless, Cupid crys
I lov'd the Maid before,
What! rival me! the Pow'r replys,
Whom Gods and Men adore;
He grasp'd ye bolt he shook ye strings
Of his imperial Throne,
While Cupid wav'd his rosey Wings
And in a breath was gone.

O'er Earth & Seas the Godhead flew
But still no shelter found,
For as he fled, his dangers grew,
And Lightning flash'd around.
At last his trembling fears impels
His flight to Fanny's Eyes,
Where happy, safe, & pleas'd he dwells
Nor minds his native Skies.

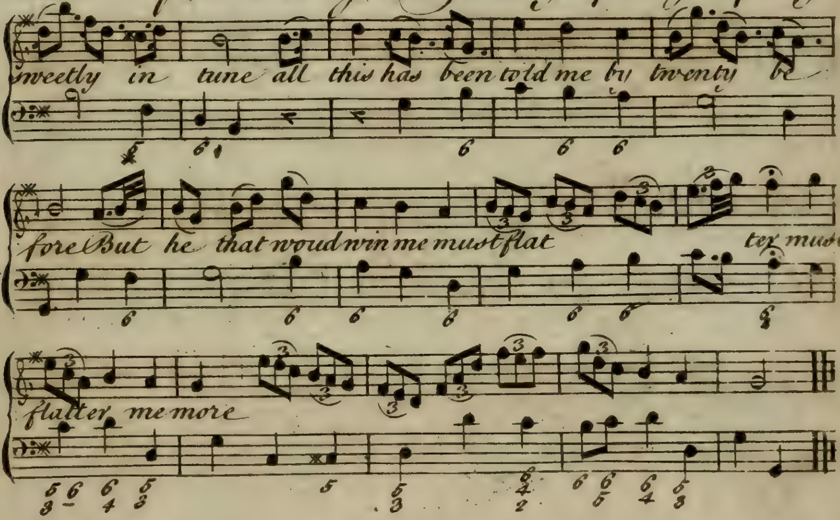
Sung by Miss Bricklayer in the Opera of Eliza



The Judicious Fair



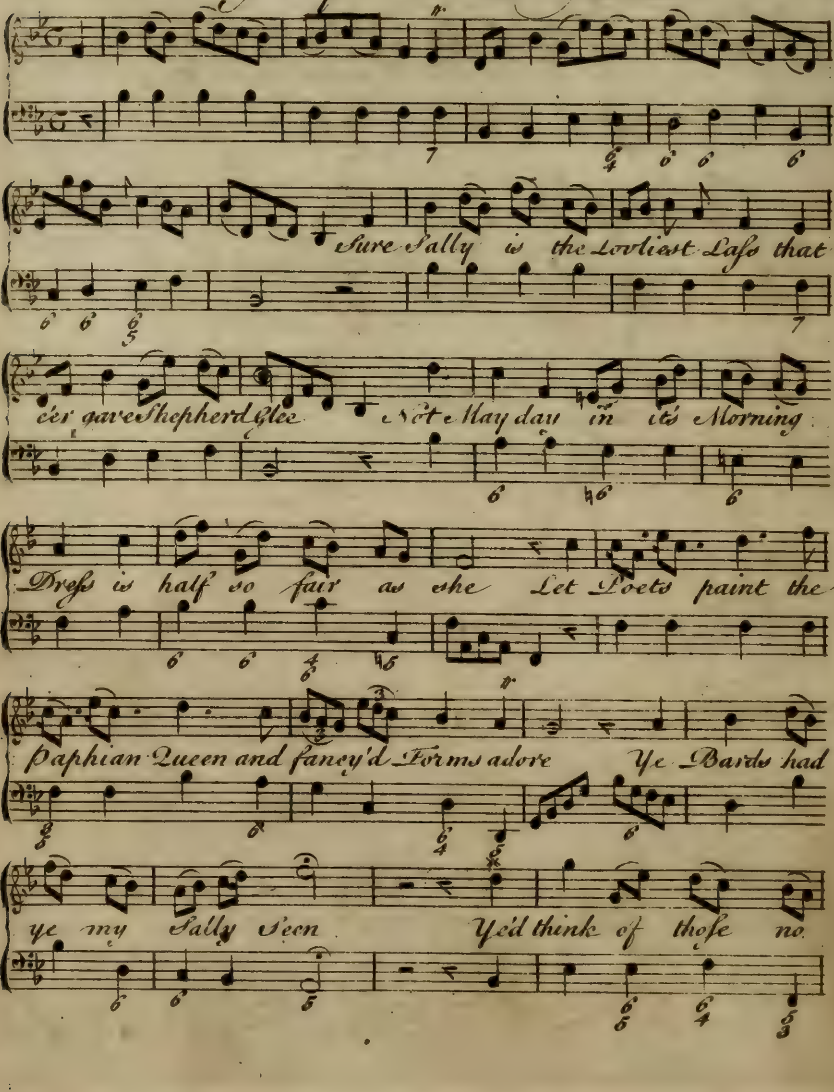
Set by Mr. Bryan & Sung by Miss Young



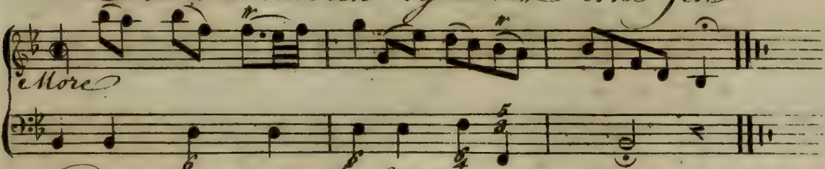
If Beauty from Virtue receive no supply,
Or Prattle from Prudence, how wanting am I;
My Ease and Good-humour short raptures will bring
And my Voice like the Nightingale's know but a Spring
For Charms such as these then your Praises give o'er
To Love me for Life you must yet Love me more.

Then talk to me not of a Shape or an Air,
For Chloe the wanton can rival me there;
'Tis Virtue alone that makes Beauty look gay,
And brightens Good humour as Sunshine the Day;
For that if you love me your flame shall be true,
And I in my turn may be taught to Love too.

Sally a favourite Song



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne Senr.



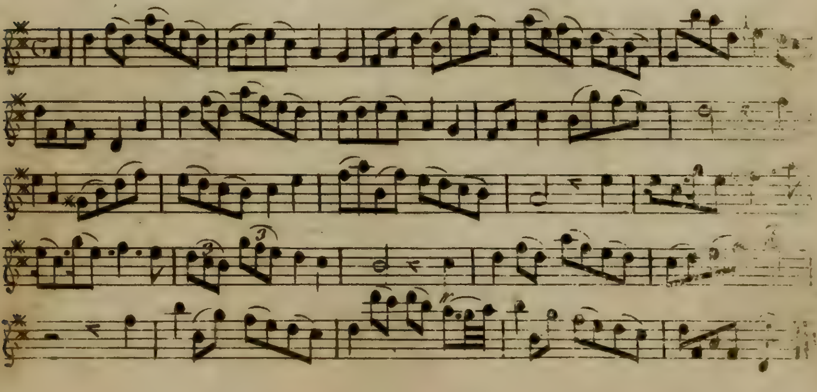
No more ye'd prate of Hybla's will.
Where Bees their Honey sip,
Did ye but know ye sweets yt dwell,
On Sally's Love fraught Lip;
But ah! take head ye tuneful swains
The ripe temptation shun,
Or else like me ye'll wear her Chains
Ye'll be like me undone.

Once in my Cott secure I slept;
Then Lark like hail'd the Morn,
More sportive then ye Kids I kept,
I wanton'd o'er the Lawn,
To ev'ry Maid Loves Tale I told,
And did my Truth aver,
Yet e'er ye parting Kiss was Cold
I laugh'd at Love & her.

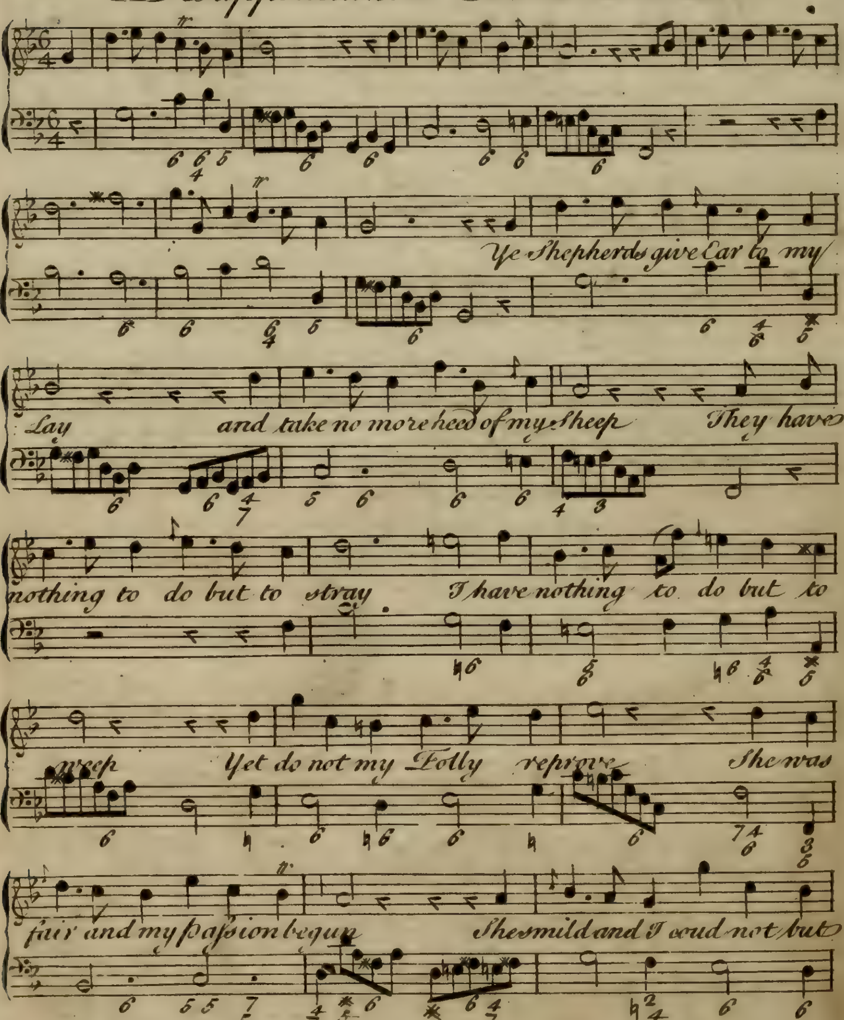
But now the Gloomy Grove I seek
Where Love lorn Shepherds str[illegible]
There to ye Winds my Griefs I [illegible]
And sigh my Soul away,
Nought but Dispair my fancy paints
No dawn of Hope I see,
For Sally's pleas'd at my Complaints
And laughs at Love & me.

Since this my poor neglected [illegible]
So late my only Care
Have left there fond their flow'ry [illegible]
And stray'd I know not where;
Alas! my Ewes in vain you bleat
My Lambkins lost adieu,
No more we on ye plain shall meet
For loots your Shepherd too.

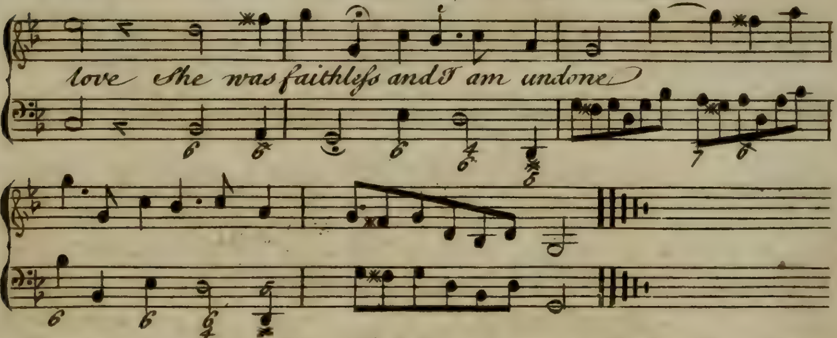
FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



Disappointment A Pastoral



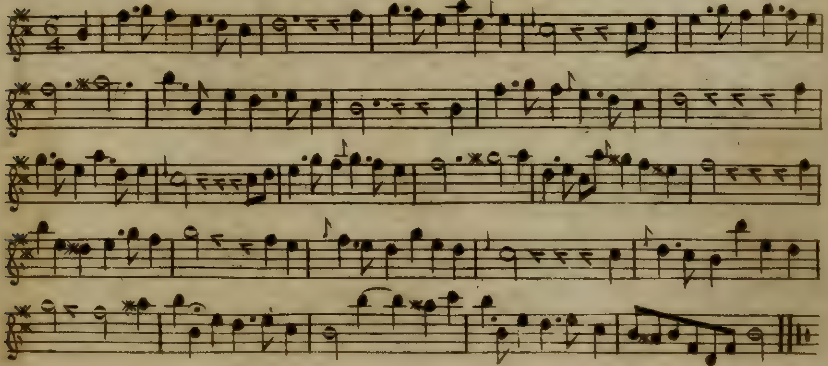
Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



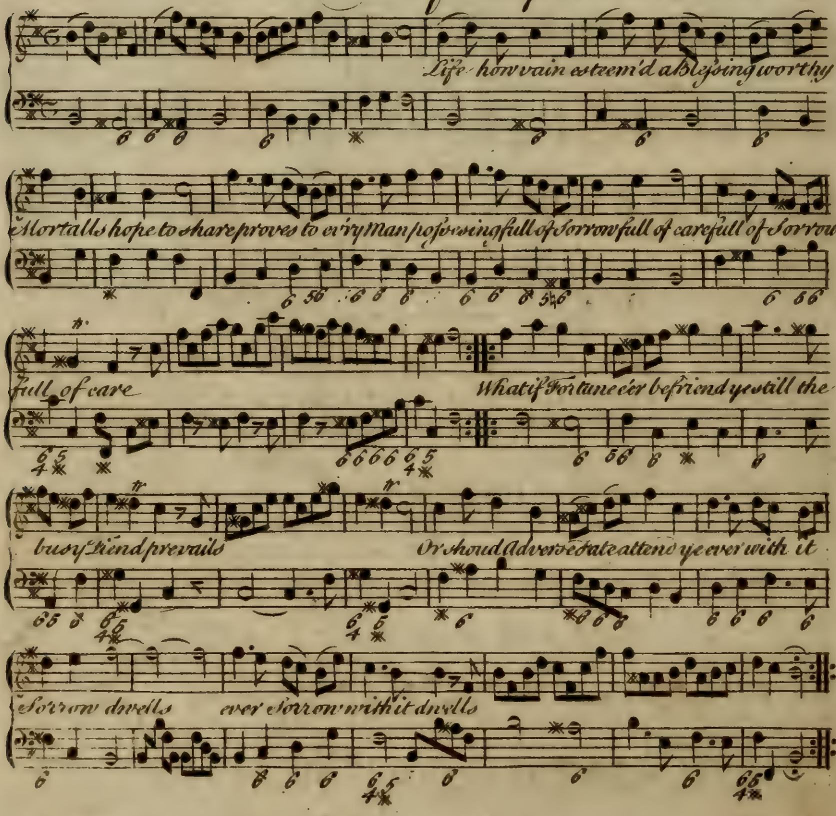
The sweets of a dew sprinkled Rose
The sound of a murmering Stream
The peace which from Solitude flows
Henceforth shall be Coridons Theme
High Transports are shewn to ye Sight
But we are not to find them our own
Fate never bestow'd such delight
As I with my Phillis had known.

Ye Woods spread your branches apace
To your deepest recesses I fly
I woud hide with ye Beasts of ye chace
I woud vanish from ev'ry Eye
Yet my Reed shall resound thro ye Grove
With ye same sad Complaint it begun
How she smil'd & I coud not but love
Was faithless and I am undone.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



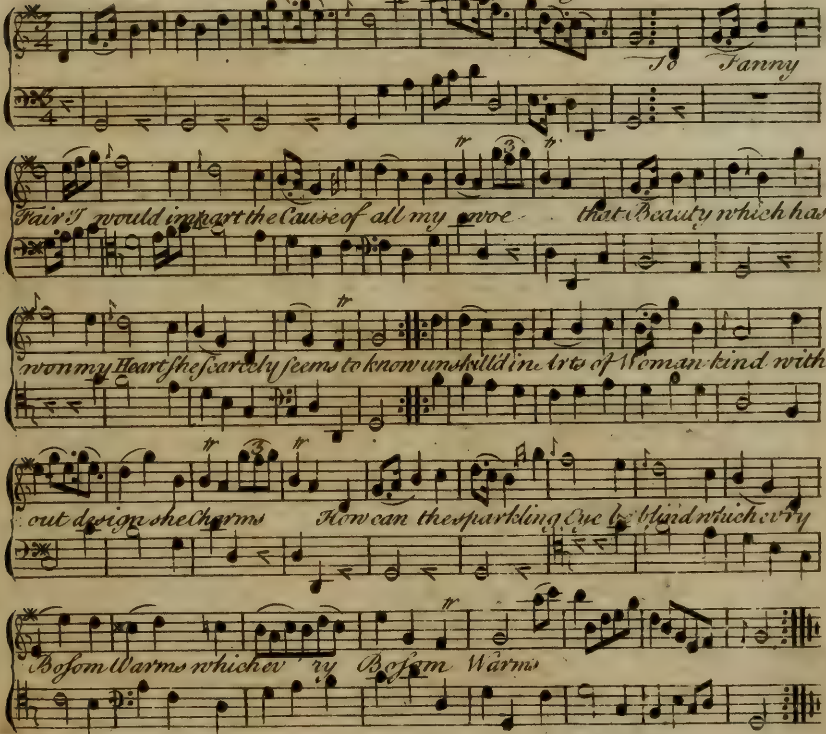
Vanity of Life



See the Beau in Chariot lolling,
All without a Gaudy Scene;
Take him on his Pillow rolling,
Slave to Tyrant Thought within,
Grant the fawning Courtier favour,
Give him all his hopes pursue;
Still you hear him craving ever,
Still he pines for something new.

Fill the Misers Bags with Treasure
Spread the Heroe's Glory round,
Fear outweighs the Scale of pleasure
Envy tramples Honour down,
Places, Titles, Pomp & Riches,
Sweets, imbitter'd are by Pain,
Thus Experience daily teaches,
Life and all it's Joys are vain.

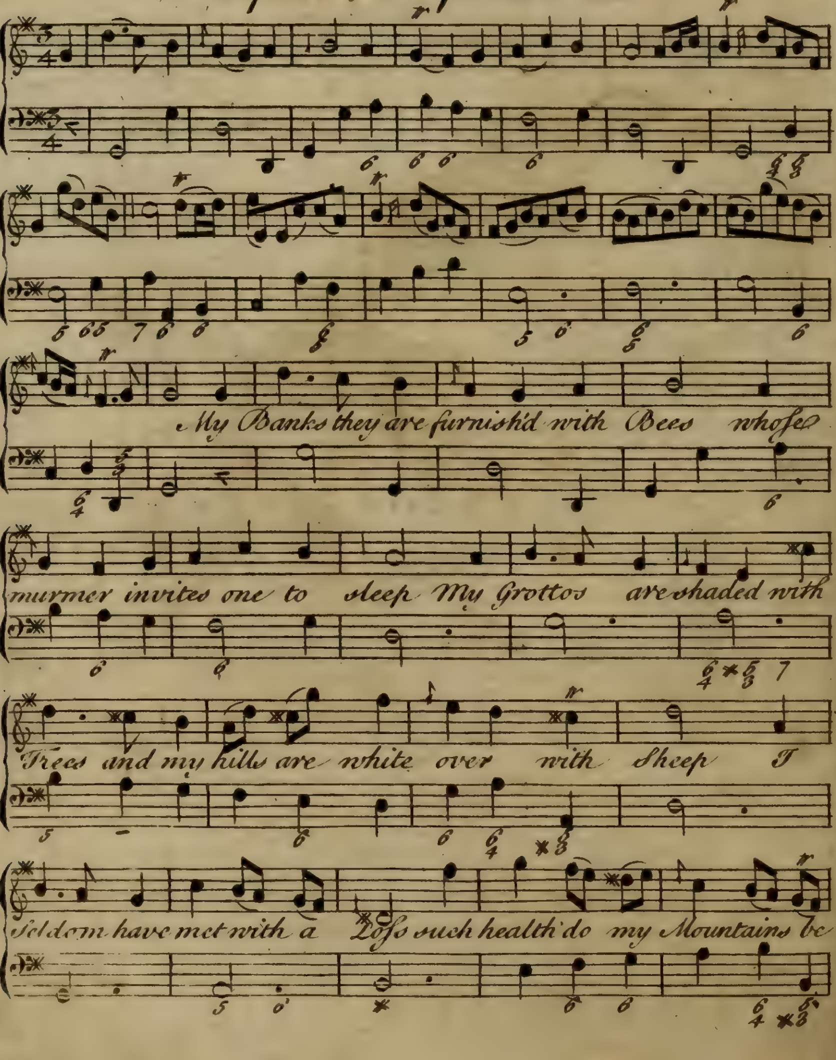
A New Song



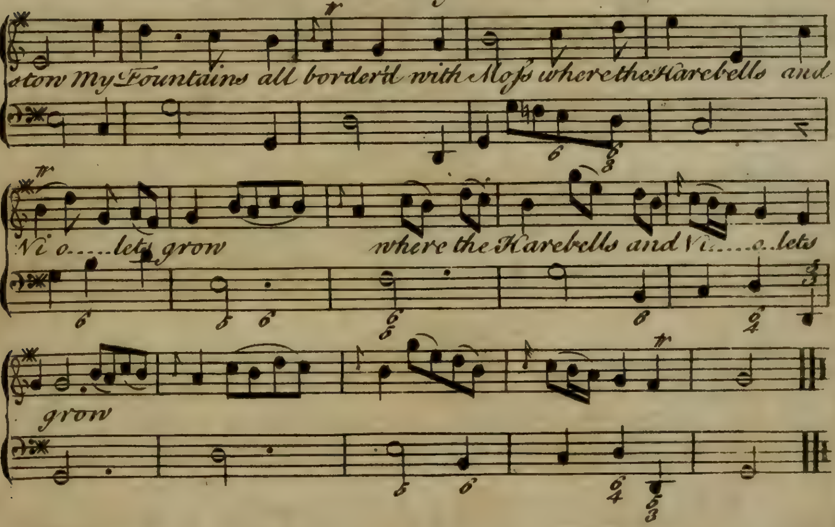
She knows her power 'tis all deceit
Her Concious Blushing shews,
That Blushing to ye Eye more sweet
Than opening Budding Rose.
But the delicious fragrant Rose,
That charms the Sence so much,
Upon a Thorny Brier grows,
And Wounds when e'er you touch
And Wounds &c.

So when I first beheld the Fair,
With Raptures I was blest,
But when I would approach to near
At once I lost all Rest.
Th' enchanting sight ye sweet surprize
Prepar'd me for my Doom,
And one cold look from these bright Eyes
Would lay me in my Tomb.
Would lay me &c.

Hope A Pastoral



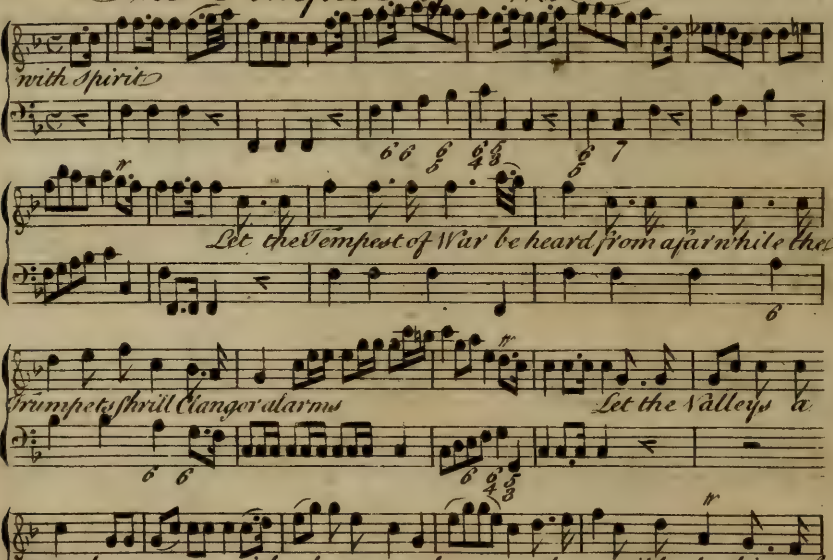
Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



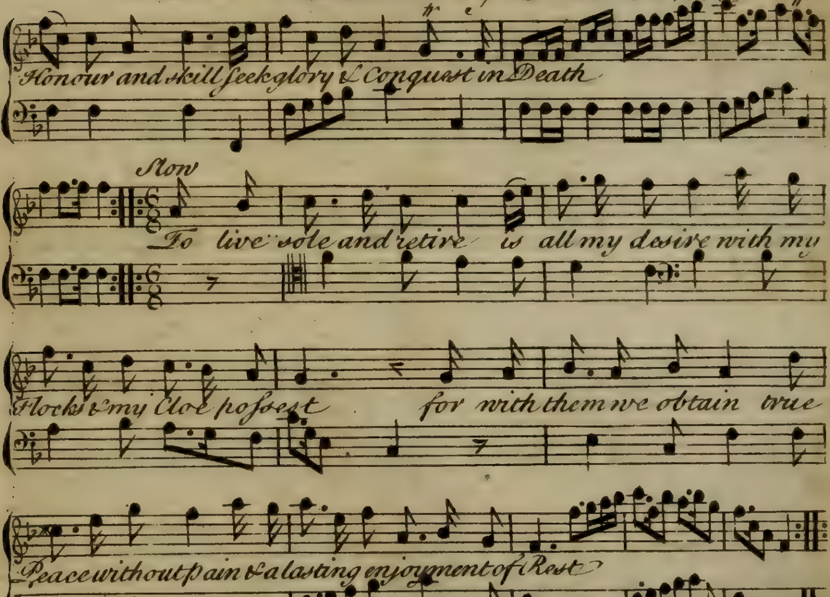
I've found out a Gift for my Fair,
I've found where the Wood-pidgeons breed;
But let me that Plunder forbear,
She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed.
He ne'er cou'd be true, she aver'd,
Who cou'd rob a poor Bird of its young,
And I lov'd her the more when I heard,
Such Tenderness fall from her Tongue.

But where does my Phillida stray,
And where are her Grots and her Bow'rs
Are the Groves and the Vallies as gay,
And the Shepherds as gentle as ours:
The Groves may perhaps be as fair,
The Face of the Vallies as fine,
The Swains may in Manners compare,
But their Love is not equal to mine.

The Tempest of War

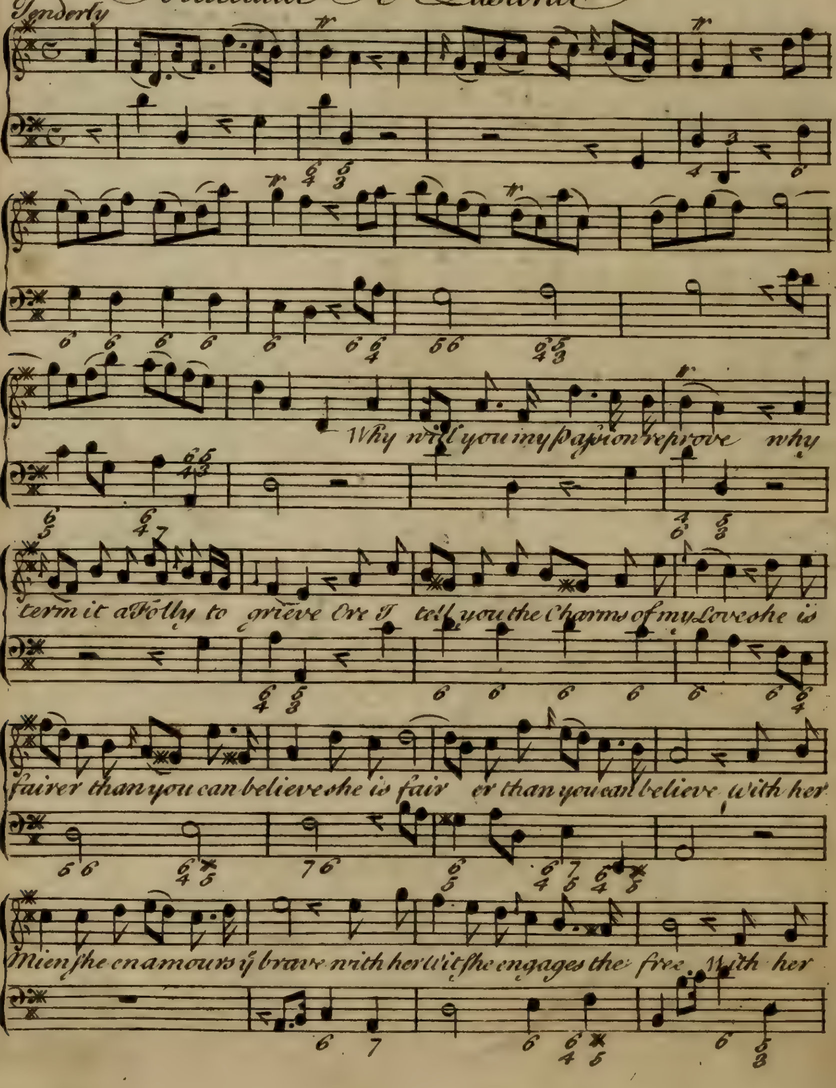


Set to Musick by Mr. Orme



In a Cottage or Cell where Shepherds do dwell
In Innocence Freedom & Ease
We lead peaceable Lives who are bless'd with good Wives
That study their Husbands to please
What Blessings below can Heav'n bestow
Excelling such quiet as this
No afflicton come here no grief interfere
To lessen our measure of bliss

Sollicitude A Pastoral



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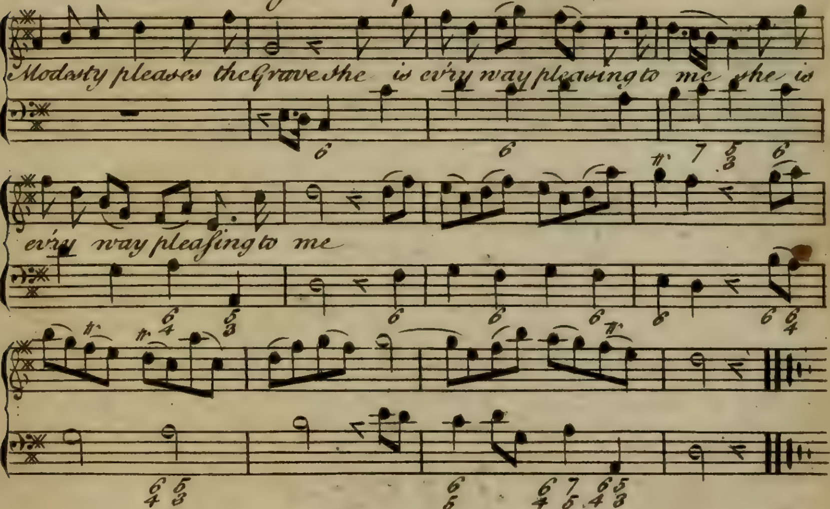
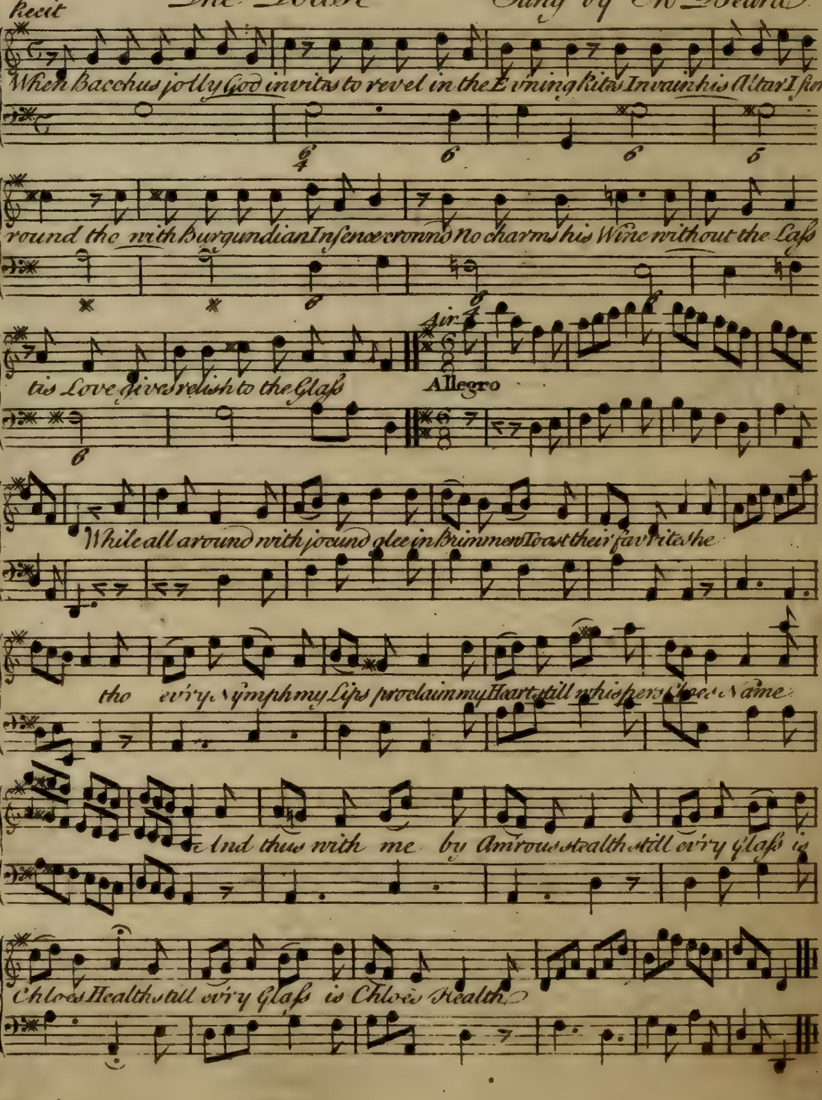


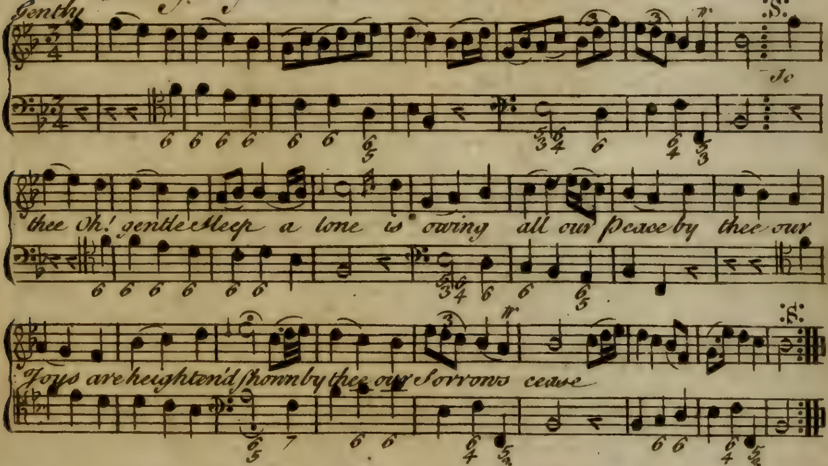
When Paridel tries in the Dance,
Some Favour with Phillis to find,
O how, with one trivial Glance,
Might she ruin the Peace of my Mind, Might she &c.
In Ringlets he dresses his hair,
And he's Crook is be-studded around,
And his Pipe — Oh may Phillis beware
Of a Magic there is in the Sound, Of a Magic &c.

Let his Crook be with Hyacinths bound,
So Phillis the trophy despise,
Let his forehead with Laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phillis's Eyes. So they &c.
The Language that flows from the heart,
Is a stranger to Paridel's Tongue,
Yet may she beware of his Art,
Or sure I must envy the Song, Or sure &c.

The Toast Sung by Mr. Beard



Sung by Mr. Lowe in Tamerlane

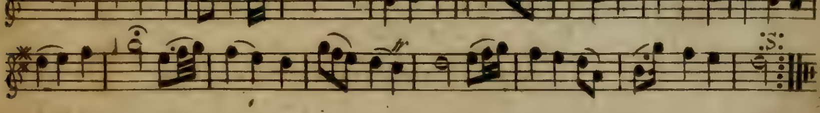


The Nymph whose hand by Fraud or Force
Some Tyrant has possess'd
By thee obtaining a Divorce
In her own choice is blest

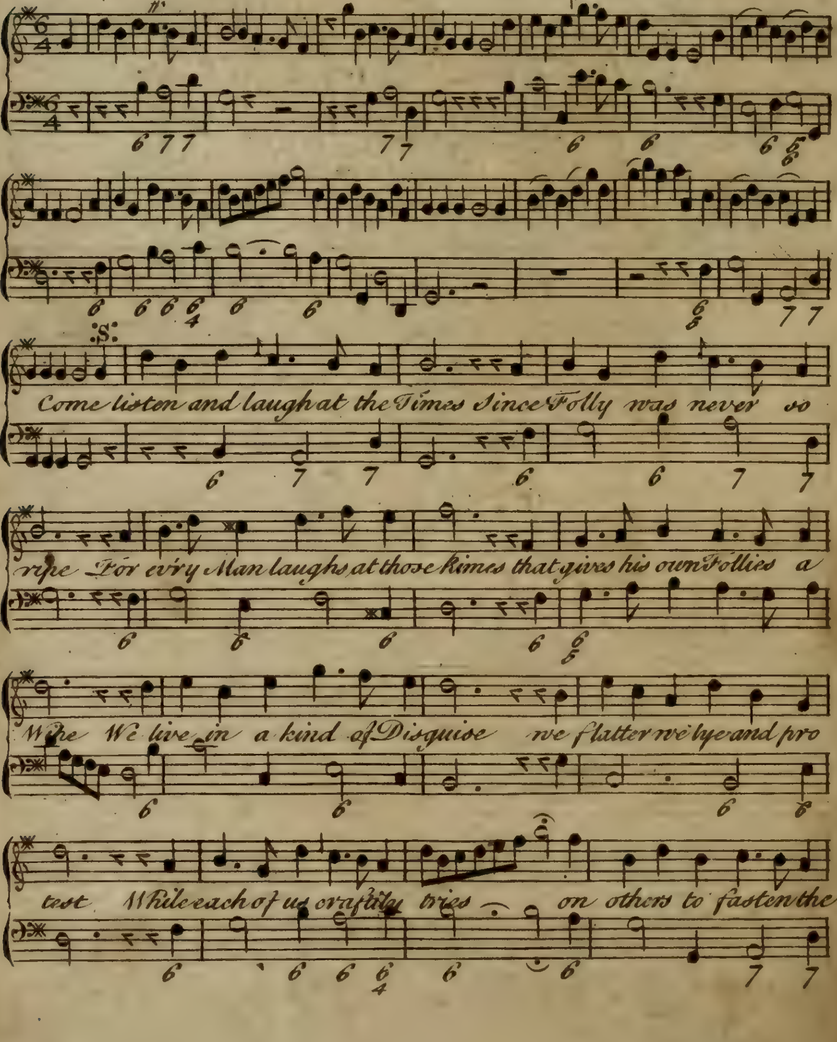
Oh! stay Arpasia bids thee stay
The sadly weeping Fair
Conjures thee not to loose in Day
The object of her Care

To Grasp whose pleasing Form she sought
That motion chas'd her Sleep
Thus by our Selves are oftnest wrought
The Griefs for which we weep

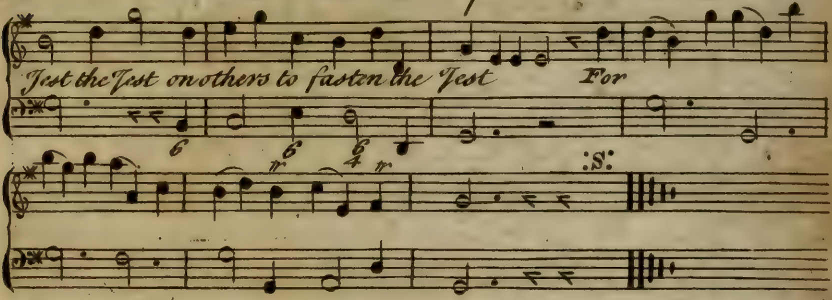
For the German Flute



A Touch on the Times



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne

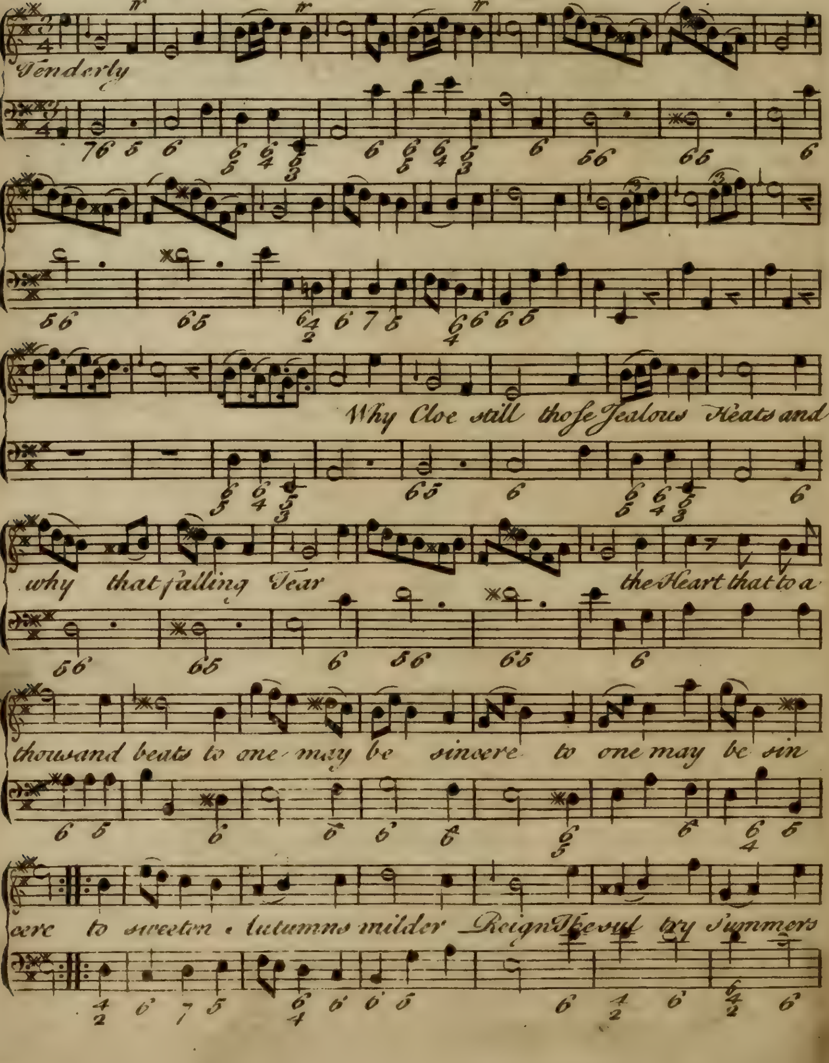


The Virgin, when first she is woo'd,
Returns ev'ry Sigh with disdain,
And while by her Lover pursu'd,
Can laugh at his Folly and Pain;
But when from her Innocence won,
And doom'd for her Virtue to mourn,
When she feels herself lost and undone,
He laughs at the Fool in his turn.

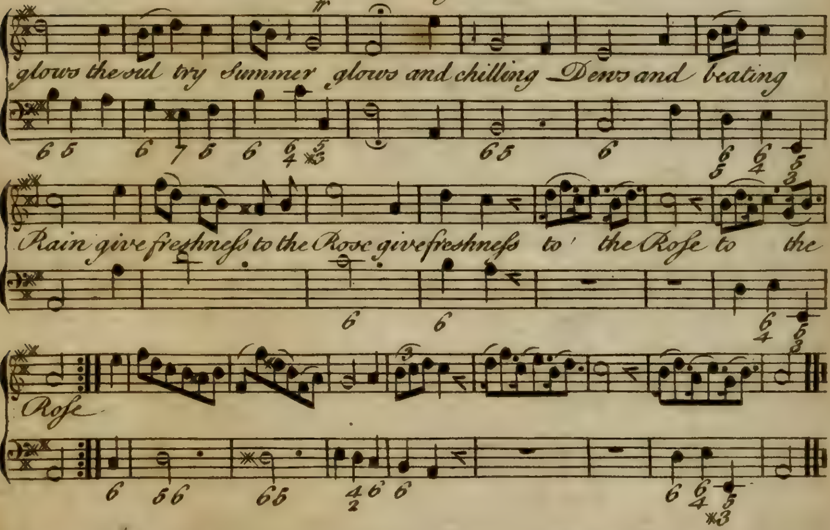
The fools who at Law do contend,
Can laugh at each others distress,
And while the dire Suit does depend,
Ne'er think how their Substance grows less,
Till hamper'd by tedious Expence,
Altho' to Compound they are loath,
They'll find when restor'd to their Sense,
The Lawyers sit laughing at both.

But while we percieve it the Fashion,
For each Fool to laugh at each other,
Let us strive with a Gen'rous Compassion,
To Correct not contemn one another;
We all have some Follies to hide,
Which known, wou'd dishonour the best,
And Life, when 'tis thoroughly try'd,
Like Friendship, will seem but a Jest.

The kind Inconstant

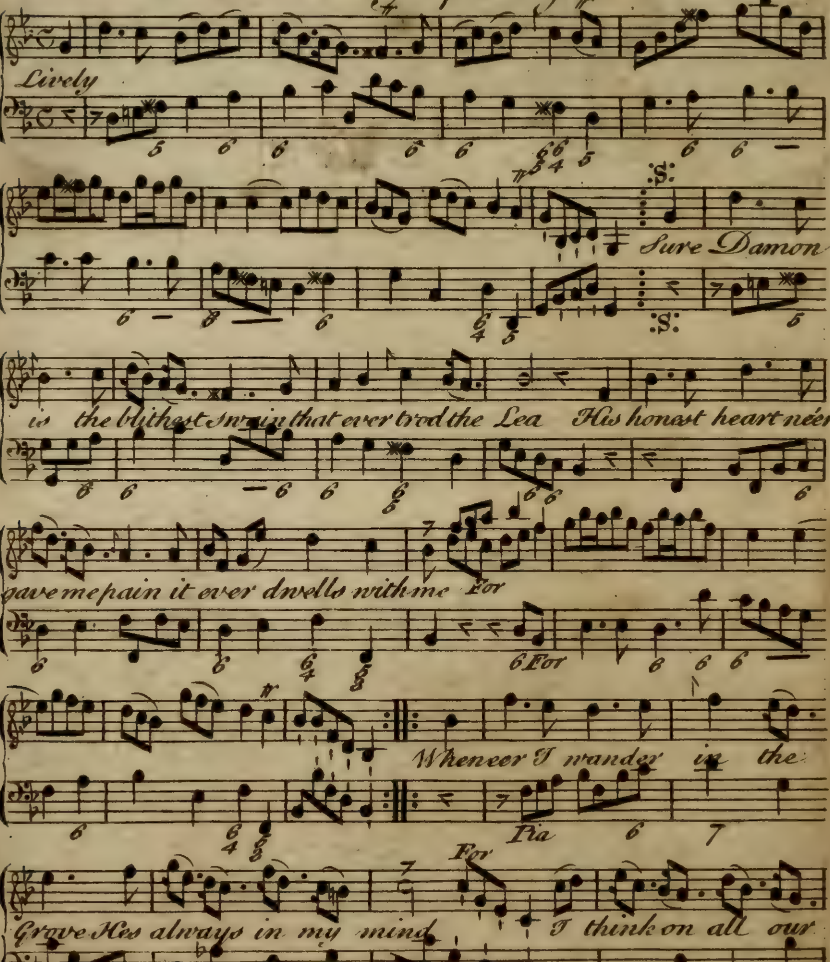


Set to Musick by Mr. Arne

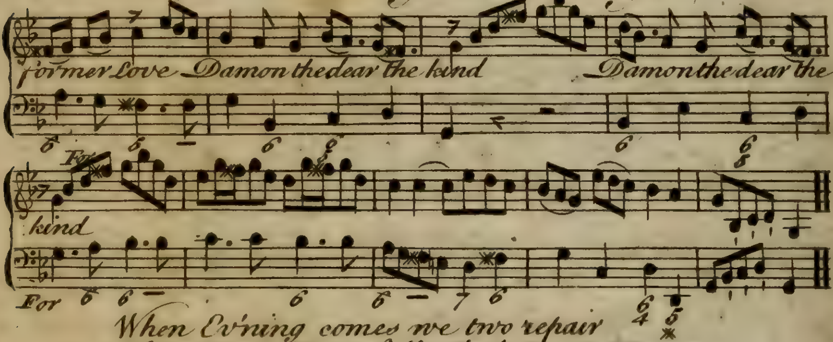


So I my Chloe to endear
To meaner Beauties stray
And call December to my Year
To brighten up the May
To brighten up the May
Then weep not that my Hearts inclin'd
To ev'ry Face that's new
To ev'ry Face that's new
I wander to return more kind
And change but to be true
But to be true.

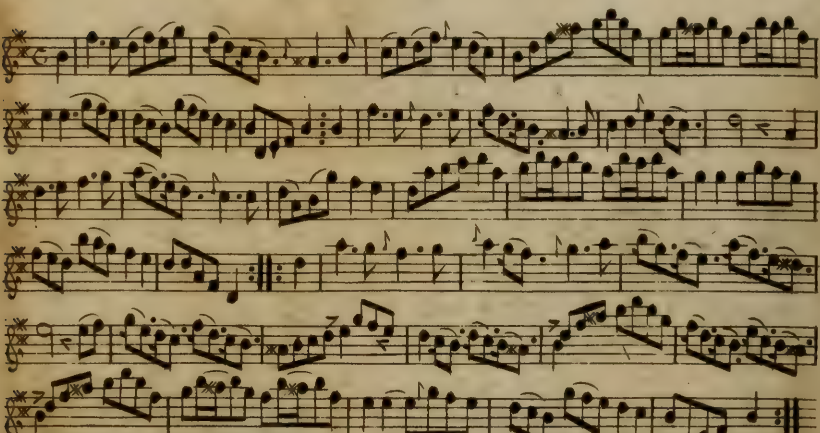
Damon Sung by Miss Thomas



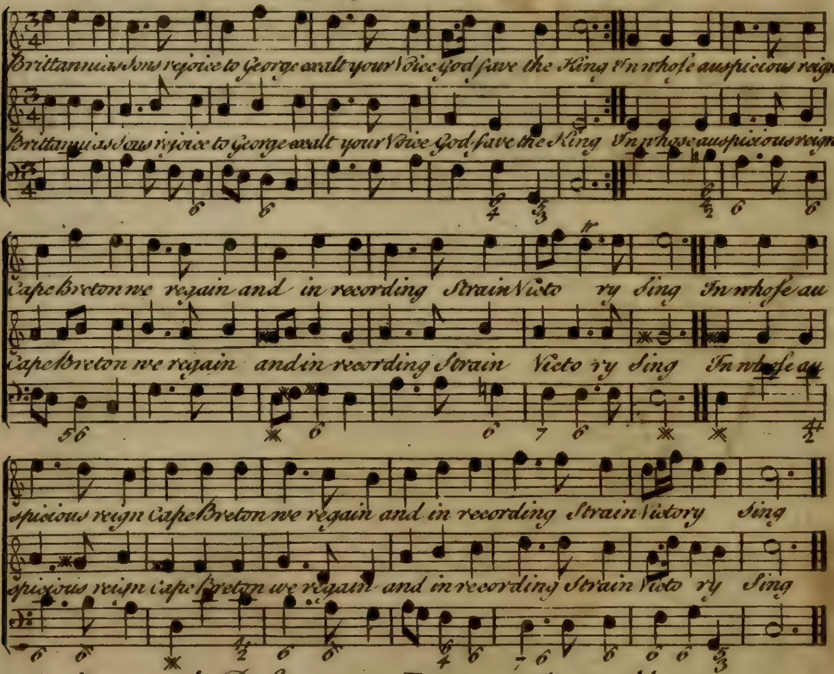
Set to Musick by Mr. Bryan



When Ev'ning comes we two repair
To some cool, peacefull Shade,
There breath in private all our Care;
And Toy upon the Glade,
If For my share of happyness
Kind Heav'n would him bestow,
With other Blessings, great or less,
Let all Mankind o'erflow.



A Song for three Voices



Amherst, and Boscawen
And all their British Men,
Like Hero's shone,
Thanks be to Patriot Pitt,
Whose penetrating wit,
And wisdom judg'd it fit,
To set them on.

O grant thus nobly won,
That never Cape Breton,
Again may fall,
May British Bands protect,
While British Hearts direct,
And Gallic Schemes detect,
God save us all.

The End of the Second Volume

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